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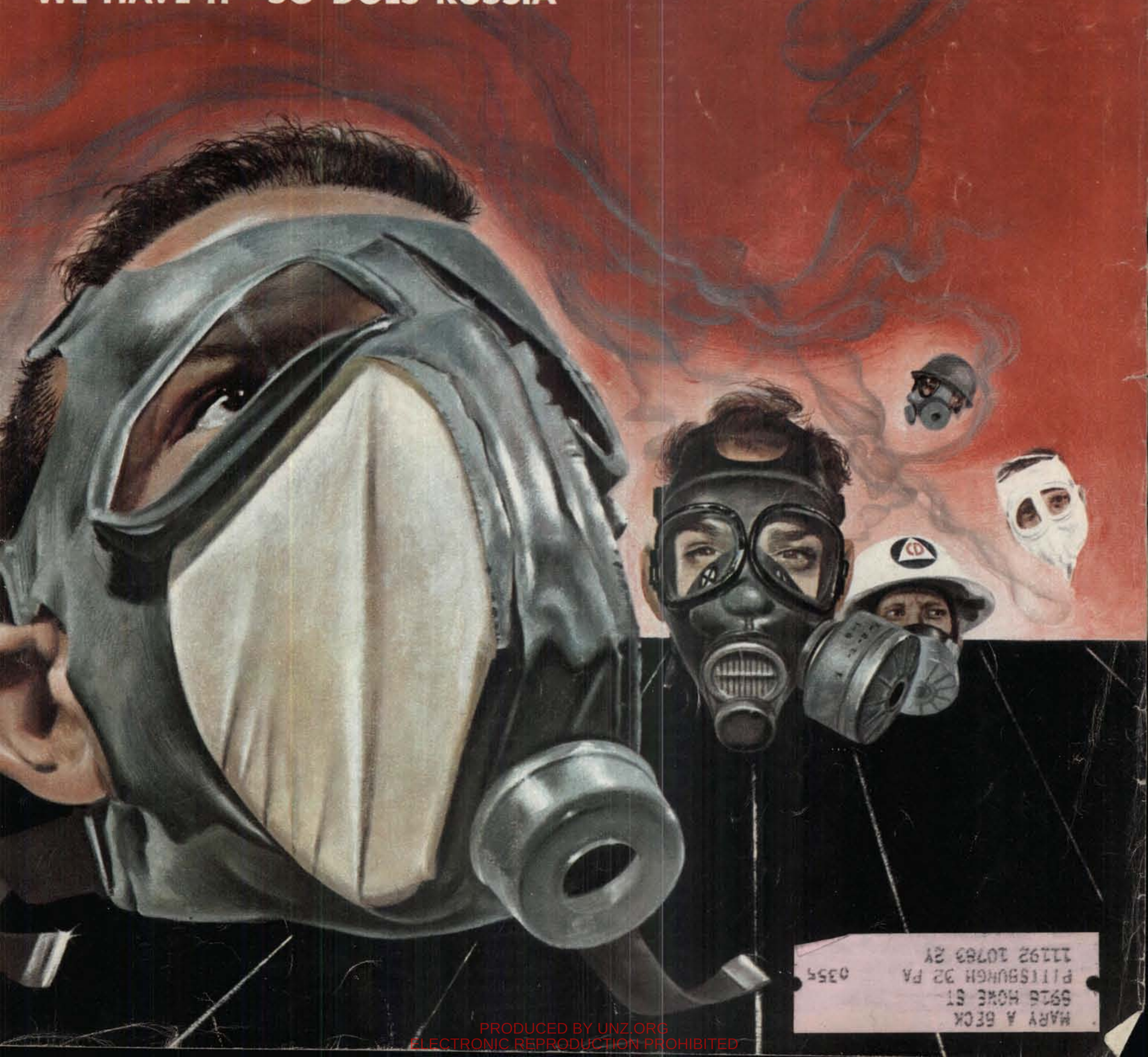

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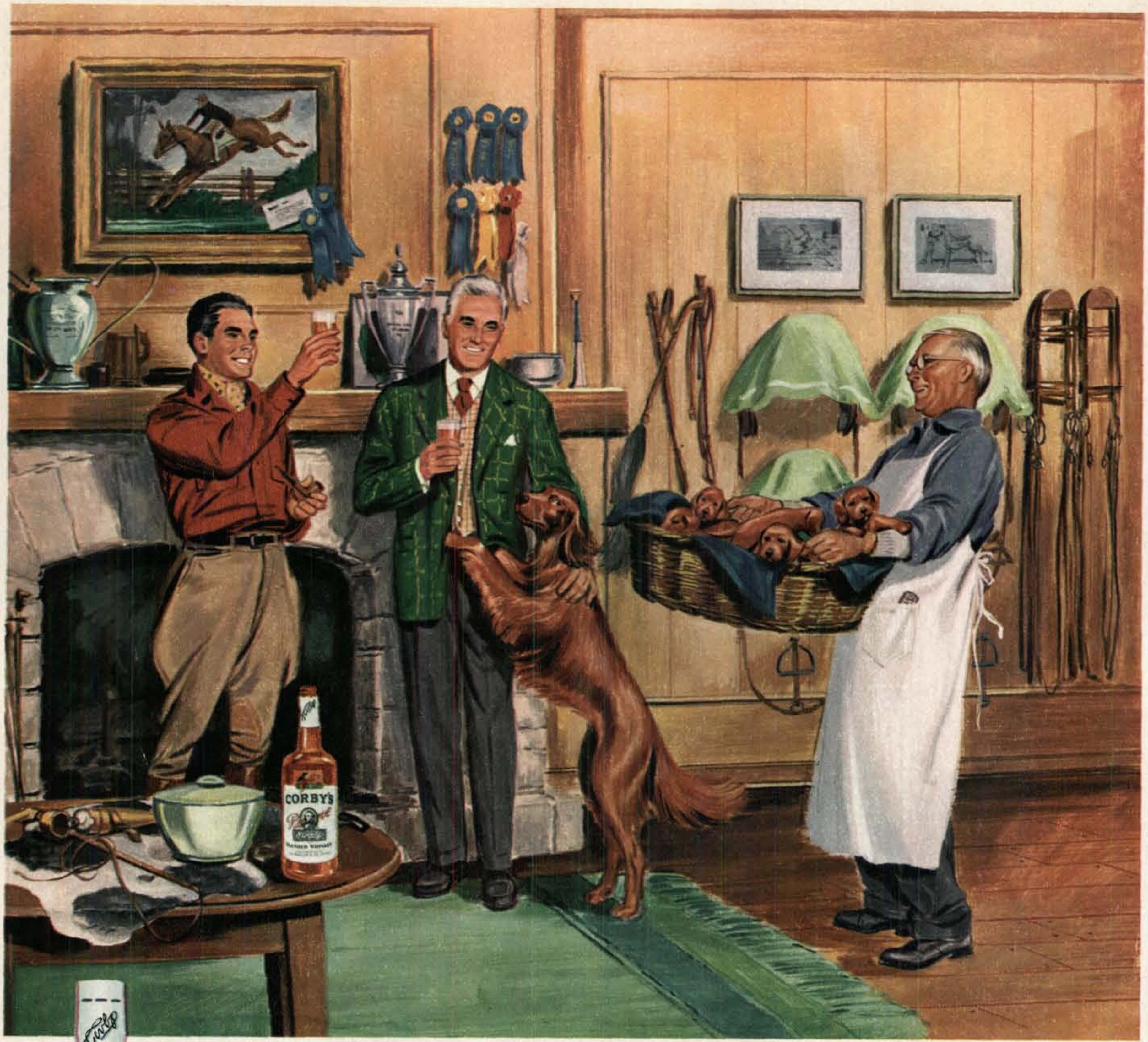
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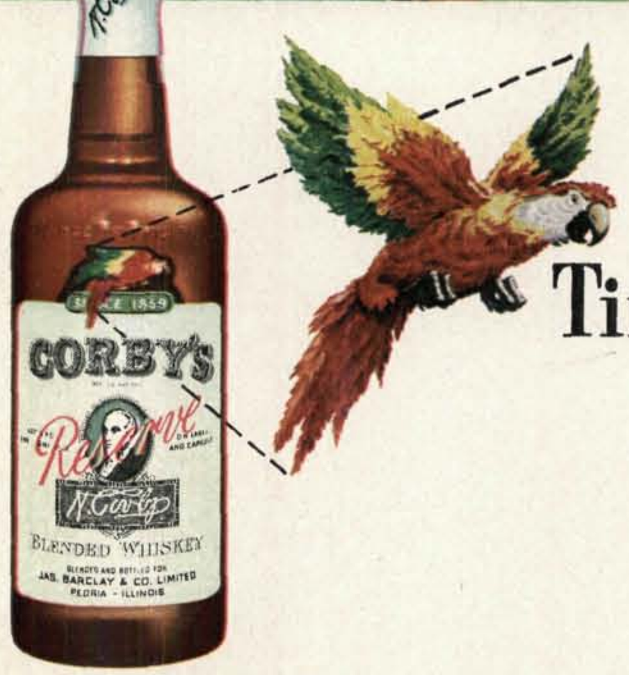
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THE COVER . . Gordon Jones

In any future war, nerve gas could prove a more deadly weapon than the atomic bomb. We have the most lethal of all nerve gases—GB. So have the Soviets. To meet the threat of a possible enemy gas attack, the Army produced these experimental masks. Those shown in the foreground are (from left): for general civilian use; for soldiers in the field; for Civil Defense personnel. You'll find the first full report on GB, how it works, and the status of defense preparations in G-Gas—A New Weapon of Chilling Terror, by Cornelius Ryan. The revealing article appears on pages 88 through 95 of this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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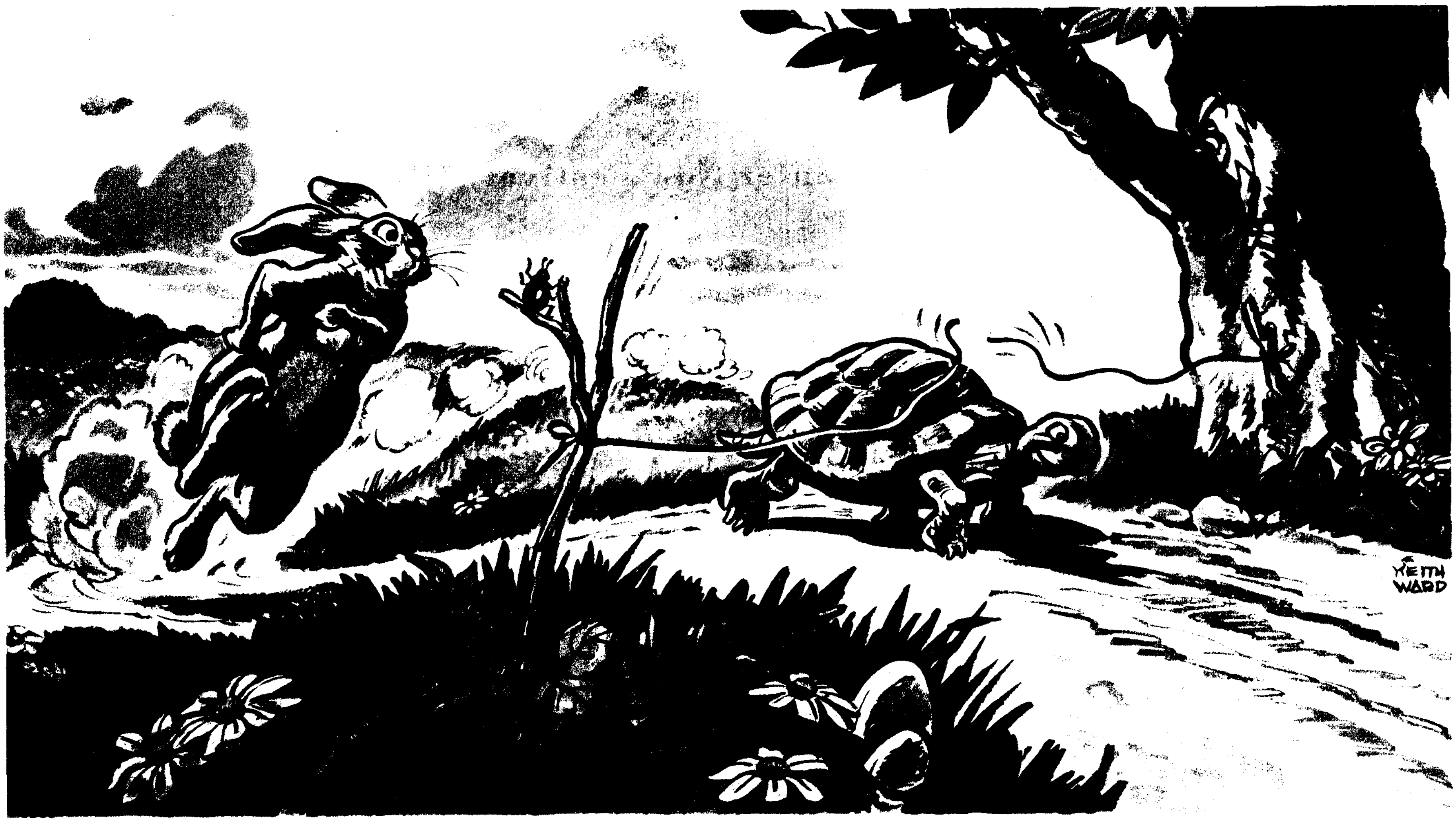

The HARE, the TORTOISE and HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Nearly everyone knows the famous Aesop fable about the hare and the tortoise. There is a good lesson in it for all of us, but for people who have high blood pressure this ancient fable can have a special meaning.

You may remember that the tortoise "pursued a slow but steady pace straight to the end of the course." Yet he won the race simply by taking it in his stride. Indeed, he took life much, much easier than the hare.

This is exactly what doctors wish that all patients who have high blood pressure, or hypertension, would do. In fact, people who have moderate, uncomplicated high blood pressure are often helped simply by learning to adjust their lives to a slower pace.

A relaxed attitude toward life is important in the treatment of this disorder because rush, "drive" and emotional tension can cause an already elevated blood pressure to rise to even higher levels. This is why doctors advise a steady, easy pace during the day and eight or more hours of sleep every night.

In addition, patients should carefully follow their doctor's advice about diet and eating habits. Above all, weight should be constantly kept at the proper level, because high blood pressure and overweight often go hand in hand.

People who learn to take these precautions may live happily, usefully and actively with hypertension even to old age.

Of course, if blood pressure reaches and stays at an excessively high level . . . or if it is caused by an underlying disease . . . the situation becomes more serious. Even in these cases, there are often ways to lower pressure and relieve symptoms—such as drugs, surgery and special diets.

High blood pressure affects at least 4 million Americans . . . and is a major cause of heart disease in middle age and later years. If you have reached the years when high blood pressure is most likely to occur . . . if you are overweight . . . and if there has ever been high blood pressure in your family, do not neglect to see your doctor for regular medical examinations. When discovered early, hypertension is usually easier to control.

The outlook for still better methods of treating hypertension is promising—as studies by many agencies, including the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, progress. The Fund, supported by 146 Life Insurance Companies, is devoting much of its research to hypertension and blood vessel disorders.

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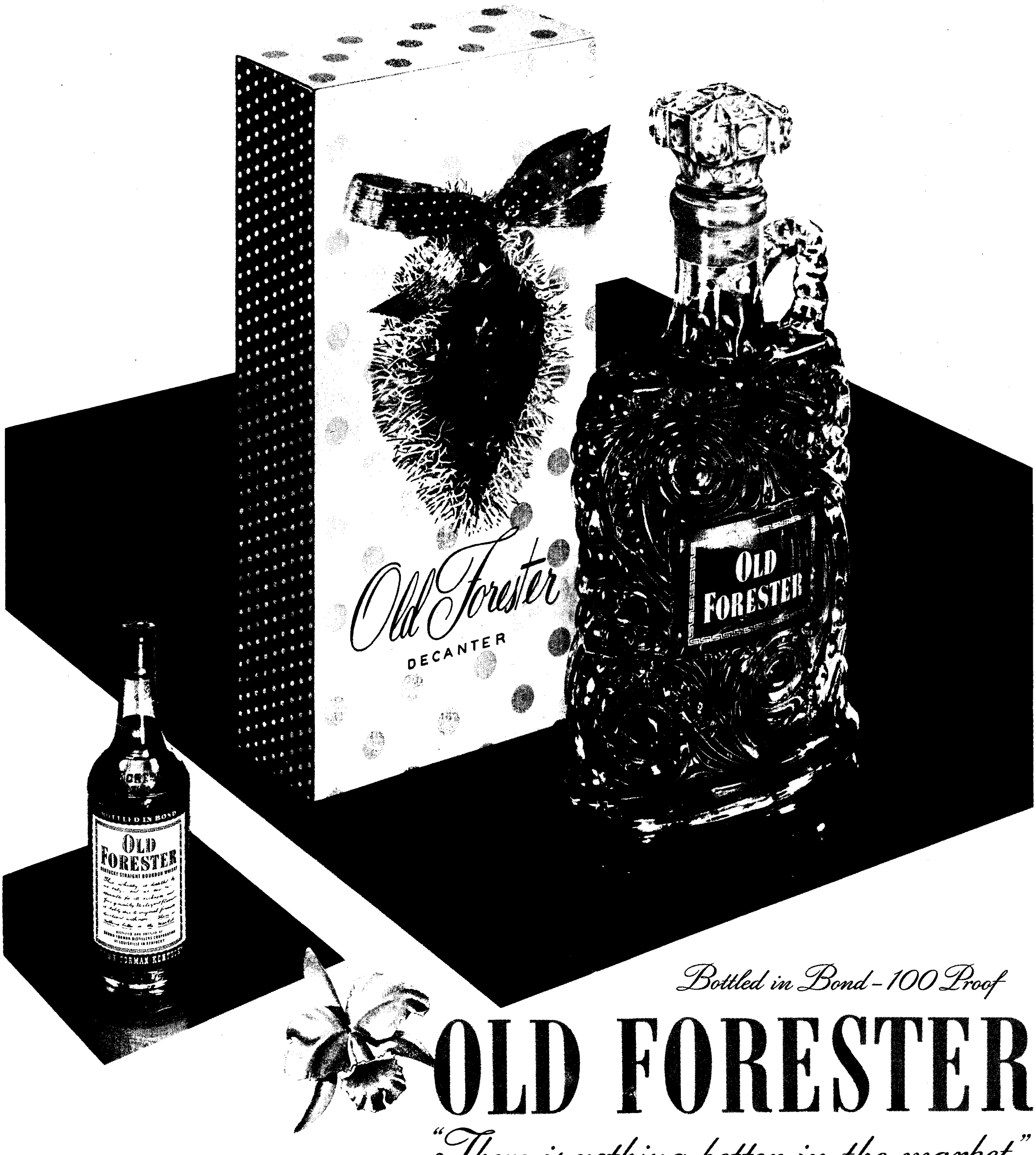
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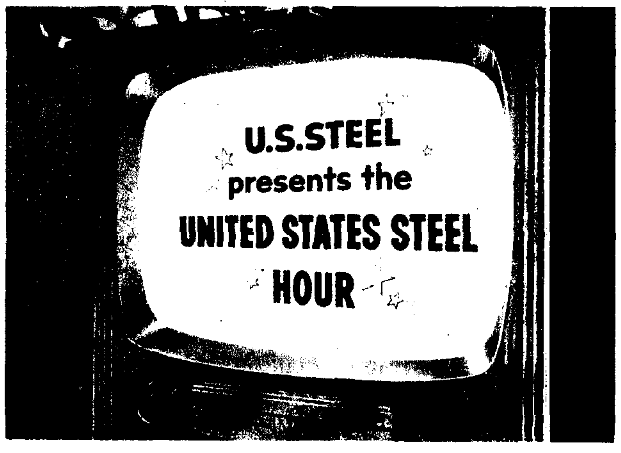

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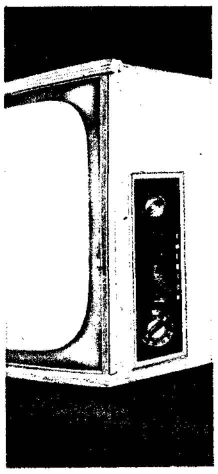

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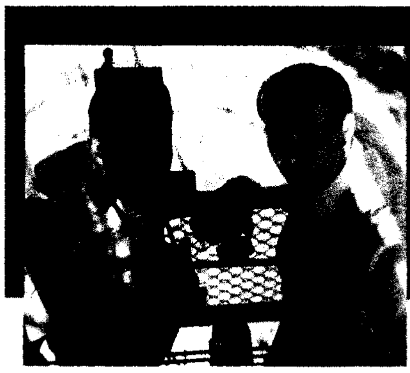

Yulsman and Ryan

STANDING atop a tower 260 feet above the middle of the Army Chemical Center's gas-test area at Edgewood, Maryland, associate editor Cornelius Ryan and photographer Jerry Yulsman didn't feel much like smiling for the birdie. As the first two reporters permitted to tour the installation, they had just watched technicians in the laboratory deftly handle GB nerve gas, the innocent-looking but most potent chemical killer so far developed by man.

"Although they're protected by every known safety device," colleague Ryan tells us, "Chemical Center scientists find their jobs nerve-jangling. Ever see a circus wire walker? He bounces with apparent ease from one platform to another; but then he rests for a minute or so. Same deal at the center. Transferring just a few drops of G-Gas from a syringe to a beaker builds up terrific nervous tension, so he works for only short periods, then tries to relax.

"Listen. Since 1939 I've covered wars, seen A-bombs explode, witnessed several executions; but now, for the first time, I'm horrified and scared by what I learned in four weeks at Edgewood. Just to give you an idea: the vapor from three drops of GB works more than 10 times faster than the five pounds of hydrocyanicide it takes to carry out the death penalty in a gas chamber."

For further details turn to Ryan's forthright report on page 89.

* * *

MEANWHILE take an aspirin tablet, the popular pill Harry Henderson writes so absorbingly about on page 113. "This treatise," says Henderson, "wasn't inspired by a head cold, headache or neuralgia; it started out to be the story of a mysterious fellow named Katchurian, described to me by a chemist friend as a big-time con man who somehow obtained a corner on aspirin in 1920 and made a fortune. After combing two newspaper morgues and three drug-company libraries looking in vain for him, I decided he was just a character my friend had synthesized in order to make conversation. I was sorry to see him go; but my search turned up a lot of facts about acetylsalicylic acid which, I thought, would make up for the fictitious Katchurian." *Gesundheit!*

* * *

SPEAKING of fiction, Collier's devotees of same may wonder how come a lady—in this case Adela Rogers St. Johns—can tackle a story like Goal to Go (page 32), so replete is it with sports technicalities. For Mrs. St. Johns this is easy, though she learned the hard way: as a long-time general "newspaperman" and as a competent reporter of such sports high lights as the Kentucky Derby, the World Series and the Olympic games. Her fellow reporters at these classic affairs have included such experts as Bill Corum, Quentin Reynolds, Westbrook Pegler and the late Damon Runyon, who, she says, was her mentor. Today, like many of the famous fourth-estaters of the twenties and thirties, Mrs. St. Johns doesn't gallop to fires any more; but drawing on her vast experience she keeps busy rolling fiction out of her typewriter and teaching feature writing and journalism at the UCLA Graduate School.

* * *

THE POW names, addresses and other facts related by Lieutenant Colonel Thomas D. Harrison through Collier's staffer Bill Stapleton on page 25 were not culled from diaries or notes. Realizing that his captors would shake him down before they let him go, Colonel Harrison thoughtfully, deliberately filed all data in his head through the long months of his imprisonment. Careful checking by Stapleton and our research department later confirmed the excellence of Colonel Harrison's memory.

* * *

BACK in 1938, after he wrote a series of newspaper pieces about practical jokes and their perpetrators, H. Allen Smith was deluged with letters from fiendish readers who described antics that hadn't before been brought to his attention. Fun-loving Smith saved these communications, and now he has assembled the best of the material in a droll compendium soon to be unleashed in bookshops far and wide. Having had an advance gander, we are pleased to present on page 68 some choice excerpts from this definitive opus.

Smith's 15 books are too humorous to mention. Number 14 was Smith's London Journal, published last year. "That reminds me," he recalls morosely. "I once appointed myself the chronicler of everyone named Smith but the book didn't sell very well. Only conclusion I could reach was that the Smiths are a pretty stingy tribe."

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

HANS KNOPF

H. Allen Smith is low man on his own totem pole. Next up is Harold Matson, Manhattan literary agent

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"I never danced and was too shy to learn. Just a few lessons at Arthur Murray's changed all that," says Arthur Murray student Paul Chauvin. "Now I have more confidence and really enjoy myself at parties. I certainly wish I'd gone to Arthur Murray sooner."

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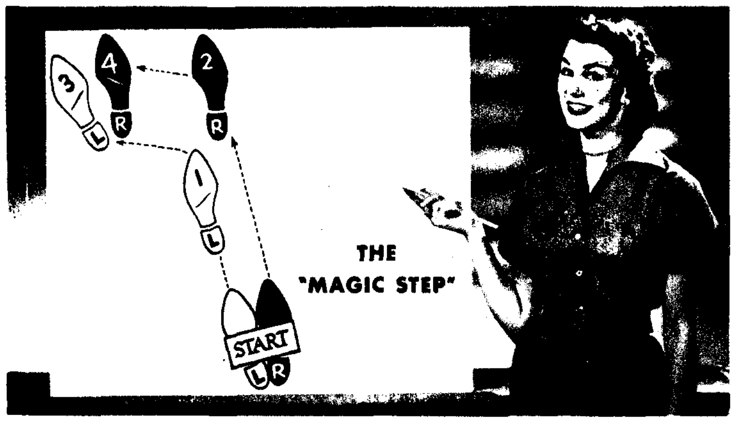

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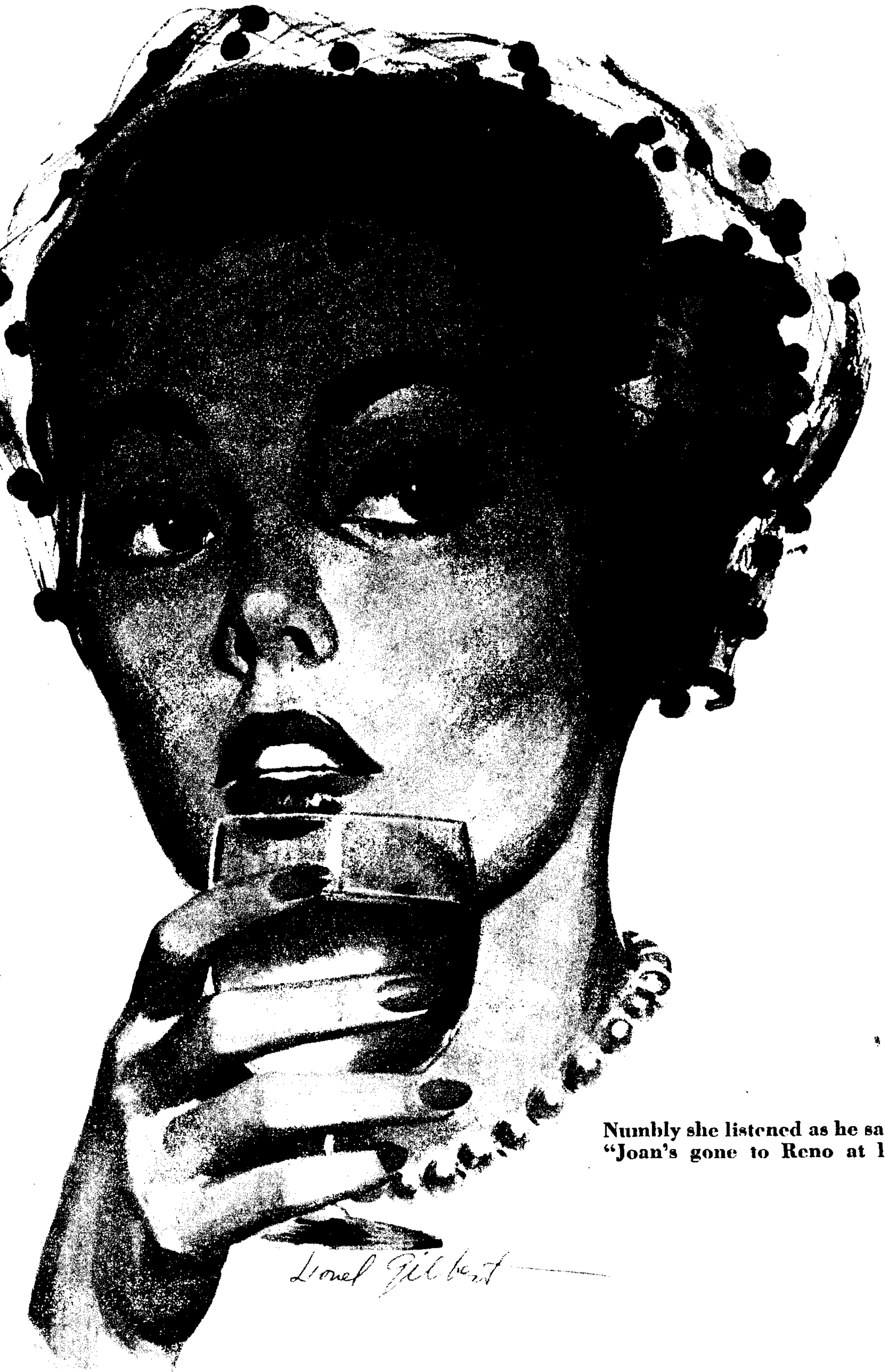
It Takes a Little TIME

By SHERMAN DIXON



Numbly she listened as he said: "Joan's gone to Reno at last"

THEY always met for lunch on Friday. She would come into the cool oasis of "21" and they'd show her to a table, and the wait would begin. Sometimes he would be a half hour late, sometimes forty minutes.

Then she would see him coming toward her—the quick, boyish smile, the almost naïve brown eyes, the casual charm that had won her. "Late again," he would say, smiling and forcing her once again to forgive him.

Then he would order two cold, dry Gibsons, and she would remember that it had been three—no, three and a half years since Doug had first brought her here.

"It can't last with Joan and me," he'd stated frankly at the start. "We're just not right for each other, Martha—never have been. Our marriage was a mistake from the beginning; even Joan can see it now." There was no lie in that. Martha could see Doug's unhappiness in his frank brown eyes, and she knew that the breakup with his wife would come—someday.

"It takes a little time to work these things out," he'd say. "Nobody can manage it in a day." And there was logic in that too. Joan had a little daughter by a former marriage, and the child had to be put in school before Joan could go to Reno. And there was the age-old financial problem. Doug would be good to Joan on the settlement, but he didn't want to be stripped. If he took it slowly, she would undoubtedly be more reasonable. It took a little time.

Martha looked at her watch and knew Doug would be here soon now. Then she thought of Jack Weaver. Jack was never late this way. But then, Jack would never be meeting her at "21," either. He'd never be a $30,000-a-year man, heading his own public-relations firm at thirty-three, or at any other age. Jack would always be a free-lance artist, working a little too hard for every cent he earned and never quite earning enough.

Martha took a sip of water from the large frosted tumbler and thought about her birthday last week. She was thirty-one, and single, good-looking in a striking brunette way that made men look twice. "A quiet kind of razzle-dazzle," Doug had called it, "that can knock out the most beautiful woman in the room." She was a copywriter in an advertising agency, had a reasonably good salary, a good future, a better than good mind.

And I feel older than Methuselah, she thought suddenly as she saw Doug coming across the room. I've got everything and nothing—and if we laugh and have fun today I think I'll cut my throat.

Doug didn't look gay. She was glad for that. "Let's have a drink," he said, sitting down beside her, "and then I've got a lot to tell you."

She felt a faint stirring of the old familiar hope. It wasn't an overpowering hope the way it used to be, thank heavens—carrying her up to the stars and quickly down to earth again—it was wary and restrained. "Let's have it," she said after the chill reinforcement of the Gibson. "Is it a big new account?"

He put down his drink and looked at her. "Joan's gone to Reno," he said. "It's all settled, at last."

She felt a numb sense of shock. After all the lonely desperate months, she wondered why she didn't cry with relief or laugh and shout with joy. She simply felt numb.

"I don't know what to say," she said, drawing a long, shaken breath. He put his hand over hers, the hand with the wedding band. It was warm with that special warmth of his, and she turned her hand over so that their palms touched.

"I didn't believe it would ever happen," she said. "And now that it has, I still can't believe it."

He laughed. He was his old gay self again. "Well, it *has* happened, darling," he said a little impatiently, "and you're the one who's got to believe it, because there are a million and one things we've got to get under way . . ."

The waiter came and served them then, and through it all, in a kind of daze, she heard his wonderful plans for them: a trip to France; a penthouse on Sutton Place (Doug knew just the one—a friend was giving it up); new clothes for Martha from Bergdorf's where Joan had always had a charge ac-

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

Smoking enjoyment is all a matter of taste -

and **LUCKIES TASTE BETTER!**

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES

Never before have so many smokers been bombarded with so many reasons for smoking so many brands of cigarettes!

But actually, there's only one good reason for smoking a cigarette—*enjoyment*. And you get enjoyment only from the *taste* of a cigarette.

Luckies taste better . . . for two reasons. They're made of fine tobacco—naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco—and they're *made* better. It's as simple as that.

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Be Happy-**GO LUCKY!**

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Keeps hair naturally well-groomed!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes your hair look naturally neat—and keeps it looking neat! Why? Because it checks dry scalp—blends in with the natural oils in your hair!

checks dry scalp

Just a few drops a day relieves loose dandruff . . . tames unruly hair that so often accompanies a dry, **oil-starved** scalp.

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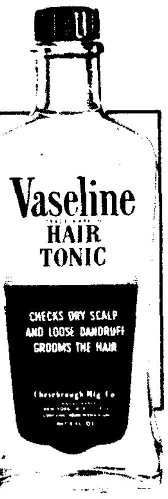
Contains no alcohol or any other scalp-drying "mystery" ingredients.



Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ® VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

count; and he wanted her to get a new dress for next week, when she'd be meeting his most important client.

She heard it all—listening, marveling a little, thinking how dynamic and strong and sure Doug was. She listened and her mind seemed to stop operating, as if it were being carried along on a strong current. It's what I've wanted, she kept repeating to herself, for so long, so very long.

And then Doug was looking at his watch, telling her he'd have to get back to work, asking if there was anything more she needed to know or wanted to ask. And she was picking up her bag and gloves, saying, "I'll get the dress this afternoon. I'll look at furniture tomorrow. But first, I have to tell Jack."

He looked puzzled. "You mean Jack Weaver?" he said.

She nodded.

"Why tell him?"

"Because," she said, smoothing her gloves, "he was the one who put up with me all this time. If I hadn't had him, I'd have been banging on your door, throwing scenes, having a nervous breakdown. I owe him something. He's an awfully nice guy."

Doug understood.

He always understood. It was the quality she liked most about him. "Any time I felt desperate about you," she said, "I always thought: Well, Jack will be there. Jack's so damned dependable—" She could even laugh about it. They both laughed together, but Doug stopped and then she was laughing alone. She felt a little hysterical.

THAT afternoon, she left the office early and went to buy the dress. She'd called Jack and left a message. He would call her back later.

"Don't worry about the price," Doug had told her. "Just find yourself something terrific."

She found it right away. It was in Bergdorf's window—a simple black faille, all line and contour, trimmed in French braid.

"A hundred and seventy-five," the saleswoman told her, and she walked back and forth in front of the long mirror, staring at herself. The dress made her look elegant, taller.

"I'll take it," she was about to say, but from the corner of her eye she'd caught sight of the rack against the far wall, that familiar rack she always hunted for in all the stores, labeled: REDUCED FOR CLEARANCE.

She turned and walked toward it, smiling apologetically at the saleswoman. In a few moments she found a charcoal-gray sheath and took it off the rack. "This one," she said, handing it quickly to the saleswoman. "I'd like to take this one, instead. It will fit. I don't need to try it on."

The saleswoman didn't argue. She merely looked surprised.

In the dressing room, taking off the good black dress, Martha felt suddenly foolish. What was the matter with her? A year ago—or even yesterday, for that matter—she would have loved buying a fabulous dress at Bergdorf's. But she'd bought bargains for so long now—smart well-chosen things—that she felt more certain about them. She had to smile at herself then; after all, she was thirty-one—she was probably becoming set in her ways.

Riding home on the bus, she decided to tell Doug the whole dress incident. They'd laugh over it together—though perhaps, she thought uneasily, Doug would be annoyed.

The telephone was ringing when she unlocked her door. It was Doug. He'd been calling for an hour. "Where have you been?" he asked almost angrily.

She told him—and told him, too, about the dress. He was not in a laughing mood.

"What about Jack Weaver?" he said. "Have you got that all cleared up?"

She explained about Jack, that she'd tried to reach him and couldn't, that he was coming over tonight.

"Well, get it over with, sweetie, will you?" he said. "After all, I've told everybody around here. I've sent Joan to Reno. I can't have you dawdling around . . ."

SHE wished he wouldn't take that dictatorial attitude toward her. Perversely, it made her want to wait a little, take her time, even slide backward.

"Don't rush me," she protested. And then suddenly she felt a kind of helpless inward laughter. *Don't rush me.* It was funny, really. She had taught herself to wait, wait, wait. And now, when she wanted to hurry so much, she couldn't seem to stop waiting. "I'll tell Jack tonight," she said contritely. "I'll tell him right away."

She did tell him, the minute he came in. "You know Doug Holding over at Holding Associates?" she began awkwardly. "He's—he's getting a divorce."

"I know the chap," Jack said quietly. "He's been getting that divorce for quite a long while now, hasn't he?"

Martha wanted to say, "Oh, but that sort of thing takes time," but something about Jack's expression stopped her. As he lighted a cigarette, she studied him, noting his carefully pressed dark blue suit, the blue eyes and dark whimsical brows, and the easygoing, happy-go-lucky manner. There were no surprises about Jack, ever—but there were no disappointments, either.

She waited for the next words she must say, but the words didn't come. Jack sat quietly smoking his cigarette, careful not to look at her. And she thought foolishly: There are worn spots on that chair where his arms have rested, from the nights when Doug didn't call—months when he didn't call. There were months when I told myself I'd be better off with Jack, with his quiet companionship, his ability to laugh off most of his own troubles, and mine too.

The old phrases rushed back at her, phrases she had taught herself in anguish and despair: With Doug I try so hard to be perfect, but Jack is the one who lets me be myself. Doug can take me up to the stars, but when he lets me down, Jack is the one who is waiting. Doug's the successful man the world admires, but Jack is the one who needs me, who makes me feel worth while . . .

She'd thought all that for so long. Was she a prisoner of those thoughts, she wondered now? No. She was free.

She wasn't going to tell Jack tonight that she was planning to marry Doug Holding. It would take a little more time—a little more time than Doug would give her, a little more time than she'd ever have.

"By the way," Jack was saying casually, just as he always did, "when are we going to get married?"

"Whenever you want," she said. "Maybe tomorrow, even."

—SHERMAN DIXON

For about 35¢ a day*

MONY Pays Family Hospital Expenses For One Full Year

and up to $5,000 for polio

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Here's just a quick summary of the advantages of this new MONY policy:

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* This cost is based on a policy covering a man and his wife under age 40 and their two children under age 18. It would provide a Hospital Room and Board Benefit of $5 a day and a Surgical Benefit up to $200, as well as other benefits.

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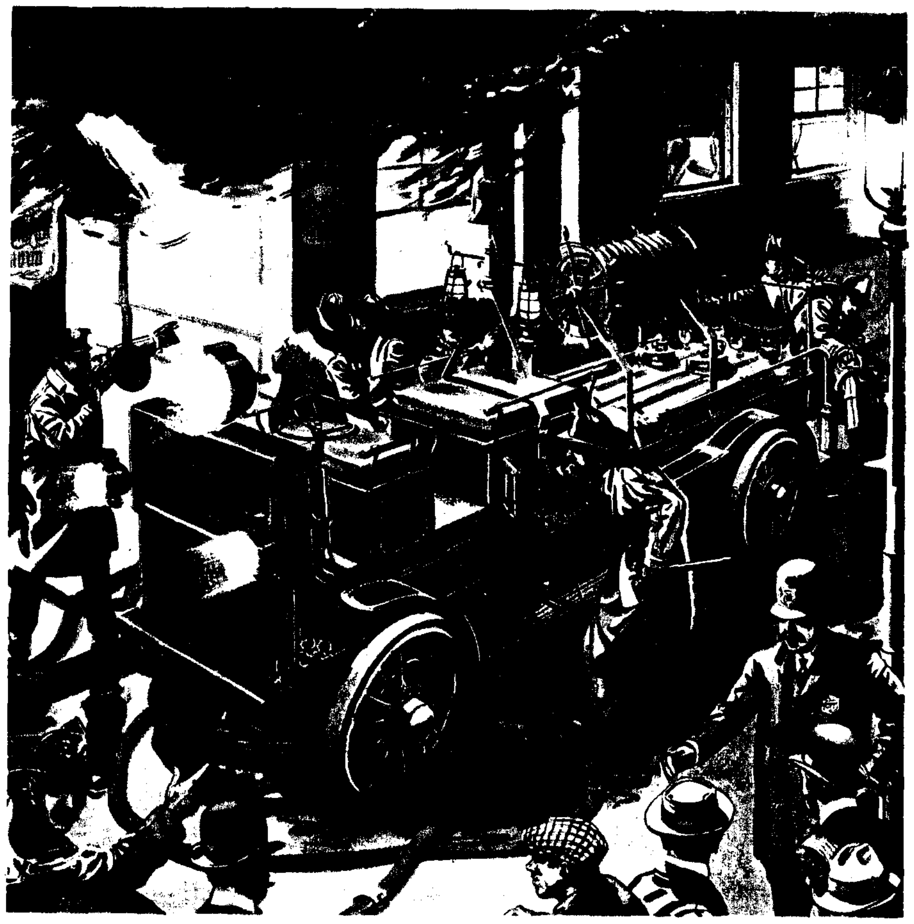

With the invention of the "gas-buggy," dreams of a truly practical self-propelled fire engine became a reality. By 1910 several manufacturers were producing gasoline-propelled fire engines that far outclassed the horse-drawn pumps still in common use. Shown here is one type of gasoline-propelled pumper used nearly half a century ago.

AC FUEL PUMPS
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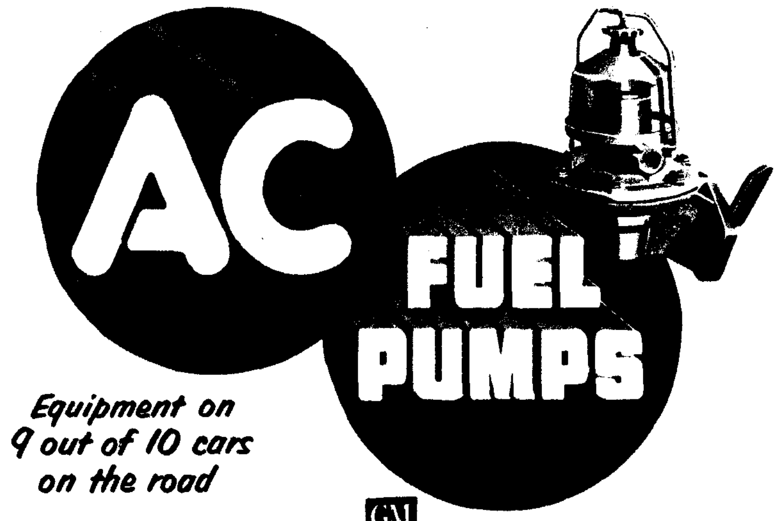
Just as the gasoline engine brought a new era to fire fighting, AC Fuel Pumps brought a new era to automobile performance—supplying exactly the right amount of gasoline to the car's carburetor under all operating conditions.

That's why more than 115,000,000 AC pumps have been built—and more than 40,000,000 are now in daily use.

That's also why so many motorists—in order to maintain efficient performance and trouble-free service—replace their mileage-weary fuel pumps with new AC's—First Choice of both car makers and car owners for 26 Years.



Equipment on 9 out of 10 cars on the road

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

An alarming blow at freedom of speech has been dealt by Mr. Ray Pendergraft, chief of police in Worland, Wyoming. He has banned "all live entertainment" in the bars of that city. Bar owners are protesting. They say the order means that 99 per cent of their patrons will be excluded.

★ ★ ★

After a close and occasionally shuddering scrutiny of all male state employees, Colorado has decided not to require them to wear ten-gallon hats and cowboy boots and shirts while on duty. Idea was to promote the Western motif, impressing visitors from the East. But after looking over the results, somebody pointed out that a lot of visiting kids would have their ideals shattered. And that was that.

★ ★ ★

East Baton Rouge (Louisiana) Parish recently went to the polls to elect somebody to a vacancy in the parish (county) council. The job pays sixty bucks a month. The election cost the East Baton Rouge taxpayers an estimated $21,000. Two or three of them, according to Mr. Pierre René Marie Georges (Mike) de Limoux, are trying to prove that it would have been cheaper to stand pat on the vacancy.

★ ★ ★

Rising to darn' near unprecedented oratorical heights, this representative assured his vociferously enthusiastic audience of 28 or 30 Maine listeners that Congress was not going to let the taxpayer down. "That's fine," yelled a guy two rows back. "But do you think there's any chance of letting us up?"

★ ★ ★

Word has just arrived that a couple of young scientists at the University of Southern California expect to produce a red herring that can't be drawn across a political issue. It will be placed on the market in time for next year's campaign.

★ ★ ★

Lady and gentleman in Houston, Texas, received a bill from their new baby sitter. Itemized, too. "Wiped noses, 12 times. Changed baby, 3 times. Took off Junior's shoes, 5 times. Put on Junior's shoes, 5 times. Rocked baby, 4 times. Restrained Junior from crossing street against traffic, 7 times. Tried to feed baby, 6 times. Kept Junior from biting dog, 9 times. Changed baby again, 3 times. Fed Junior, 6 times. Rocked baby again, twice. Restrained Junior from throwing baby's blocks at mirror on wall, 10 times. Hope to see your little darlings again, *No Times!*"

★ ★ ★

To the amazement of his associates, this important industrialist in Kansas City, Missouri, fired his bright young assistant. But hadn't he himself said, no more than two weeks before, that the young man was the fastest man on the uptake he'd ever seen? "Sure he was," said this industrialist. "Soaked it up like a blotter; but like the blotter, he got it all backward."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Jed Bemberg, of Indianapolis, Indiana, told us a yarn about a lady who, when complimented on her new gown, said she bought it for a ridiculous figure. But we can't seem to remember the point of the story. Sorry.

★ ★ ★

We see in the Ladysmith, Wisconsin, News that to discourage beavers from damming a creek and thereby injuring the Milwaukee Railroad's roadbed, an official hung a lighted red lantern on a hoe handle and raised it in the middle of the stream. That was to scare the beavers away. The beavers were so scared apparently that they used the hoe handle in building the dam and the lantern to plug up a leak.

★ ★ ★

When the Indianapolis cops asked this taxicab driver for his name he produced not only his driver's license but his birth certificate. And there was his name: The Male Infant Child Of Samuel Short. Moreover, they verified it in the records of the State Motor Vehicle Bureau. Taxi driver admitted that T.M.I.C.O.S. Short is a bit Britishly cumbersome, so unofficially he has shortened it to William D. Short.

★ ★ ★

Old 48 has just received a pretty little pamphlet filled with instructions on how to start an amateur glee club. We've read it twice, but find no mention of how to stop one. ▲▲▲

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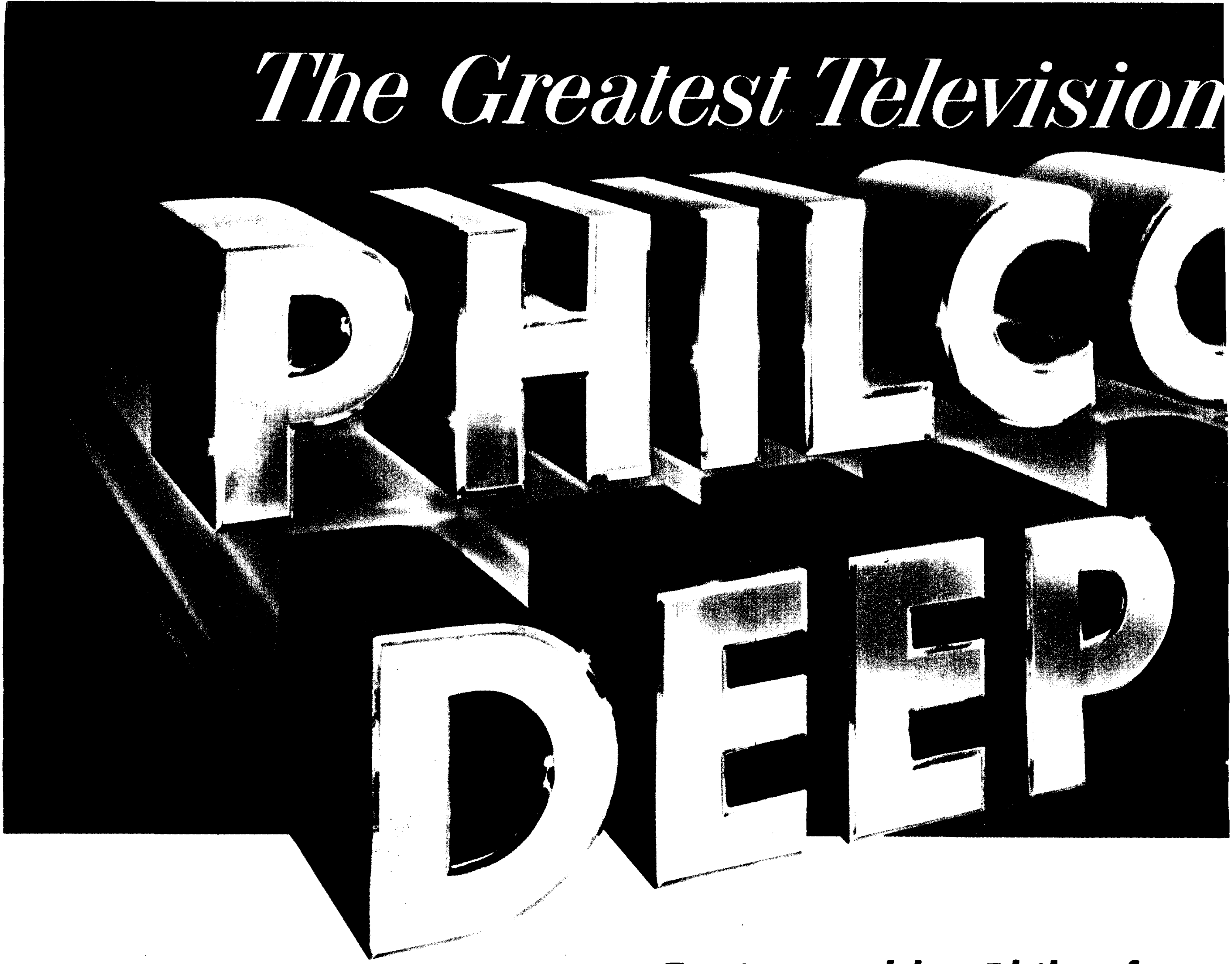
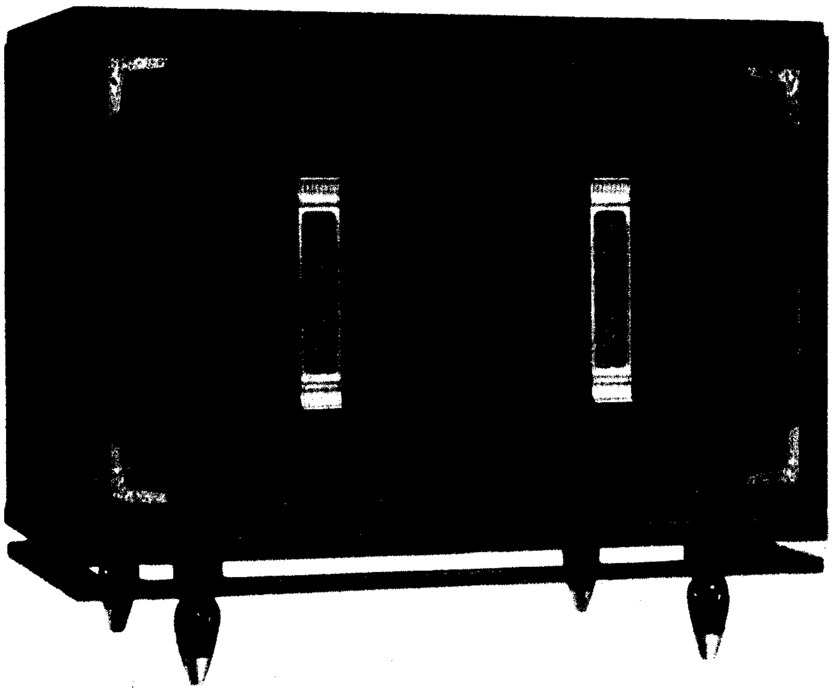
The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old.
37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE



. . . Engineered by Philco for a



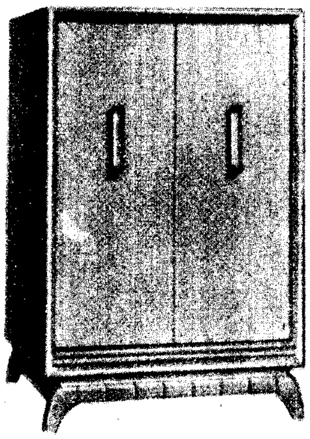
YOU have to *see* this new Philco deep dimension picture to believe it! New brilliance, new clarity, new depth of detail . . . it sets a whole new standard of television viewing enjoyment.

Now you see not just *part* of the picture with precious background detail lost in blur and diffusion, but *all* the picture . . . closeup and background . . . in pinpoint detail. It's a thrilling new experience!

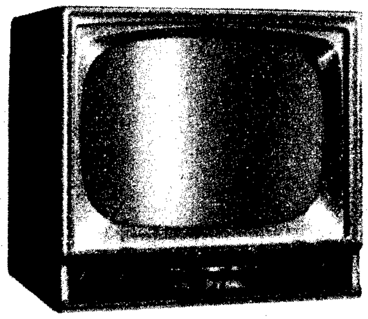
This spectacular new picture is made possible by one of the greatest advances since the miracle of television: the new Philco HF-200 High Fidelity

World's First Television Combination with Deep Dimension Picture and High Fidelity Sound

Philco HF-200 High Fidelity chassis with deep dimension picture *plus* revolutionary Phonorama* High Fidelity Sound system for TV, phonograph, and FM-AM radio. In luxurious Mahogany or Blond Oak. Philco Model 4406.

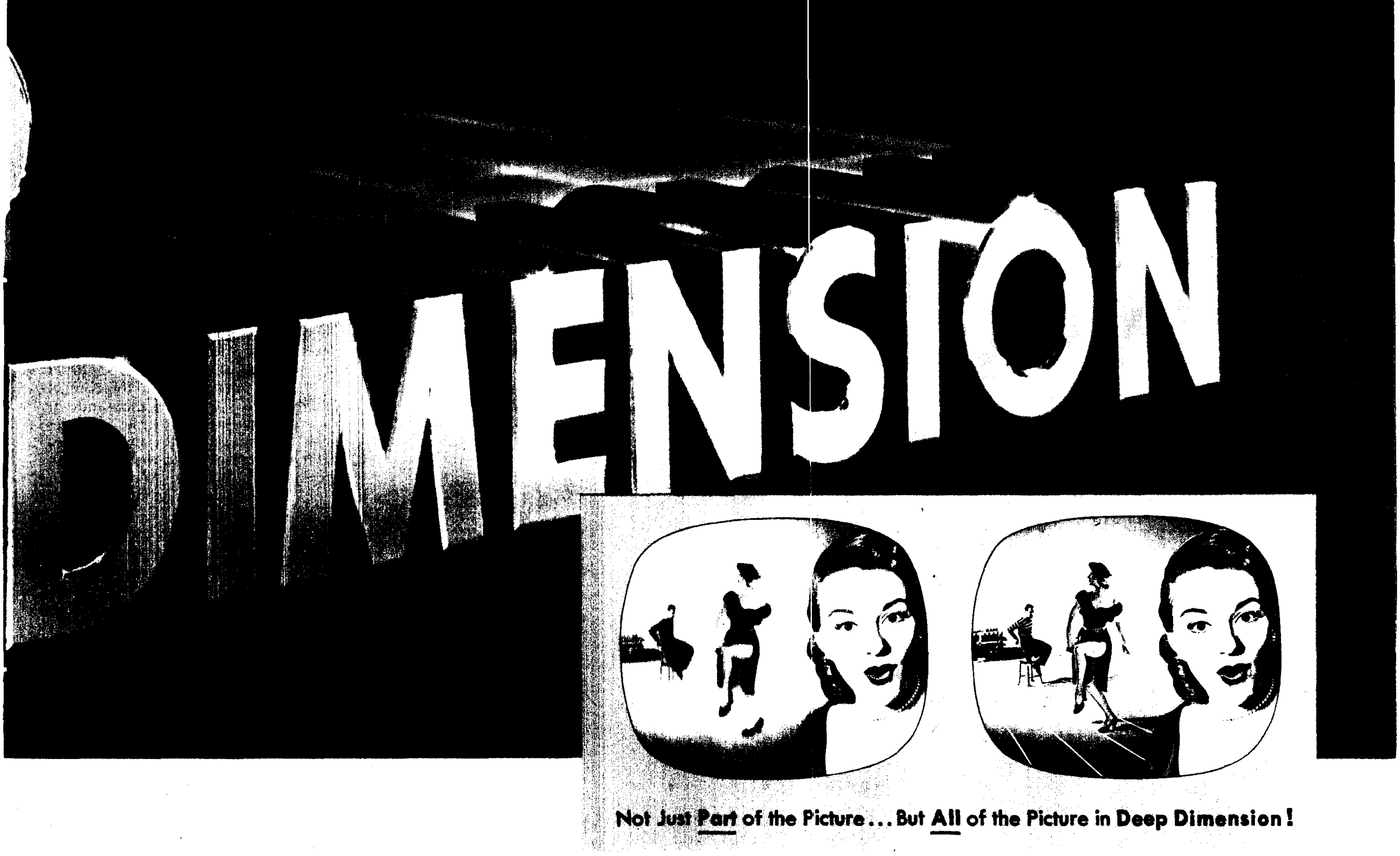


Famous Golden Grid 21-inch television in Blond cabinet of Oak solids and veneers. Philco 4306-L.



New Philco 17", 21" and 24" table models, here for 1954, including the Philco 4004, above, with full-size 21-inch picture tube.

Picture Ever Achieved...

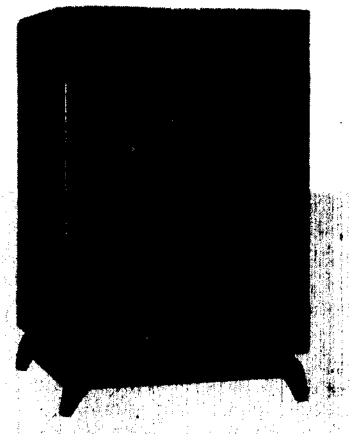


Not Just **Part** of the Picture . . . But **All** of the Picture in Deep Dimension!

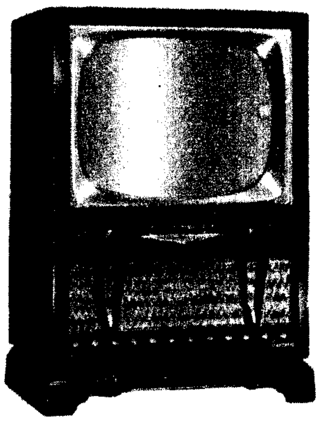
New Standard of Viewing Enjoyment!

power plant. No other receiver on the market today so completely overcomes the obstacles of distance, interference and noise. Everywhere, the HF-200 adds new miles to reception . . . new deep dimension to the picture.

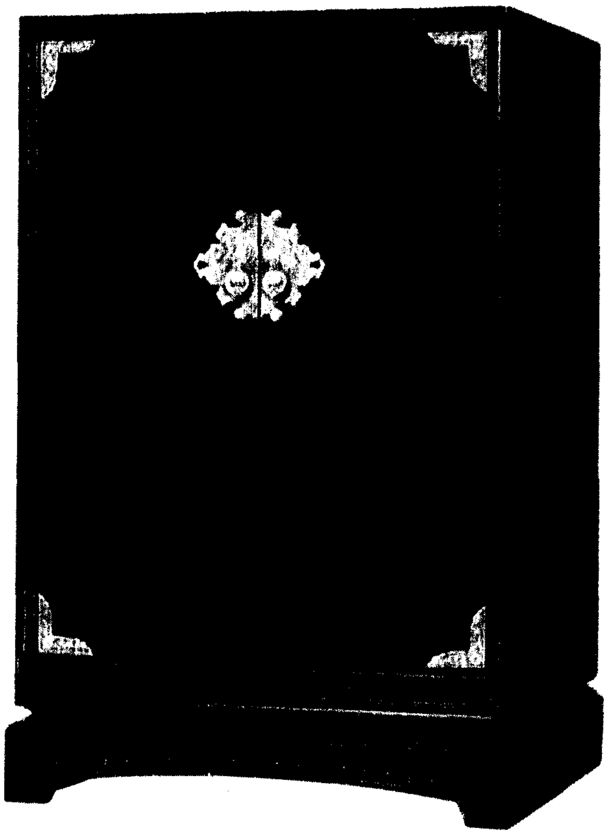
Available in 17, 21, 24, and 27-inch screen sizes with a wide choice of combinations, consoles and table models. Every Philco is available with exclusive built-in All Channel Tuner for UHF. Prices range from $179.95 to $1,000, federal tax and one year warranty on picture tube included. Specifications subject to change.



Tawny Mahogany finish 21-inch console with directional UHF-VHF Built-In Aerial. The Philco 4306-TM.



Giant New 24-Inch Deep Dimension picture, unmatched for clarity and realism. Philco 6106, in Mahogany.



New Performance New Beauty of Design

Imported Mahogany veneers and deeply recessed doors typify the luxury of this handsome 21-inch console with deep dimension picture. Philco 4308.

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SUAVE the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing in the world with secret-formula Curtisol—insures perfect hair grooming naturally. Won't stain hatband. To look suave, use Suave daily.

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask $1
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Letters...

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Home Protection

EDITOR: I have just read William Ulman's article Russian Planes Are Raiding Canadian Skies (Oct. 16th) and I think it's about time someone told us the plain facts about the strength of our northern defenses.

I don't know what is the matter with the government in this country. Here we are open to Russian attack, and Ottawa sends most of our jet squadrons over to Europe to protect England while Canada is in the most dangerous position of any country in North America and South America. The few planes that we have should be at home protecting us.

Britain hasn't a man, gun, plane or ship in Canada to protect us. If a war started tomorrow, we would have to depend on the good old U.S.A. to come and help us. H. J. HALVERSON, Winnipeg, Man., Canada

. . . The facts as presented by Mr. Ulman prove that, although our continental air defenses must be the chief defense of the United States, such defenses are dangerously inadequate on account of lack of adequate appropriations by Congress for this purpose.

In other words, the scattering of our shot throughout the whole world—as is being done—is weakening the defense of the United States and must be stopped.

ERNEST BRADSHAW, Chicago, Ill.

Inverted N

EDITOR: The name of Dr. G. C. (Slim) Mouture, referred to in Canada's Great Uranium Rush (Oct. 2d), should be spelled "Monture."

As Dr. Monture co-operated with Bill Stapleton in the preparation of his article, and as he is the chief of the Mineral Resources Division, Department of Mines, it occurred to me that you might wish to take cognizance of this oversight. C. H. BOLTON, Ottawa, Ont., Canada

Our apologies to Dr. Monture for the slip, and our thanks to Mr. Bolton for setting us right.

. . . I was particularly interested in Bill Stapleton's article Canada's Great Uranium Rush. But I would like to ask, in all my blatant ignorance, how could four cans of salmon "float"? Was it a sea of salt?

GEORGE REGINALD GILL, Carolina, Puerto Rico

The cans were still in the box when Bill Stapleton accidentally tossed them into the water. Bill reports that the salmon cans did float momentarily after the box burst.

Glamorous Unemployed

EDITOR: It has never been my practice to write letters to editors, but after reading The Wonderful World of Women (Sept. 18th) I feel constrained to alter the habits of a lifetime and rise in partial defense of a much-maligned profession.

Over the years, your readers undoubtedly have become used to the unwritten law that your heroes must be lawyers, doctors or architects and must never be grocery clerks, truck drivers or bricklayers. I strongly object, however, to so glamorizing an attorney that he never works.

Now, in the story which prompted this letter, you have an attorney who has not a single case and yet he casually telephones his wife and says, "Buy those furs."

In the name of all lawyers, good or bad, who struggle for a fee, and like as not never collect it, and burn the midnight oil while the rest of the world slumbers peacefully secure in the knowledge that attorneys are made to protect clients, I must protest!

Give the poor lawyer at least one paying client, not only to make lawyers happy, but that fiction may be closer to fact.

JOHN F. LOONAM, New York, N.Y.

Press-Agentry Plus

EDITOR: The wearying saga of Marilyn Monroe (Marilyn on the Rocks, Oct. 16th) illustrates the power of a publicist with an unlimited budget. There are surely dozens of Monroes wandering about Hollywood without benefit of press-agentry. Given the big build-up, any one of them could become an equally effective love goddess.

JOSEPH PUGACH, Malden, Mass.

More on the Honest Cop

EDITOR: I want to thank you for your articles by Albert Deutsch on The Plight of the Honest Cop (Sept. 18th–Oct. 2d–Oct. 16th). I am a policeman's wife and see a lot of the same things happening in our city of 90,000 that larger cities have to cope with.

The one question my husband and I have tried to find an answer for is: "Why does the public fight the very men they rush to in time of need?"

I know how it feels to have people swear at you or call you names because your husband found them breaking a law that they themselves voted for. I know that I am not alone in this conflict and that we stand with thousands of others. That helps a little. Articles such as yours are the only means of bringing these needs to the public's attention. MRS. ALFRED HUNT, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

. . . It's about time someone stood up for our predominantly honest policemen. My dad has been a peace officer in Iowa for the past 14 years. I have in my possession many newspaper articles attesting to his good police work.

But he is even still plagued by many things for a job well done: political pressure graying him before his time; excellent investigations and arrests made, only to go up in smoke because of the "fix"; the officer reprimanded or transferred because he made an honest arrest which might hurt "the party" or "administration." And the pay problem of the police officer is a volume in itself.

Our underpaid policeman is today waging a great battle to stay honest and do his duty and feed and clothe his kids at the same time. Let's get behind Mr. Deutsch and do some good. "Nobody loves a cop until he needs one." A/2C JOHN W. HURLEY, Stuttgart, Germany

. . . Your story The Plight of the Honest Cop is poorly captioned. The word honest is superfluous, as the large majority of cops are honest. There is nothing new in dishonest cops. We have always had them and we should be pleased that there are so few of them.

ALPHONSUS J. MURPHY, Portland, Me.

Collier's thinks the title of the series is apt, but it agrees entirely with Mr. Murphy's opinion. Albert Deutsch's articles repeatedly stressed the honesty of the great majority of police officers in the face of low salaries and abundant temptations.

Beans Before Meat

EDITOR: Re the *"arroz con pollo"* controversy (Letters, Oct. 16th): let Señor Hal Walker down Guadalajara way remember he is in Mexico, not in Spain. Surely the señor has inhaled and tasted and relished the marvels of the chili con carne . . . no? Is it the carne con chili? A thousand times no.

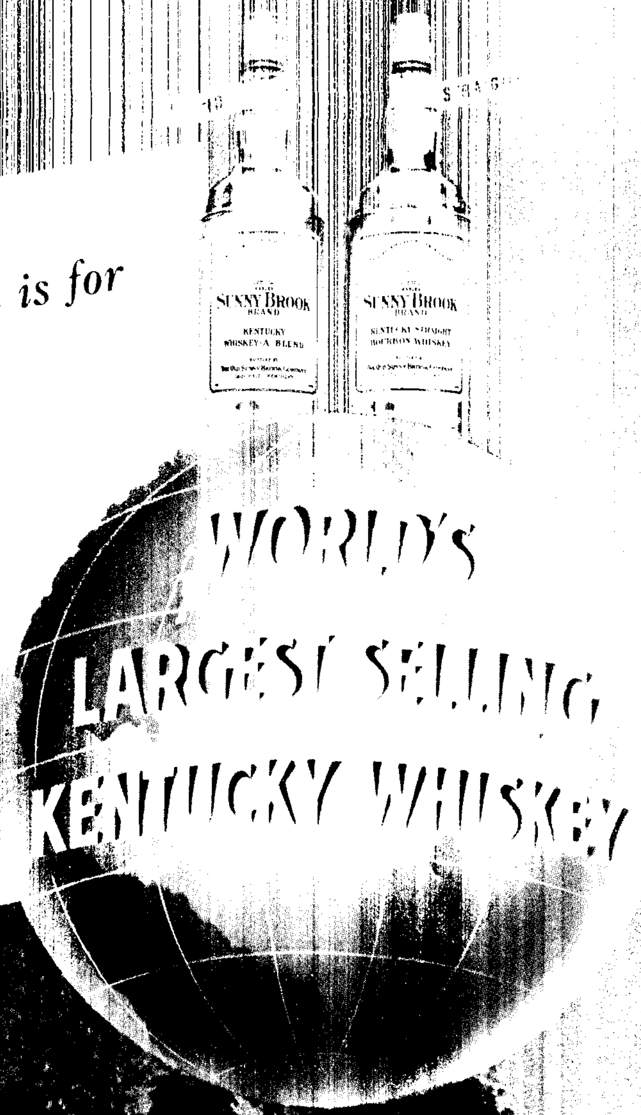
Millions of Mexican people and many, many in the U.S. are delighted by that beautiful, most delicious blend of squash and meat, the wonderful *calabaza y carne*. Do we say *carne y*

Wherever fine whiskey is enjoyed—the call is for

OLD Sunny Brook BRAND

Whether you fill your glass with the mellow blend or the rich and delicious straight, you will find Old Sunny Brook to be a finer whiskey. From trim Cape Cod cottages in the East, to magnificent cliff homes overlooking the Pacific . . . on Main Street or on Country Club Row . . . Old Sunny Brook is the world's preferred Kentucky Whiskey! Ask for it in *Blend* or *Straight.*

"Cheerful as its Name"



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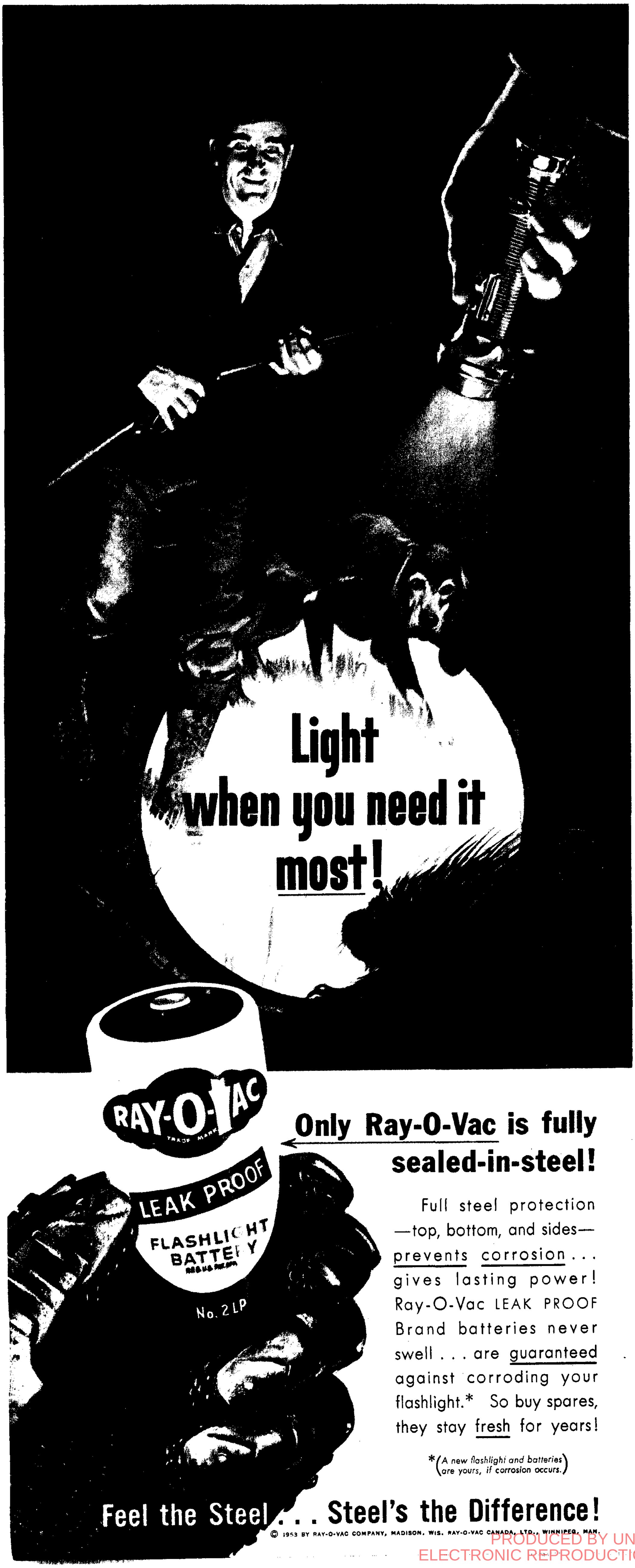
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calabaza? Never! Such talk is—what do you call it?—the nonsense.

WILLIAM ALLEN, Big Spring, Texas

Old Saint—New Fiction

EDITOR: In your serial The Shadows of the Images, by William E. Barrett, mention is made of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Since nothing more is mentioned other than his having been a Cistercian monk, perhaps Collier's readers might be interested in a little more of his history.

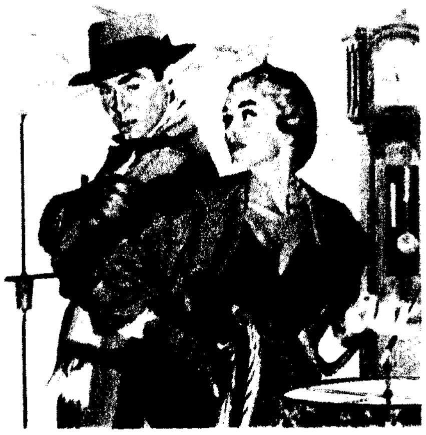
St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153) was called by Martin Luther "the holiest monk that ever lived." At twenty-four, he and his brother monks established a monastery in a wild valley of northern France where many robbers lived. The valley was transformed under his guidance; its name was changed from the Valley of Wormwood to Clear Valley, or Clairvaux. All Europe felt his power. Kings, pope, emperor, all bowed to his influence. His missionaries founded 160 monasteries. After his death he was spoken of as "the last of the apostles."

The familiar hymn text "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded" is attributed to St. Bernard, as well as a few other less familiar hymns.

Having just finished research on the revision of my course, Hymnology, the evening before your October 2d issue arrived, I was surprised to find St. Bernard mentioned in a modern novel. Part of my research had uncovered the facts written above.

ROBERT E. SHAFER, West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, W.Va.

. . . I wonder if the author is any happier than I about the double-page illustration for the opening installment of your serial The Shadows of the Images (Oct. 2d). Mr. Barrett at great pains describes the girl in "the golden yellow of her short coat"—and staring the reader in the face, the picture shows her in blue! Is the fault with the artist, who probably prefers blondes in blue, or does the magazine not require him to illustrate to the text, or edit to confirm conformity?



HELENE B. MOSS, Asheville, N.C.

It's this way, Mrs. Moss: artist James Dwyer became ill in the course of illustrating the first installment, and Joe Bowler finished the picture of the girl in the blue coat without a briefing on the proper color. Deadlines being what they are, the coat had to stay blue. Mr. Dwyer's recovery was speedy, and he went on to illustrate the rest of the serial. Incidentally, Doubleday, which is publishing The Shadows of the Images in book form, liked Mr. Dwyer's conception of the statuette of Satan so well that the publishers are using it to illustrate their newspaper advertising.

Bronx Soccer

EDITOR: Re Red Buttons—Him You Like (Oct. 16th): What kind of soccer did he play—with huddles yet?

C. SULLIVAN, Exeter, N.H.

Evander Childs High School (Bronx) type, no doubt.

Engineering Salaries

EDITOR: Your article The Engineers—They Have No Fears (Oct. 2d) touches on one phase of our current shortage of engineers, which is one of the most serious problems facing the nation today. Unfortunately, the article implies by its general tone that new engineering graduates are being overpaid.

By comparison with engineers' salaries in the past, one might easily reach this conclusion. Had salaries been higher in the past, however, the shortage today would not be as serious and there might be no shortage at all.

While I agree that starting salaries are far beyond anything paid in the past, I doubt that they are as far out of line as your article seems to indicate. When I began my engineering career, for example, more than 25 years ago, starting salaries were in the neighborhood of $150 a month or $1,800 a year. Present starting salaries seem to be averaging between 2 and 2½ times that figure. Considering the advance in the cost of living during the last 25 years, the increase doesn't seem out of line, with highly skilled labor today receiving as much or more. Even secretarial help does as well in some areas.

Unfortunately, engineers with many years of experience, who are certainly more valuable to their employers than new graduates, are not faring nearly so well. A survey of engineering salaries recently completed by the National Society of Professional Engineers shows, for example, that the median annual salary paid to engineers who have been working at their profession for 25 years is only $8,840.

FLOYD A. LEWIS, Hollis, N.Y.

Worried Reader

EDITOR: I heartily agree with letter writer Edgar F. Ludwig of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when he complains in your Letters department of October 16th of the disclosure of the place where midget submarines are made as being helpful to our enemies. You reply that the article was cleared for security by the Navy and Defense Departments and that "Uncle Sam is not worried."

I must say that the things that Uncle is not worried about are a great worry to many of us. If the armed forces are not worried about infiltration into the government itself and the location of vital defenses in case of bombing, then why are they trying to frighten us?

E. B. MADDEN, New York, N.Y.

No Parking

EDITOR: In (No Question About It, Oct. 16th) the editorial about the baseball game between the Navy and the Coast Guard near Siberia, something was mentioned about kids playing between cars in congested cities.

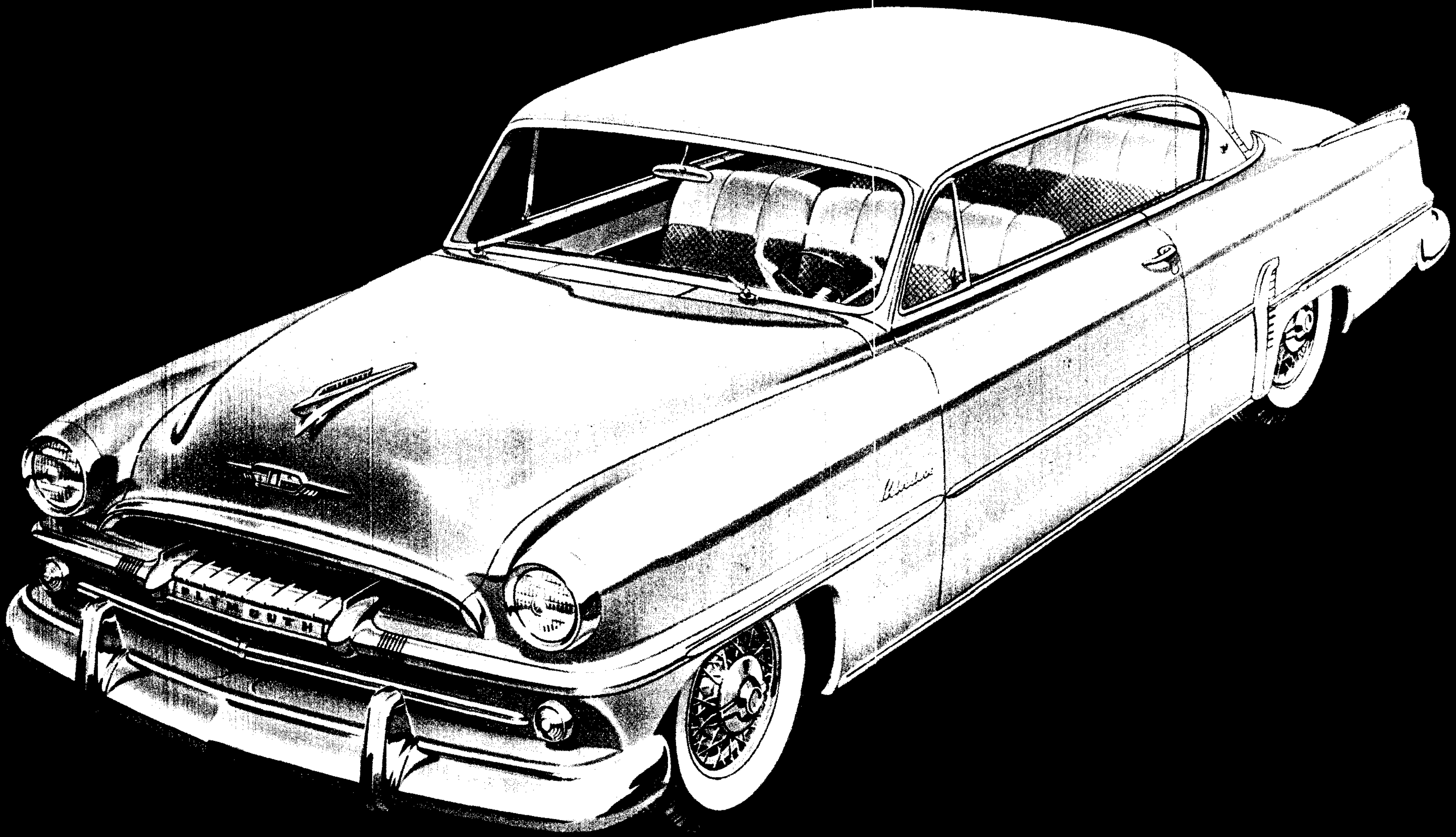
There is a need to eliminate parked cars where there may be kids. Common sense blames at least 75 per cent of child deaths on vision impaired by parked cars. Vision, I mean, of children as well as motorists.

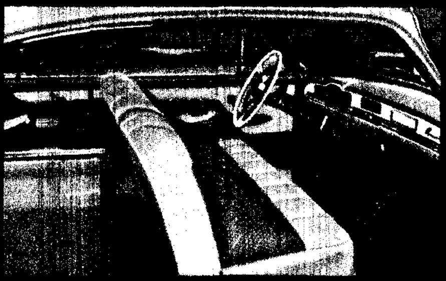
SAMUEL BORACH, Lynn, Mass.

New 1954 Plymouth offers you Hy-Style Beauty

Hy-Drive No-Shift Driving... New Power Steering

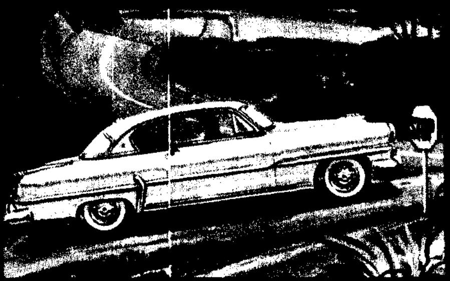
Great New Value!





NEW HY-STYLE design features glowing new colors, sweeping lines accented with brilliant chrome; a car that's inches longer with a lower, wider look, new Color-Tuned interiors; three new lines of cars, the Plaza, the Savoy, the Belvedere.

NEW HY-DRIVE is the newest smoothest, least expensive no shift drive in the low-price field! A special power-multiplying feature gives you fast, positive getaway. From start to stop, Hy-Drive is smooth; no lag or jerk at any speed!



NEW HY-DRIVE no-shift driving lets you "hold" your car without brakes when stopped on the way up a hill, and gives you good engine braking going down hills. And you get quick, smooth acceleration climbing sharp grades and hilly curves.

NEW POWER STEERING makes parking and driving practically effortless, yet you always have the sensation of sure, safe control. For a demonstration of these and other new features we hope you'll see your Plymouth dealer soon!

Tune in Medallion Theatre every week on CBS-TV. See TV page of your newspaper for time and station.

Power Steering and Hy-Drive—also Automatic Overdrive—optional at extra cost.

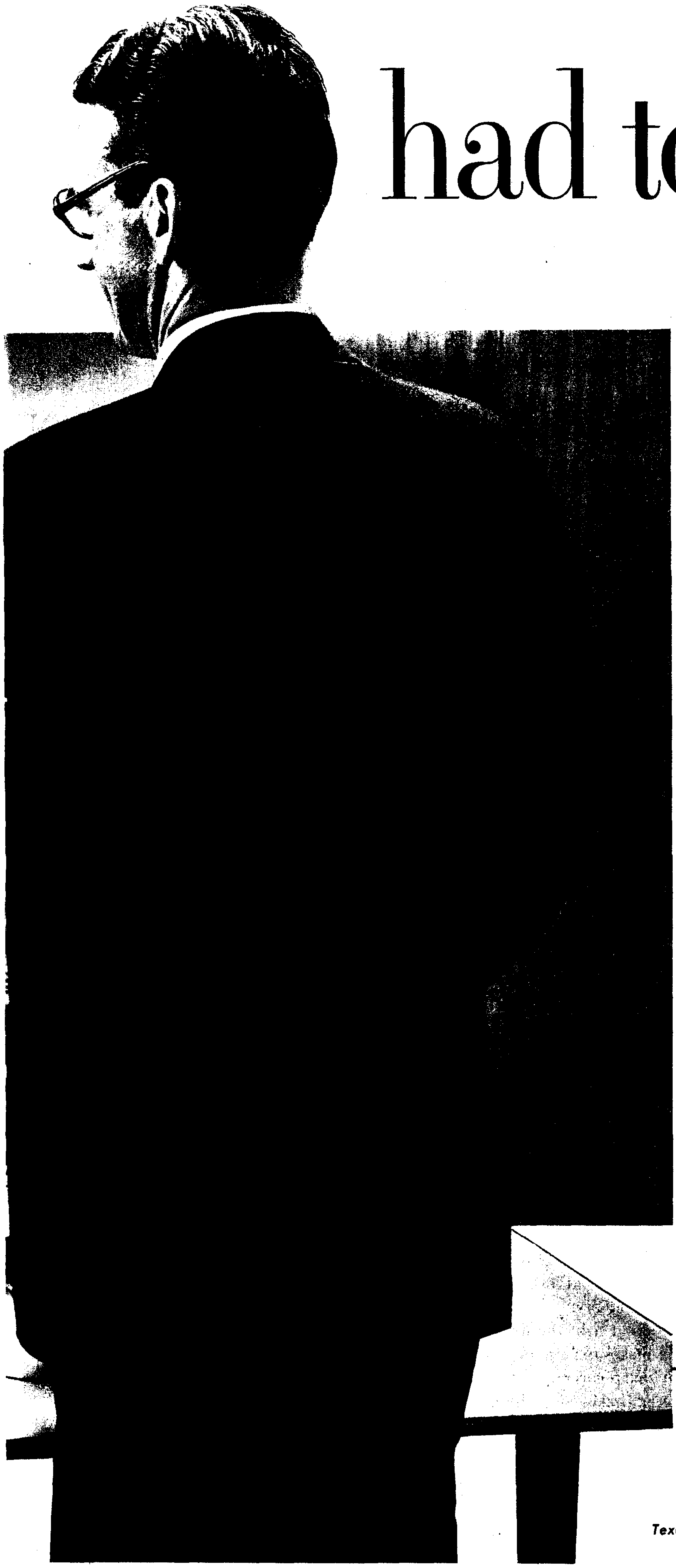
PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car

A better Motor Oil

Tests of conventional oil with today's high-speed engines revealed wear so great that it could be seen with the unaided eye. Formations of sludge and varnish completely prevented hydraulic valve lifters from functioning—*a new and better motor oil had to be built.*



had to be built...

because Mother Nature could not make an oil that would stand up in today's higher-powered engines.

Mother Nature's best oils were found wanting.

The need for a better motor oil than the finest nature could produce had come — with higher-speed, super-powered engines.

An oil that could stay the wear on these swift giants could never be born, it had to be *built.*

And Texaco engineers were asked — can it be done? Can we so toughen the film of an oil that it will stand the murderous miles of blistering heat, turnpike speeds, the beating of terrific power?

Also prevent the gnawings of rust, ruinous oxidation, corrosive wear, the forming of power-stealing sludge and bearing-eating acids?

The answers came in what we are sure is the greatest motor oil ever available to motorists — *Advanced Custom-Made Havoline.*

We took nature's crude oil and, with superior refining methods plus a *Balanced-Additive* formula, greatly *toughened* its film — built a motor oil so superior in anti-wear, anti-rust, anti-sludge and anti-acid properties that *it will wear-proof your engine for the life of your car!*

Get Havoline from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*

Advanced
CUSTOM-MADE
HAVOLINE
MOTOR OIL
EXTRA HEAVY DUTY

Advanced
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would have been built even without the need which brought it sooner. For there is a creed of The Texas Company, one of those by which we live: Make Havoline "THE BEST MOTOR OIL YOUR MONEY CAN BUY" . . . and *keep it best!*

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Announcing new 1954

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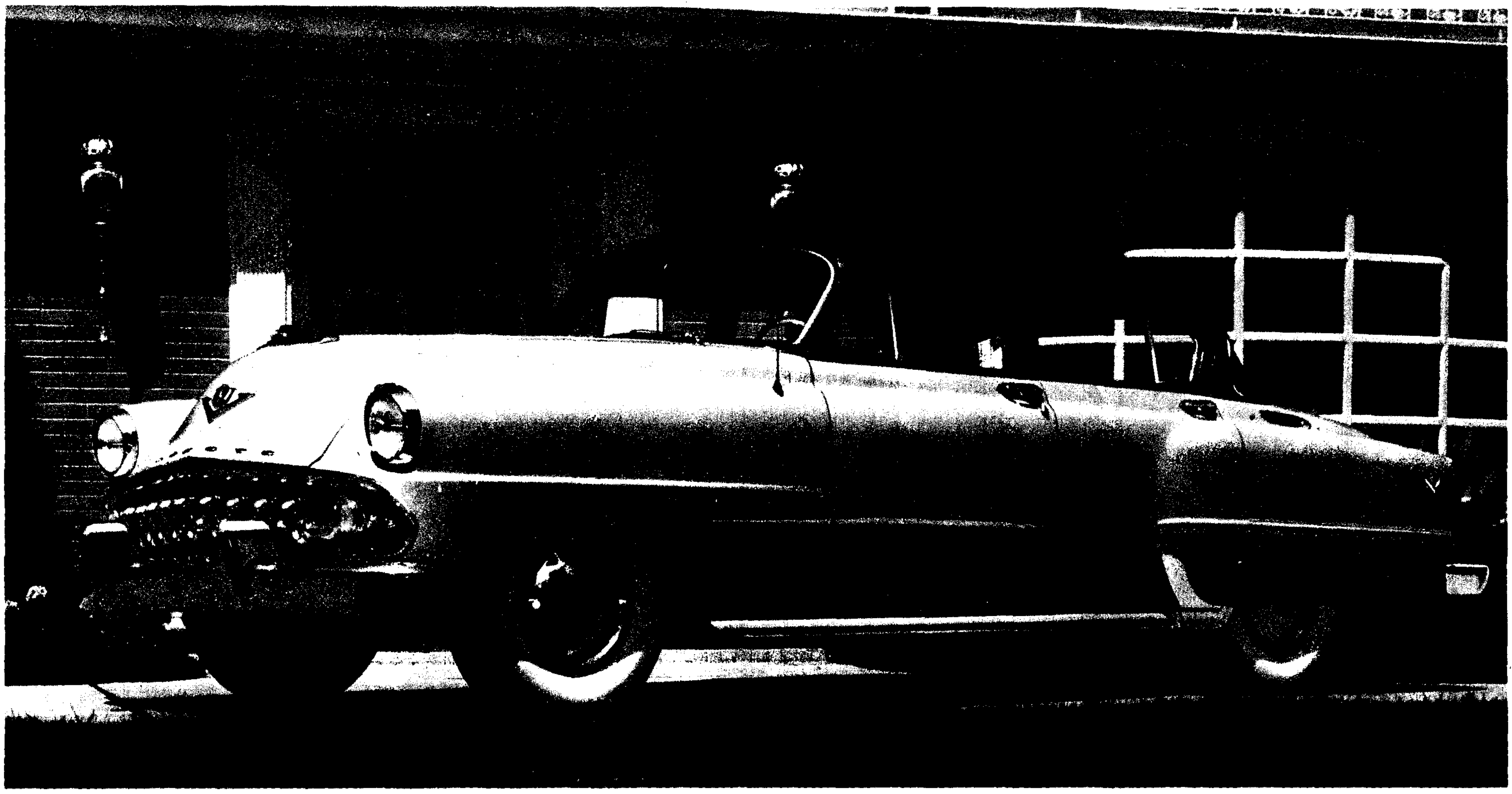

Here, at last, is the car capable of carrying out sudden orders swiftly, silently and safely at all speeds

THIS IS A BIG EVENT in the automobile world. A new car is being introduced that may well be *the* newsworthy car of 1954.

It's the new De Soto Automatic—and it's on display for the first time at De Soto dealers right now. It's not only brilliantly new in appearance. It is new in its whole concept of driving ease, comfort and safety.

First, a new, fully automatic transmission is on this De Soto, called POWERFLITE. Advantages: No clutch. Instant response to throttle without lag or lurch between gears. Silent, smooth.

This great De Soto Automatic is powerful, too. You have a choice of the mighty FireDome V-8—now stepped up to a terrific 170 h.p.—or the famed, thrifty Powermaster Six.

Rutty, stony roads don't fight the wheel. Full-Time Power Steering makes experts out of average drivers. To turn sharp corners or to park is a one-finger job. Power Brakes stop the car at a gentle touch. And if you wish it, the luxury of real De Soto Airtemp air conditioning.

Emphatically beautiful, luxurious, this new De Soto Automatic has completely restyled interiors. Rich new fabrics are decorator-matched to car colors. Brilliant new instrument panel.

These are only the high lights. There's much, much more to see. And your De Soto dealer is all ready to show it to you. See him today.

Don't miss Groucho in "You Bet Your Life," on NBC Radio and Television. Presented weekly by De Soto-Plymouth Dealers.

DE SOTO

puts you ahead automatically!

IN NORTH KOREA P.O.W. CAMPS

WHY DID SOME GIs TURN COMMUNIST?

Lt. Col. Thomas D. Harrison, shown being fitted for artificial limb at Brooke Army Hospital, San Antonio, Texas, lost his left leg when his F-80 jet fighter was shot down by Red antiaircraft guns during his 45th mission over Korea. Harrison at the time was commander of the 16th Fighter Interceptor Squadron. He was captured by Chinese Red troops and, after 27 months' imprisonment in various North Korean camps, was freed last Aug. 6th at Panmunjom. Graduated from West Point in 1943, Harrison served in Far East during World War II. His wife and young daughter live at Clovis, N.M. He is a cousin of Lt. Gen. William K. Harrison, Jr., head of Allied team which negotiated Korean cease fire

How did the Reds make U.S. soldiers betray their countrymen? What shall we do with these fellow-traveling "progressives"? An ex-prisoner, who didn't break, supplies some timely answers

By LT. COL. THOMAS D. HARRISON, USAF
with BILL STAPLETON

IT'S hard to be angry now—but I am, and I suppose I always will be. As the warm sunlight streams into my gleaming ward at Brooke Army Hospital in San Antonio, Texas, my mind turns back again and again to the cold and stench of the Communist prison camps in North Korea—and to Americans who betrayed Americans there.

It's not pretty to see your GI buddies go over to the Communists—this one for a warm room, that one for a few cigarettes, someone else for rice instead of millet.

Thank God only a handful of American war prisoners became "progressives"—as the Communists called those who went over to their side. The turncoats totaled fewer than 150 out of the more than 3,600 United States fighting men who survived capture by the North Korean and the Chinese Reds. The other 95 per cent of the U.S. prisoners endured all manner of hardships and even torture rather than follow the Communist line.

In any war, some must pay for combat. That I can understand. What angers me is the realization that in the Communist concept of total war, the mind—the thought processes of the individual—is as much a target as the flesh.

Because hundreds of brave Americans died or were murdered by Communist troops in Korea for their resistance to indoctrination in the precepts of Marx, Engels and Stalin, because the great bulk of Americans refused to resort to petty espionage to gain the sneering approval of their Communist guards, it is difficult for me to write dispassionately of the greedy opportunists who sold out their countrymen for an extra bowl of rice.

I remember a young, gangling, fair-haired Army corporal from Illinois who came up to me at the Pyongyang prison compound one bitter cold day and whispered that he had a book on Marxism by Lenin. He shoved the book in my hands.

"Read it," he urged. "It will get you a lot better chow than the garbage you've been eating."

"Thank you, no," I replied and handed the book back. I noticed that his Chinese-issued uniform looked a lot better—and a lot warmer—than the rags I was wearing.

"But," he persisted, "I've got five apples in my room and some cookies. I got rice and you have to eat millet."

When I refused to answer him, he turned and walked into the building where our rough, tough Chinese guards had their quarters.

I recall, too, a freezing day in December, 1951, when I was taken from Camp No. 2 at Chongsong to Camp No. 5 at Pyoktong in a truck with 12 other Americans. As we jounced along, my companions told me they were members of the cast of a Communist propaganda play which poked fun at the American way of life. They were on their way to stage the play at the Pyoktong camp. I was outraged, and I told them so.

"You know this kind of thing is wrong, don't you?" I exploded. "You know that you're playing into their hands. Why don't you tell them you won't do it?"

The GIs hid their faces in the collars of their padded jackets. The interior of the truck was dark. Finally one of them spoke up:

"Listen, buddy, we're getting a lot better treatment by co-operating with these people. Sure it's wrong. So what?"

I argued no more; I saw it would be useless. And I was certainly in no shape to start a fight. I had only one leg—the other had been blown off when my plane was shot down by Communist antiaircraft guns—and I was still weak from a march of more than 200 miles from Pyongyang to Chongsong. Moreover, I had been starved for 10 days until only a week before the march began.

Later, I heard that hoots and catcalls from the audience of GI prisoners stopped the play at the beginning of the second act.

Other turncoats got even rougher handling from their fellow GIs. They deserved it, for some would even strip the few miserable clothes and shoes from dying buddies. Two "progressives" at a Chongsong camp were beaten almost to death by their former comrades. At Pyoktong, there were bitter fist fights and knifings when angry United Nations prisoners cornered editors and contributors to a mimeographed weekly newspaper called Toward Truth

American airmen accused b

WELCOME 환영
GATE TO FREEDOM
자유의 문 으로

INTERNATIONAL

The author hobbles on crutches into UN territory at Panmunjom during Operation Big Switch. The UN-Communist prisoner exchange climaxed more than two years of truce talks

and Peace, which followed the Communist line to the last punctuation mark.

One of the editors, a healthy-looking U.S. Army enlisted man played volleyball with his Chinese captors in the afternoons and sipped tea with them afterward. He lived comfortably in a separate area, away from the rest of us. We knew who he was, although he never came near us and signed all of his lying stories with a pseudonym. This particular "progressive" also signed innocent men's names to vicious articles which accused American troops of rape, murder and pillage.

Implication of the innocent was part of a calculated Communist plan to confuse loyal American prisoners and undermine their morale. Sometimes the Chinese would accuse an innocent man of "ratting" (informing) on his buddies. In fact, the Chinese went out of their way in all prison camps to label loyal Americans falsely as progressives, thereby throwing up a smoke screen behind which the real Communist-liners could operate.

The real "progressives" could be divided into several categories. First there were the men who gave in to Communist indoctrination because their mental defenses crumpled after prolonged physical and mental bullying, sometimes described as *hsi nao,* or brain washing. Then there was a group which capitulated quickly because of an overpowering sense of self-preservation. A few others swallowed the Communist line whole with a minimum of urging, and I have no doubt that these men were pro-Communist before they joined the armed services. Next there was the group which turned against their country for cigarettes or other creature comforts. And finally there were the GIs who turned Reds "temporarily," satisfied they could later explain their actions.

I figure that, before the Big Switch repatriation, there were about 35 "progressives" of all types at Camp No. 1 at Chongsong, 33 at Camp No. 3, also at Chongsong, and about 65 in Camp No. 5 at Pyoktong. There were a few others scattered through the remaining prison camps.

My figures are based on my own observations while in the hospital at Pyoktong, where most prisoners were assembled for repatriation, and on talks there with prisoners from other camps. Checking the figures was dangerous.

Corporal Andres Ramirez, of Puerto Rico, warned me in low tones in a crowded, dirty room used as a hospital ward: "Take it slow on how you talk to the boys, sir. This place is loaded with 'progressives.' " Sergeant First Class Heren Cabaear, who entered the Army from the Philippine Scouts, later amplified the tip while he served chow to me. "Better keep your mouth shut if you don't want to get into trouble," he told me. "You don't know who the 'pros' are around here, and they'll report you to the Chinese so fast it'll make your head swim. They can even keep you from going home."

Those last words were like a punch in the mouth. I had been scheduled to return with the sick and wounded during Operation Little Switch last April, but was sent to another area the day before we were to leave and jailed in solitary confinement.

The charge? "Criminal tendencies, being a rabid reactionary to the peace, and using rank and eloquence to influence other prisoners against Communism." Despite my disappointment at the postponement of my repatriation I was proud to be labeled a leader of the resistance.

But let's get back to the "progressives," the majority of whom are now safely back in America. The Communists rewarded them with special treatment. How special can be seen by contrasting the way the Reds treated Army Captain William (Bill) Keenan, of Forsyth, Montana, with the way they pampered an ingratiating turncoat.

When Bill was captured in 1951, he had been wounded in the foot. He was given only rudimentary first aid. During the summer of 1951, he nearly starved on the extremely short rations. Once the Communists offered him and Lieutenant Ralph F. Dixon, Jr., of Cincinnati, Ohio, an extra ration of rice if they would defuse some unexploded bombs. The two Americans felt that the risk of being killed by the bombs was no worse than starving to death, so they disarmed the missiles. The Chinese guards increased the pair's rations—but for only a week.

Sufferings of a Neglected Prisoner

In the fall of 1951, Bill got beriberi, a disease caused by a lack of vitamin B. Then he developed amoebic dysentery. The Chinese medics never came near him. From the summer of 1952, through early 1953, he suffered. And every month or so his foot became infected again and pieces of bone and metal worked out. Bill was repatriated in the latter part of Big Switch, 50 pounds underweight and with the bullet still in his foot.

Now consider the "progressive." He was a healthy-looking lad, about six feet tall and weighing about 170 pounds. He had a bright, cheery face and could pass for a sophomore at any American college. In the repatriation center at Pyoktong, he ate eggs and meat and vegetables every day; he had a hearty appetite. Bill Keenan, meanwhile, subsisted on rice and potato soup. This turncoat and about 10 others were segregated by the Chinese just prior to Big Switch; loyal GIs would have killed them otherwise. GIs did try to attack them at Inchon, where prisoners boarded ships for the United States, and during the Pacific crossing to San Francisco.

As Big Switch got under way, other American turncoats refused even to return to the United States. They arrived at Panmunjom from the north singing the Communist hymn Internationale. The group originally totaled only 23—a remarkably small number when you consider the pressure applied by the Reds—and even that figure is being reduced. (A total of 336 other United Nations and South Korean soldiers among the 10,332 non-American war prisoners also refused repatriation, according to the Communists.) How many of the Americans will change their minds and ask to be repatriated is not known as this is written. Right now, though, I'm not concerned with them.

The Americans who chose expatriation have been identified, by name and home towns. But what of the other "progressives," more than 100 strong, who have been repatriated to the U.S.?

Whether these men are really Communists is not for me to decide; both Military Intelligence and the Federal Bureau of Investigation have complete records of the renegades and will see that they are kept under surveillance. But Communists or not, in my opinion the guilty should be punished for betraying their buddies—and their country. There's plenty of legal ground for trying them. They discredited the armed forces of the United States, a court-martial offense, and they committed treason by giving aid and comfort to the enemy. I believe these men, if convicted, should be given the maximum punishment provided by the Uniform Code of Military Justice or by federal law.

On the other hand, some of the "progressives" may be as innocent as they claim. If so, their consciences are clear and they should not fear a trial.

Unfortunately some of the guilty probably cannot be brought to trial because the evidence neces-

he Communists of dropping germ bombs were given a fearful choice: "Confess or die!"

sary to convict them is in the hands of the enemy. It's hard to say, "Let them go free." But I recognize that the United States Constitution guarantees every citizen certain basic rights, including that of a fair trial. Unless evidence can be produced that an accused man has committed unlawful acts, no charges should be brought against him. Remember that the Communists made every attempt to implicate innocent people. I think it far better that 10 guilty people should go free than that one innocent man should suffer.

Most of us returned P.O.W.s agree with Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson when he says that each case of an accused "progressive" should be investigated to determine the facts, and each case judged on its own merits.

Generally speaking, the soldiers most susceptible to Communist propaganda were men with no concrete aim in life, no knowledge of world affairs, no real comprehension of their own country and no deep convictions of their own.

The men best equipped to throw off the Communist indoctrination were a little older, better educated and strongly religious, with a background of happy family life. Men who showed force and leadership in rallying the weak were quickly spotted (there was a Communist instructor to every 50 prisoners) and transferred to other camps or put in solitary confinement.

An incident in December, 1951, at Camp No. 2 in Pingchong-ni was typical. The prisoners were assembled and told it would be a gentlemanly gesture to send a New Year's Day greeting card to the commanding officer of the Chinese People's Volunteers in Korea, General Peng Teh-huai.

Lieutenant Colonel Gerald Brown, USAF, of Long Beach, California, and Lieutenant Colonel James P. Carne, D.S.O., of the Gloucestershire Regiment, British Commonwealth Division, the senior officers in our group of about 300, managed to pass around an order by word of mouth that no such card would be sent.

The two officers were assisted in their opposition to the gesture by Major Dennis Harding of the Gloucesters, Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Fry, USA, of Tacoma, Washington, Major John McLaughlin, USMC, of Savannah, Georgia, and Major David F. MacGhee, USAF, of Tampa, Florida.

An informer immediately reported the order to the Chinese. He also named the reactionary ringleaders. The six brave officers were taken from the camp early in January, 1952. Where they went, and what happened to them, we never heard.

Officers "Confess" Under Pressure

When the six officers were returned in February, we were herded into a grimy 30- by 100-foot schoolroom to hear them "confess" their alleged crimes. The officers looked haggard, as though they'd had a rough time.

After reciting their "confessions" (written, naturally, by the Chinese), the officers were asked individually to stand and read self-criticisms of their actions. They castigated themselves.

Carne's correct British accent sounded weird in that place and setting. The atmosphere was tense as he began: "I realize that I have committed a most grievous crime against the benevolent and most gracious military leaders of the Chinese People's Volunteers. I wish to plead forgiveness for my treachery against the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and the Chinese People's Committee for World Peace against Imperialistic Aggression."

Carne cleared his throat briefly, looked at the ceiling a moment, then continued. Bemedaled Chinese officers were grouped about a table at the side of the room, near the whitewashed mud wall. Two sentries in patched cotton-padded uniforms stared impassively over fixed bayonets.

"My actions were taken without due consideration of the seriousness of my crime," Carne said. "I ask for the utmost in punishment. My guilt is heavy."

The American officers followed Carne to the center of the room and gave their Communist-written recitations.

There was a diversion when one of the prisoners in the audience, Lieutenant Commander Ralph M. Bagwell, USN, of Tallahassee, Florida, asked permission to open a window in the stifling room.

"Permission refused," snapped a Chinese officer.

"Why don't you go to hell?" Bagwell snapped back. He opened the window anyway. For his "hostile attitude" he was arrested and made to stand at attention on a block of ice for 10 hours in the freezing cold of the schoolhouse compound. His thin Chinese-issued tennis shoes didn't give much protection. He had no socks.

Brown, Carne and Harding were sentenced to six months' solitary confinement. McLaughlin, MacGhee and Fry each got three months' solitary.

Fry and McLaughlin returned to us at the end of their sentences. Harding was kept in solitary for 14 months and did not return until last Easter. Carne was kept in solitary until last May, and when he was finally released, his power of speech was impaired. Brown and MacGhee were returned to another compound after serving 10 months in solitary confinement.

I want to emphasize strongly that men like Brown and Carne and the others who "confessed" to ridiculous crimes, and personnel of the Air Force who "confessed" to participating in the absurdities of germ warfare, should not, under any circumstances, be placed in the same classification as "progressives" who turned to the enemy of their own free will. Airmen who "admitted" taking part in biological warfare did so only after being given a fearful choice—"Confess or die!"

Those who refused to "confess" immediately were put in extremely small isolation rooms and made to sit cross-legged for 16 hours or more at a stretch. They were deliberately fed food that caused dysentery—usually boiled sorghum, which the Chinese and North Koreans called *kaoliang* and what we at home in Clovis, New Mexico, describe as hegari, a coarse grain used as cattle fodder. It was a revolting mess. One Air Force officer was confined in a cold room so long his hands and feet were permanently damaged by frostbite. Another officer tried to commit suicide by slashing his wrists. A third went insane.

I don't think any of us could have kept our sanity if it hadn't been for occasional humorous incidents. I recall one night B-29s dropped a quantity of tin-foil strips to confuse the Communists' radar devices. Next morning, Chinese guards appeared in white face masks. The soldiers squatted over the tin foil and carefully picked up each strip with chopsticks and placed them in galvanized buckets.

Army Captain Joe Manto, of Queens Village, New York, after watching the Chinese from a window in our hut, disappeared for a few minutes to return with a dead mouse. He carefully fashioned a tiny parachute from some rags and harnessed it to the mouse. Then he wrote "USA 6⅞ths" on the cloth and placed the whole works on a bush outside the door. When the Chinese discovered the dead four-legged paratrooper, there was an awful commotion. But we heard no more about germ warfare for several days.

At the Wewan P.W. camp, a grinning GI ate the people's prize exhibit of germ warfare. A Chinese propaganda team had brought a small bug in a jar to the camp as proof of their charge that the U.S. was engaging in germ warfare.

"This is an insect bearing deadly germs dropped

Harrison, his six-year-old daughter, Barbara, and wife, Doris, sort some clippings about his welcome home for their scrapbook. Mrs. Harrison was member of WAVES in World War II

BILL STAPLETON

WELCOME
Globe
OME, TOMMY
Journal

Fourteen Reds beat the one-legged prisoner

to kill the peoples of North Korea and the soldiers of the Chinese People's Volunteers who came to protect them," a Chinese spokesman announced. He invited close inspection of the insect.

Some of the prisoners were wary, suspecting that the Communists might have dusted the insect with poisonous powder. But, according to Sergeant First Class Edward Hewlett, of Detroit, Michigan, one prisoner calmly reached into the jar, picked out the insect, popped it into his mouth and chewed it. The class roared with laughter. The nonplused Chinese stared for a moment, then rushed the soldier to a hospital. Reports were given out that the soldier was dying, but on his release several weeks later he looked remarkably healthy. During the time he had been in the hospital, he said, the Chinese repeatedly warned him he would be killed if he told anyone that he had not been seriously ill.

These incidents may not sound so amusing now, but in the worry and sweat of the prison camps they meant a great deal. There were no braver men than the GIs who stood up to the Communists and helped fight the grotesque battle which developed in prison, in many respects a fight more horrible than actual combat. But some GIs and officers didn't get the chance to resist.

Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Dunn, of Syracuse, New York, formerly senior officer in a group of Americans mostly from Major General William F. Dean's U.S. 24th Division, told me that after a year's imprisonment in the infamous Manpo frontier camp on the central Korean-Manchurian railway only 214 of the original 750 prisoners were still alive. The Communists shot 72, and 464 others died for lack of medicine and warm clothes.

Army Private Charles B. Lex, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, told me that, during the winter of 1950-'51, 50 prisoners a day were buried at Camp No. 5 at Pyoktong. Marine Sergeant R. J. Coffee, of Miami, Florida, said that at Camp No. 1 in Chongsong, 1,000 men died from the cold and the callous brutality of guards swift to punish "reactionaries."

How Americans Became Red Zombis

Do you wonder that I feel nothing but contempt for the "progressives," particularly after the tortures some of us were forced to endure? But how, you might ask, did the Communists turn American combat troops into so many Red zombis? The answer is constant indoctrination.

Consider what happened to me. When my plane was shot down May 21, 1951, my left leg was blown off and my right leg looked like an orange someone had stepped on. The Chinese doctor who operated on it did so without bothering to move me out of my cot. Afterward, while a Korean nurse was still spreading dirt over the floor to cover the blood and tissue, a group of Chinese interrogators burst into the room. My inquisitors, all dressed alike in dirty khaki uniforms with choker-type collars, began asking for military information.

I gave only my name, rank and serial number.

"What church do you belong to?" one asked in English.

"The Catholic church."

"What organizations do you belong to?"

"The American Legion."

Then he blew up. Pushing the other soldiers back, he pulled a pistol from his belt, cocked it and held it at my temple.

"The two most reactionary organizations on earth!" he screamed. "You don't deserve to live. I should kill you now." He stared at me like a crazy man. But after a long moment he replaced the gun in his belt and stalked out of the room. The others followed him.

Released from the hospital and equipped with T-shaped wooden crutches some four months and many question sessions later, I joined a group of prisoners being taken to the North Korean interrogation center at Pyongyang. On arrival at the enemy capital, we were hustled out of trucks to listen to a lecture on co-operation. The burly Korean deputy camp commander (a brute whom we later came to call "Hatchetman") spoke to us in English.

"If we have to keep you ten years, we will," he shouted. "If it takes twenty years to make good Communists of you, we'll keep you that long. If it takes fifty years, we'll keep you. Then, if you still don't believe in Communism, we'll bury you in a hole fifty feet deep so you won't stink."

The lecture over, we were shoved into cells.

Personal Contact with Hatchetman

I met Hatchetman personally soon afterward. I asked to see him to discuss exchanging sick and wounded prisoners under Article 109 of the Geneva convention.

"If you co-operate, Mr. Harrison, there is a good chance that you will be repatriated in the very near future, maybe next week," he told me in an oily manner.

But two days later, in a fit of rage over the escape of my cellmates, Lieutenant Jack E. Henderson, of Clayton, Washington, Flying Officer Ron Guthrie, of Australia, and Captain Anthony H. Farrar-Hockley of the British Gloucesters, he had me stripped naked, beaten unconscious, revived by being burned with lighted cigarette ends, given the water torture, then left on the concrete floor of my room for dead. The Korean version of the water torture is to keep towels saturated in ice-cold water wrapped around the victim's head, covering the nose and mouth.

The escape of the prisoners, who unfortunately were recaptured, seemed to drive the Communists wild. My torture was carried out by 10 North Korean officers and four soldiers —14 men against a one-legged American flier.

Harsh treatment such as mine was merely the first or introductory phase of indoctrination as perfected by the Communists. The second stage was a combination of physical and mental bullying, diabolically applied to produce a constant feeling of anxiety. Ceaseless hours of questioning, and physical torture if necessary, were used to kill a prisoner's spirit—his will to resist. Isolation was another effective weapon.

The most successful technique, however, was repetition. The Reds hammered on a single theme over and over again. After a while, without a chance to contemplate that there had to be an opposite viewpoint refuting the crazy theorem that black was white, the reasoning processes of some prisoners began to go haywire.

Those who in their confusion admitted misconceptions were highly praised by the Chinese, allowed to write home more often, given more tobacco, better food, better living conditions, and complimented daily by their "instructors" for being highly intelligent men.

These were the men the Communists were looking for—the "progressives," the men who might form the nucleus of a future American fifth column. I'm proud that their number was so small among the thousands of prisoners. But the existence of even this tiny minority represents a potential threat to our security.

Contemporary history has shown that Moscow has never needed more than a handful of loyal followers anywhere to plot the eventual collapse of a whole nation. Look at China itself, or Poland, or Czechoslovakia. The warning is plain. ▲▲▲

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10 Ways t

Father's bringing his busines

WHILE setting the table for dinner in her home in the Washington suburb of Falls Church, Virginia, a couple of years ago, Kay Morhard noticed that her husband was behaving strangely. Bill Morhard was sitting in the living room with a watch in one hand and a pencil in the other. Each time Kay strode from the kitchen to the dinette table he glanced at the watch, then scribbled something on a pad balanced on the arm of his chair.

"Bill," she said, "what are you doing?"

"Just making a time-motion study of the way you set the table."

His answer was casual, his tone pleasant. But Kay had been through a rough day around the house. She exploded: "How many times have I told you that I don't want to be scientifically managed?"

That same night, over in Washington, the Bob Leckrones also had a small misunderstanding. Mrs. Leckrone had been away for a week end. When she returned to her apartment, she found that some changes had been made in the kitchen.

"I rearranged things while you were away," Bob explained cheerfully. "Put everything in the kitchen where it should be—at the point of first use."

"What's that?" Mrs. Leckrone asked weakly.

"See the double boiler? The bottom part is hung by the sink, where you put water in it. The top part is by the mixer and the lid right over by the stove, where you'll need it."

"Bob," Mrs. Leckrone said firmly. "You manage your office scientifically—and I'll run the house."

Dinner was a little late at the Leckrones' that night. Before Bob got a bite to eat he had to restore the kitchen to its former appearance.

These two incidents were more than just a couple of husband versus wife spats. They were milestones in the development of a new idea for living—the scientifically managed home, in which husbands pop out of bed to fix the family breakfast, youngsters volunteer for such child labor as lawn mowing and light housekeeping, and wives save so much time on their housework that they can do some of the things they've long wanted to do.

The scientifically managed home is a concept developed over the last two years by a group of Washington management engineers who apply to the operation of their homes the same sort of prudent principles they use in business. They have established family goals—just as a business would set production goals. They have evolved schemes

Husbands and wives who have taken part in Washington's round-table study of scientific home management suggest these 10 ways to make your home more efficient:

In Family Relations Form a family council in which all have a voice. Discuss mutual problems involving the family budget, cleaning house, division of chores and privileges. Decisions should be by majority vote.

In Storage Go through closets, cabinets and storage areas and throw out what's no longer wanted or needed. Store remaining articles near where they will be used and so that those used most often are most accessible.

Make Your Wife More Useful

efficiency into Mother's home and, to her surprise, it works

By ALFRED TOOMBS

to simplify and share housework, studied human relations in the home, and put family finances on a manageable basis.

For many years now, numerous American husbands have been observing with mixed emotions their wives' efforts to manage the home. Many are convinced that their wives' inefficiency would bankrupt a pushcart peddler in less than two weeks.

Two Frustrated Efficiency Experts

But whatever the agonies of these husbands, they were nothing compared to those endured by men like Morhard and Leckrone, a couple of efficiency experts. When they offered factory owners and businessmen plans for getting more work done with less effort and at lower cost, these engineers were given a respectful hearing. But when they tried to apply efficiency at home, their wives either ignored them or told them to keep their ideas to themselves.

Discouraged but still determined to make housework easier for their wives, Morhard, Leckrone and their fellow engineers turned for help to a professional organization of management people—the Society for the Advancement of Management. The Washington chapter of SAM responded by announcing a round-table study of scientific home management. Both husbands and wives were invited to take part.

For the last two years, 20 couples from Washington and vicinity have been participating in regular evening sessions in a public meeting room in one of the U.S. government buildings. Although reluctant and skeptical at first, the wives have now become enthusiastic boosters of the scientifically managed home.

Cochairmen—a man and a woman—suggest in advance the topics for discussion at each meeting and invite guest speakers to attend. After the guests have been heard, there is a question-and-answer period during which individual problems are discussed.

Out of this forum has come a flexible philosophy of scientific home management which each family applies as it sees fit. Those who take part in the meetings don't strive for fixed new procedures and methods; they merely question the old ways and try to devise ways of improving them. They ask themselves whether there isn't some better approach to peeling potatoes, handling the allowance

Mrs. H. M. Mainhart, of Bethesda, Maryland, has devised a new system to prepare grapefruit. The Mainharts turned down a new house when they discovered it wasn't efficiently designed

In Cooking Arrange food and utensils at "point of first use." Flour, sugar and spices should be near the mixing center, potatoes near sink, pots and pans near stove, etc.

In Dishwashing Stack dishes to one side. Wash glasses, plates, silver and pans in that order, rinse in hot water and stand them in a rack to drain and dry; it's not necessary to dry them with a cloth.

In House Cleaning Keep all rags and cleaning materials in a basket or box which can be carried along as work is done. Use both hands while dusting. In a two-story house, keep duplicate cleaning supplies on each floor.

In the Yard Study your needs to determine what tools do the job quickest. Learn to use them properly; keep them in repair; teach all members of the family to use them; assign each member one major chore—mowing the lawn, raking leaves and so on.

In the Laundry Arrange table space and other equipment so that work flows from washing to drying to ironing. Sit while ironing. As clothes are ironed, sort them in piles according to where they will be stored.

In Entertaining Plan dinners so that most of the work is done before the guests arrive. Set the table and have the dinner either cooking or ready to cook before the company comes. Husband and wife should plan the menu together and divide the work so that each can spend some time with the guests before dinner. Salads, casseroles and desserts can be largely prepared ahead of time.

In Budgeting List the items you really want, and then keep accurate track of your routine expenses for a few months. Eliminate unnecessary expenses to save money for the wanted items.

In Shopping Shop only once a week. If small extra items are needed, the husband can pick them up on his way home from work.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE HEYER

Scientific householders cook dinner at breakfast, put slip

Mrs. Bill Morhard, Falls Church, Va., shows timesaving system of mass-folding diapers

problem, washing dishes or even building houses. Their discoveries have added a new dimension to their lives. What has happened to them, they believe, should happen to all families.

To find out just what has happened to them, I visited some of the scientifically managed wives in their scientifically managed homes.

Folding Thirty Diapers at a Time

I called first on Mrs. Morhard. She was folding diapers for her year-old son when I arrived, but folding them in a way I had never seen before. Instead of taking one diaper at a time and making all the folds in it before picking up another, she took a pile of 30, creased the lot through the middle and folded back the top edge of each. Next she flipped over the pile and folded back the edge then on top. She made two more folds—and all 30 diapers were ready for use.

"Figured out this method myself," Mrs. Morhard said cheerfully. "We've never run a time study on it, but I think it's the quickest way to get the job done."

"I thought you didn't want to be scientifically managed," I said.

"Once Bill showed me how much time I was wasting on jobs I didn't like, I took to the idea of getting them done in a hurry." She laughed. "It has just become natural to do every job with the fewest motions—from washing dishes to making beds."

"How about setting the table?"

"I've eliminated 76 per cent of the distance I walked and saved 24 per cent of the time. I used to take the silverware, the dishes and so on to the table separately. Now I carry everything at once on a tray."

Mrs. Morhard said that table setting was the only job on which she and her husband had made a formal study. However, that one study convinced her she could save time on other jobs, too, if she tried to do them more scientifically. She showed me the arrangement of her tiny kitchen, explaining just why each utensil, food item or gadget was stored in a particular place. Articles used most frequently were within easy reach. Pots were hung in the open, drawers and cabinets were compartmentalized.

Several days later, I visited the Leckrone apartment and listened as they described a new method they had worked out for handling the laundry. Every washday, Mrs. Leckrone had been making five trips down four 16-step flights of stairs to the basement and five trips up again. By charting and studying the procedure, they reduced the five round trips to two. They also told me that they had rearranged their kitchen again—this time according to Bob's ideas.

"But I don't think these work-simplification schemes are the most important part of what we've learned," Bob added. "What really impressed us is what we've learned about human relations in the home.

"You know, communications aren't too good in most homes. Husbands and wives don't really talk over their mutual problems. And children are almost never included in family discussions. We've had some interesting round-table meetings on this subject.

"Some of our people have set up family councils. They get the children in on discussions about chores and the family budget. One father explained that the family had enough money to buy either an outboard motor or a power lawn mower. He let the youngsters make the decision."

"Which did they take?" I asked.

"They took the outboard—and he says they've never been so cheerful about pushing the old hand mower around. They understand why they can't have a power mower."

When the first round-table meeting was held in December, 1951, the whole idea came close to blowing up in the engineers' faces. The men, imbued with the heady notion that they were experts rather than mere husbands, began to deliver lectures on how wifely efficiency could be improved. The wives promptly made it clear that they didn't take their husbands' advice too seriously. Was there an engineer present, they asked, who had ever done a week's wash, or who knew what was under the kitchen sink?

The engineers went home that night somewhat chastened. Some of them took a long look at the washing machine and even peeked under the kitchen sink. The more they found out about their wives' problems, the more surprised they were. They said they had no idea of the amount of work the wives had been doing. Some husbands even began to take over part of the housework. This evidence of sympathetic understanding brought about in turn an immediate change in the wives' attitude. They began to listen to their husbands' ideas with more respect.

Not long afterward, Ivan Asay, a management engineer at the Bureau of Standards, reported to the round table on a project he had completed—a time and motion study on preparing the family breakfast. He had, he announced, figured out a method to save 20 per cent of the time and work involved.

Actually, it was Mr. Asay's time and work that were being saved. He had decided to take over in the morning and let his wife stay in bed. He assigned specific breakfast tasks to his four children—Joan, seventeen; Carolyn, fifteen; Marian, thirteen, and Roger, eleven—and they did them so quickly they had time left over to do the dishes and practice their music before leaving for school.

Vacation Fund Pays for Playroom

The family-council approach to living problems has become a built-in fixture in the Asay domicile. When the family sat down to talk over their vacation plans for the summer of 1952, Asay brought up the subject of the unfinished basement of their home. In addition to a laundry room, he asked, why not put in a recreation room for the youngsters? The family voted to take only a one-week trip that summer. The money set aside for the second week went to buy materials to finish the basement, and the whole family spent the week building a basement playroom.

Visiting the Asay home, I found ready evidence of scientific management. Mrs. Asay has arranged her kitchen so that articles are at the point of first use. A bulletin board, hung on the back of the door leading to the basement, lists daily chores for the children and enough week-end work to keep each youngster busy a couple of hours. Here are posted baby-sitting assignments accepted by the girls. Thus any member of the family who answers the phone can tell whether a date has already been filled. Also on the board is a movable-bar chart which details all expenditures, except allowances, made by the family. Almost every penny is accounted for.

Purpose of Family Budget Explained

A scientifically managed family does not view the budget as an invention of the devil. The round-table families regard it as a method by which the family income can be used to obtain what's needed or wanted most. Bob Friedman, who is a management engineer at the Naval Gun Factory, explained to me that the first step in managing family finances is to find out where the money is going.

"We have charge accounts and pay by check to make it easier to keep track of what happens to our money," he said. "We've been surprised to discover how much we were spending on gifts, unscheduled entertainment and similar items.

"When I began to charge my gas and oil, I also was amazed to find out what it was costing me to run the car. As a result, we've cut out a lot of short trips. We do our grocery shopping once a week. When my wife finds she's forgotten something, she calls me at the office and I pick it up on the way home."

Not only young couples attend the round-table meetings. Among the grandparents who have taken part are Mr. and Mrs. Julius Davidson—whose only regret is that someone didn't get the idea of applying scientific management to the home 25 years ago.

Davidson does his management work at the Library of Congress. He and his wife occupy a large home in the Chevy Chase section of Washington and their children have married. Mrs. Davidson enjoys housekeeping. "It always seemed to be fun," she told me. "But the round-table meetings showed me how I'd been wasting my time all those years. So I began to budget my time, like money.

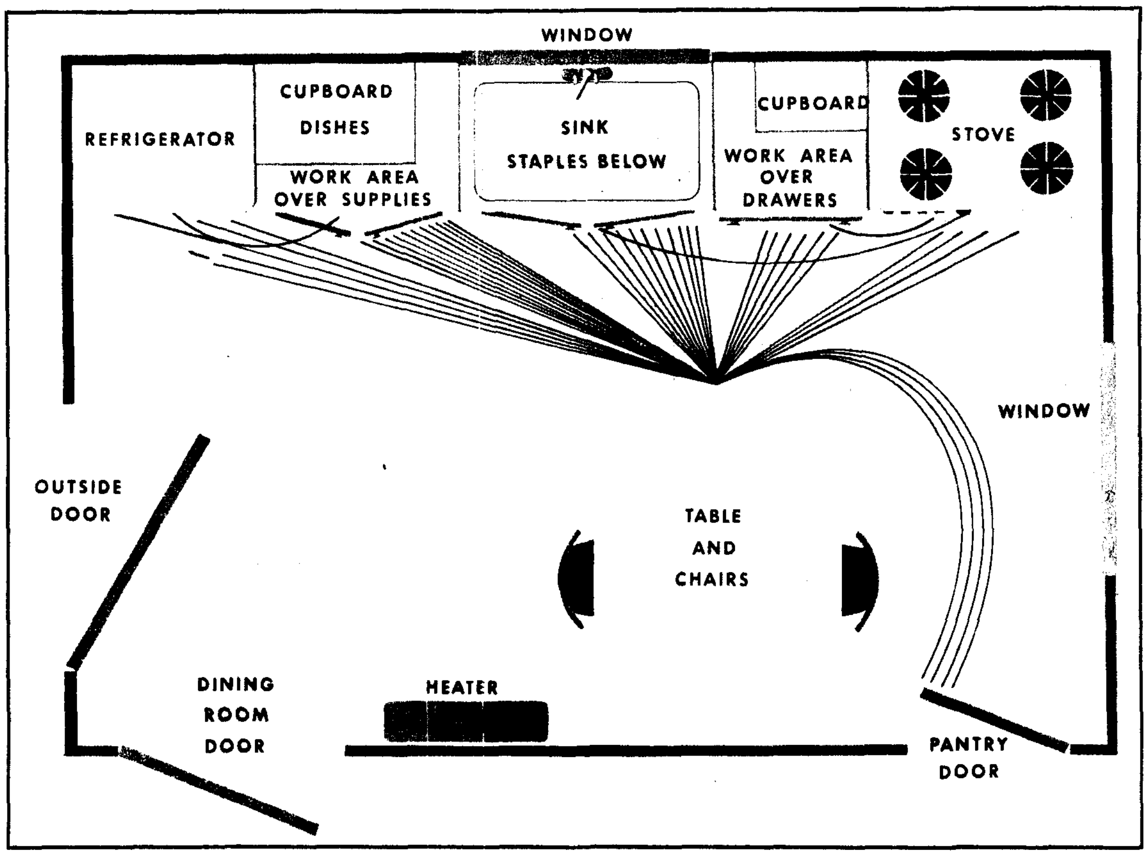
"I've figured out all sorts of ways to save time. I bought stainless-steel tableware for everyday use because it doesn't have to be polished. I send my sheets to the laundry. It costs me only 50 cents a week—and think of the time it saves! I cook in glass ovenware, put the dishes in pretty casserole holders and serve from them. And if there are any leftovers, I can put the same dish right in the refrigerator.

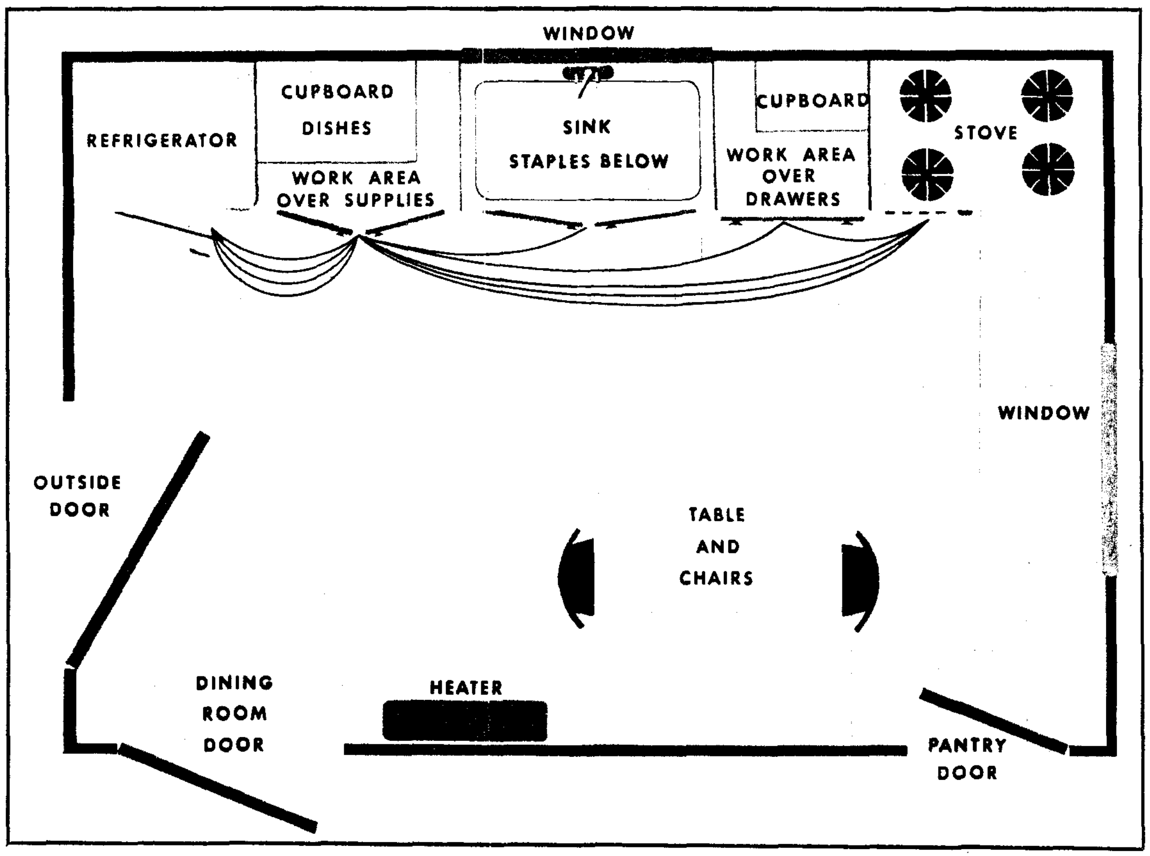
"We have lots of company. My husband used to be annoyed because I had to be in the kitchen getting dinner instead of in the living room enjoying our guests. Now I do my cooking in the morning, before the company comes. I serve cold meat, or I cook a roast part of the way and then warm it up just before dinner. I can even bake potatoes in the morning. When they're done, I slash them open and squeeze the steam out by gripping them in a towel. Then, at dinner, I warm them up, pour melted butter over them and you wouldn't know they hadn't just been cooked.

"Instead of chasing up and down the basement stairs on washday, I take a book along with all the clothes and read while the machine washes them."

Mrs. Davidson estimated that she'd saved as much as two hours a day on housework. She reached across a coffee table and picked up a letter. "Here's a note from the president of our citizen's association thanking me for all the time I gave to the membership campaign," she said.

"You know, since I've started using my time to do the things I really like, I've been happier than ever before. I think I feel ten years younger than





AL TARTER

Scientific planning applied to one housewife's method of making gingerbread reduced her travel in kitchen from 166 to 42 feet. Under old system (above), trips to and from center table and pantry added unnecessary footage. Now (below) she centralizes movements by such improvements as utilizing built-in work areas and moving spices from pantry to cupboards

my friends who are still doing things the old-fashioned way."

In their efforts to hold work to an irreducible minimum of motion, the scientific householders found at once that they were being hampered by a number of immovable objects—walls, stoves, closets and cabinets which didn't fit their ideas of efficiency. It seemed to them that some of these items had been placed improperly simply because the architects who designed their houses didn't know where else to put them.

The householders invited Arthur H. Keyes, a member of the American Institute of Architects, to their third meeting in 1952. Armed with flow charts, studies, facts and figures, the home managers asked him so many pointed questions that he finally found himself sitting down to listen.

Jim Stephens, a Navy Department employee, was at the meeting that night. He learned so much that next day he had a long talk with the architect who was designing his new home.

"My wife likes to cook and we had found that she spent more of her working time in the kitchen than anywhere else," Stephens says. "Therefore we decided to make the kitchen the heart of our new home.

"It's to be an attractive room—14 by 18, finished in knotty-pine paneling. There'll be a fireplace, a concealed cooking range, and slip covers on the refrigerator. We're arranging it in a U shape, so that the work will flow smoothly around.

"I've measured my wife's reach and all the cabinets will be placed at the right height for her. The oven will be up at eye level, by the fireplace, so she won't have to stoop. The kitchen has been located so that she can look out into the yard and watch the children without going outside. And we're looking to the years ahead. The living room is separated from our sleeping area. When the youngsters grow up and want to use the living room for entertaining, we can get out of their way."

A Lady Who Knew What She Wanted

Not long after architect Keyes had appeared at the round table, two other members—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mainhart—decided that the house they intended to buy just wasn't right for efficient living. They called off the deal, and Mrs. Mainhart, accompanied by a series of perplexed salesmen, set out to find a truly efficient house. Not long ago, I visited the home she had chosen. It was as neat and clean as a new auto. Mrs. Mainhart showed me around proudly, explaining the work-saving features.

She was in good spirits, having just devised a new way to prepare a grapefruit. After halving the fruit, she used to cut out the center, remove each membrane and run a knife around the edge to loosen the sections. Now, using seedless grapefruit, she cuts the fruit on either side of each membrane, runs a knife around the edge and snips off the bottom of the halved fruit with a pair of kitchen shears. Snipping the base loosens the membranes and core and they can easily be lifted out intact, she says.

Mrs. Mainhart told me she also had found a new way to paint a brick wall. She said she formerly dipped her brush in the paint can, removed the surplus by rubbing the brush against the rim of the can, and then painted the wall in broad horizontal strokes. Now she takes the brush directly from the can and presses it against the wall, allowing the paint to ooze down the wall. Then she pats the side of the brush against the trickling paint to make sure that it goes on uniformly and enters every crevice.

She said this method has several advantages: it is faster, only one coat is needed to cover a wall and it is less wearing on the brush. "I painted the entire brick wall of my porch in an hour," she told me. "My husband, who has done quite a bit of painting, took three times as long to cover an equal area. And he had to put on a second coat. He's convinced that my method is the best."

I found that Mrs. Mainhart had carried scientific housekeeping to what must be its ultimate degree. She had started out by making a definite plan for each day's work and noting the time required for each job. The family income had increased, so she decided to hire a part-time servant.

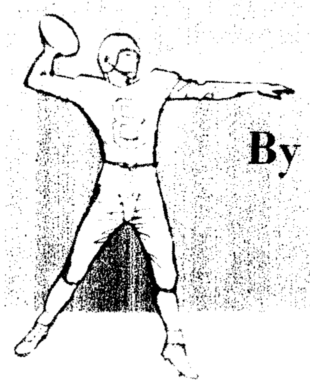
The first applicant for the job was handed a work schedule which set forth not only what was to be done, but how long each task should take. When the new arrival started ironing, she found a table on which there were several penciled notes. They told her where to stack different items of clothing so that when she had finished, everything would be sorted and ready to go to the proper bureau or closet. This unhappy little helper barely lasted out the day.

The next applicant stayed several weeks before departing, talking to herself. But the third woman hired by Mrs. Mainhart was delighted with the idea and has stayed on to become what must be the country's first scientifically managed domestic worker. ▲▲▲

GOAL TO GO!

A New Two-Part Serial

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Scat didn't want the money or glamor of pro football: he wanted to coach in a high school. He wanted that so badly he'd risk losing his wife

I

FORTY-EIGHT hours after the sports and society sections of the nation's newspapers had informed the faithful that All-America halfback Scat Kavanagh had married Miss Casey Ashe, daughter of the Willard Ashes of Beverly Hills, young Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh were scrimmaging. Tiny Zizza, coach of a Chicago pro team, was the cause of their fight.

"You should have told me!" Casey Kavanagh wailed. This was midway in the battle, which was their first, and it looked—about then—as though it might also be their last.

"I did tell you!" Scat yelled. "I told everybody I wasn't going to play pro ball."

The fight had begun while they were at breakfast in the bridal suite of the big desert hotel; it had interrupted Scat's reminiscences about the only other times he'd ever stayed in hotels. Artie Cochran, a fullback, had been his roommate on those occasions.

"Anyhow," Scat had been saying, before the fight started, "Artie never sleeps the night before a game. He'd be up and down and in and out and looking out the window all night."

"I suppose you sleep like a baby before a game," Casey said, and smiled at him. Casey had a dazzling smile; it went with her red hair; it was full of joy and a zest for living, and now it had the added brilliance of knowing that she'd been right to marry Scat, even if she had known him only a little over three months.

"Oh, sure," Scat said, "after all, I'm a halfback. I lie there on the bed and make one eighty-yard run for a touchdown and then I can go to sleep. But Artie, being a fullback, he's gotta make his three yards at a time, besides blocking for me when I'm making my eighty-yard run, so it takes him all night."

"The paper says he's signed with New York already," Casey said. "It'll seem funny for you to be playing against each other, won't it?"

Scat might have told her then, but the telephone rang.

She heard him say, "Who? Well, what you know! Sure, Tiny, come on up," and as he came back to the table, his light gray eyes in his deeply tanned face suddenly alert and wary, she said, "Who was it?"

"Tiny Zizza," Scat said. "He's downstairs."

"*Here* you mean?" Casey said.

"He flew in from Chicago," Scat said casually. "He coaches one of the Chicago pro teams."

Excitement colored Casey's cheeks. "They *are* in a hurry, aren't they?" she said with satisfaction.

She knew, as everybody knew, that Scat Kavanagh was the number one college-draft choice of the men who owned the Chicago Cougars. The Cougars needed, above all things, a scatback, especially a scatback who was such a crowd-pleaser as Kavanagh. Although Kavanagh's 175 pounds was light for pro ball, his speed made up for it, and the men who owned the team had decided that a honeymoon might be just the time and place to get his name on a contract. They knew that honeymoons with expensive young ladies from Beverly Hills made young husbands think about money.

"Look, honey," Scat said, "Tiny is a noisy guy; you better go in the bedroom. Besides, he'll faint if he sees you in that thing you've got on."

"I ought to be here," Casey said. "You don't know *anything* about money, I've found that out."

"I suppose you do," Scat said lightly.

"People who live beyond their means, like my family, have to know about money," Casey said. "I didn't marry you for yours, but I'm glad you'll always make plenty. I'd better stay."

"No," Scat said.

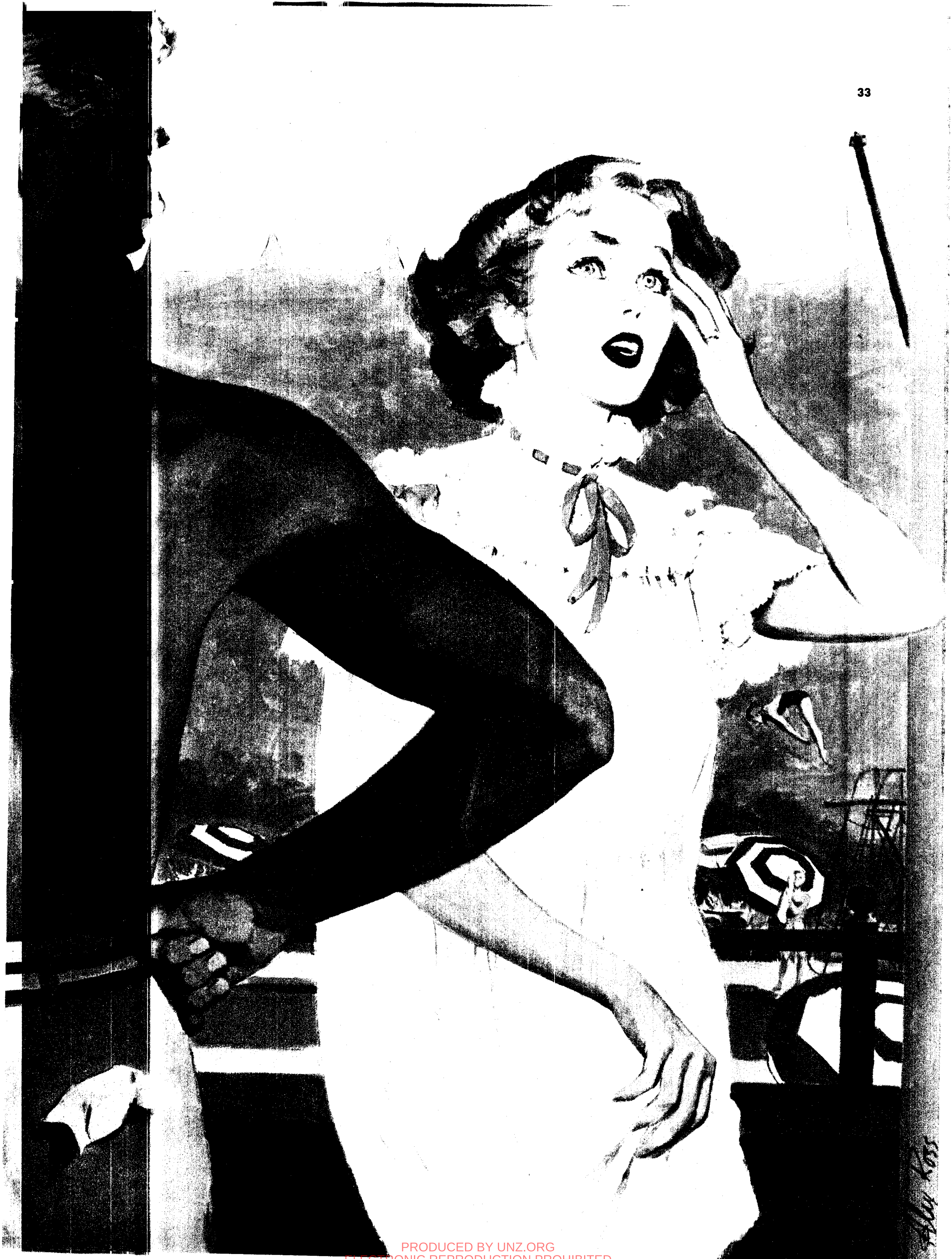
Somewhat to her surprise, Casey went, but she left the door open a crack so she could see. And she could hear, too. People in the top row at Soldier Field had never had any trouble hearing Tiny Zizza down on the side lines, and while Scat's voice was low, it was very clear. Even so, Casey could hardly believe her ears any more than Tiny Zizza could believe his.

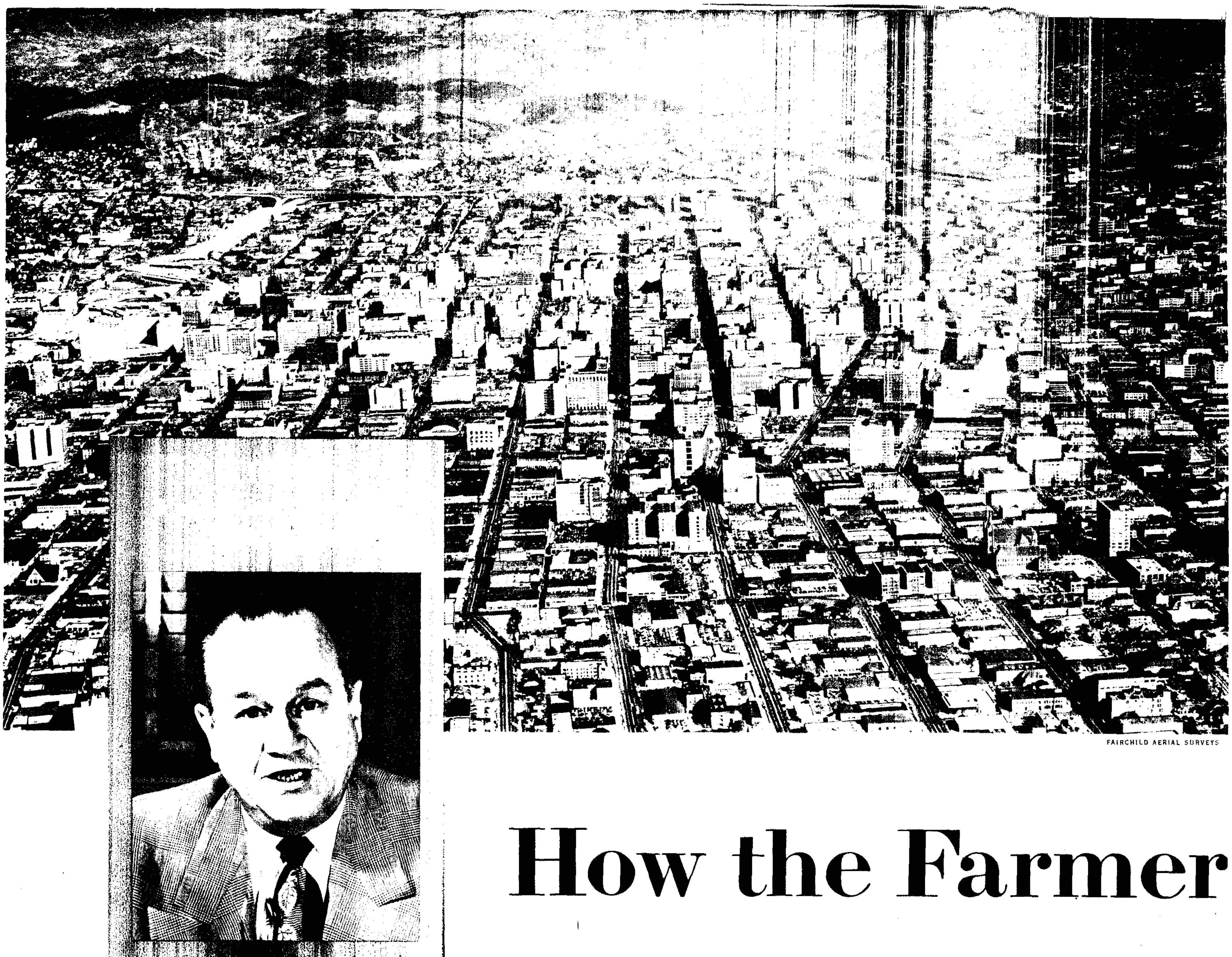
In answer to Tiny's yell of congratulation on Scat's being about to become a member of such a team as the Chicago Cougars, Scat said, "Thanks a lot, Tiny. I appreciate it. The only thing is, I'm not going to play pro ball."

Tiny ignored him. "Now," he said, "let's get down to business. I don't want to disturb your honeymoon—"

Through the crack, Casey could see Scat pacing back and *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS


Alex Ross



FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS

Jack Ten[illegible]**ngeles County's lone spok**[illegible]**alifornia Senate**

How the Farmer

Second-class citizen? Too often he's the city dweller

By ROBERT BENDINER

IN THE United States today 54,000,000 country slickers have 96,000,000 city suckers securely under their collective green thumb. Bit by bit it is dawning on the urban easy marks of the nation that if they are not altogether the victims of taxation without representation, they are very close to it, with rural legislatures playing the role of the tyrant.

The mayor of Milwaukee, one of the many city officials who welcomed my invitation to unburden himself on this subject, tilted his hat back on his head and thrust out his chin. "I'm burned up about it," he said. "If there's a second-class citizen in the U.S. today, it's the man who lives in the large urban center. If the states don't begin to do justice to their cities, then the cities are justified in going to Washington and asking to be made wards of the federal government."

The Honorable Frank P. Zeidler may be unique in his approach, but in spirit he is at one with fellow mayors from Seattle to Miami, with town and city newspaper editors of all political shadings, and with a growing number of city dwellers who are just beginning to appreciate the extent to which their country cousins have taken them in.

Latest official census figures show that 64 per cent of Americans now live in urban communities. But thanks to hoary state constitutions, and to the blandly lawless refusal of legislatures to reapportion their memberships, this great majority of our population is governed by lawmakers it does not elect and over whom it has virtually no control.

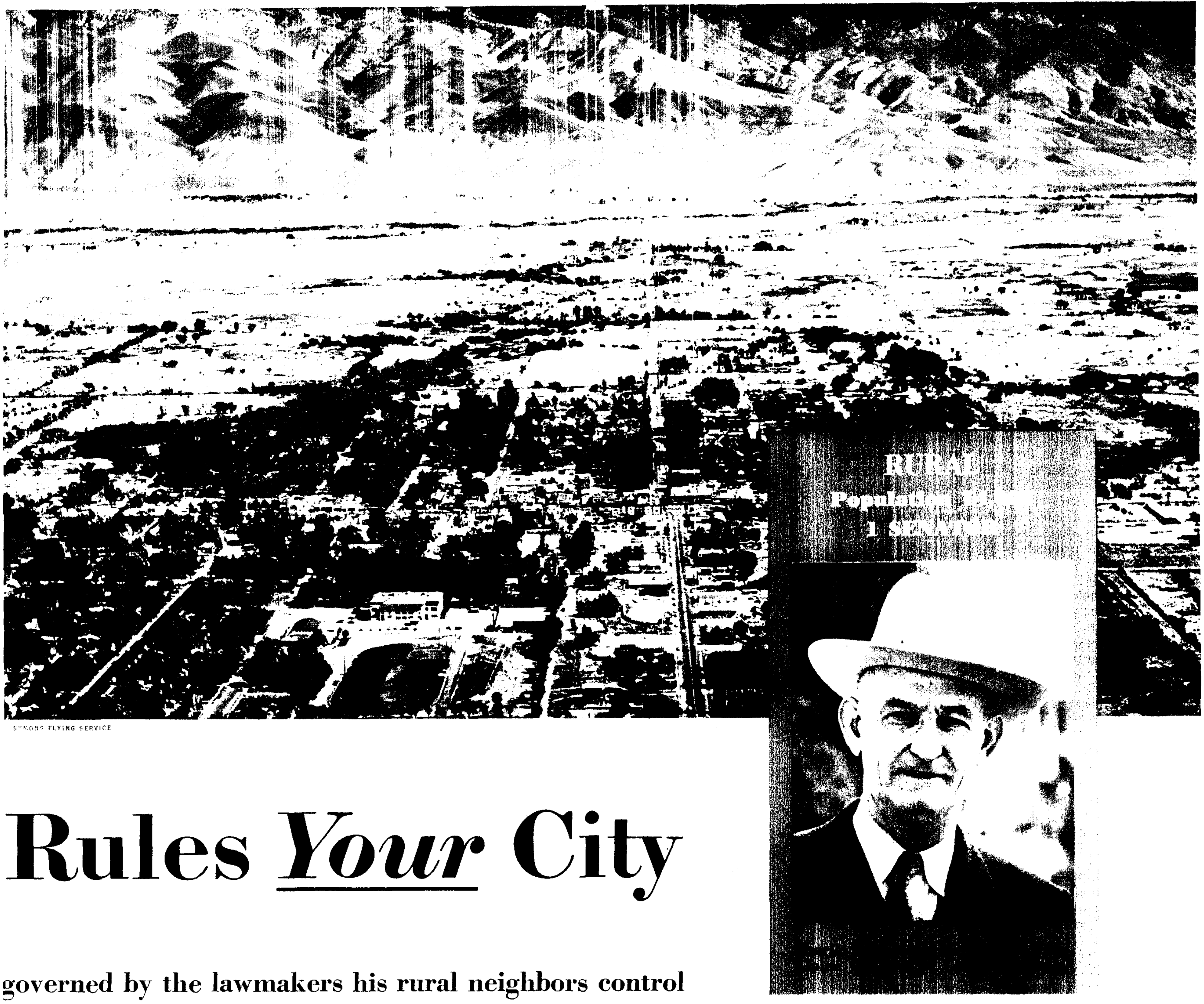
The United States Conference of Mayors estimates that almost three fourths of all the state legislators in the country are elected by one third of the people—those who live on farms and in tiny villages. Often they have little interest in the great metropolitan areas of their states and even less knowledge of a city's complex problems. And not infrequently they retain a countryman's suspicious hostility for cities that harks back to the days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Yet every year our mayors must go begging to these rural legislators (usually in vain) for a fair share of the revenues their cities contribute to the state's treasury. Only with the consent of these farm-minded men can most cities levy taxes of their own and in other respects manage their affairs like responsible units of government.

Men who never saw a subway in their lives pass on New York's vastly complicated transit problems, and the most picayune questions of local government are decided by the same remote control. In Frederick County, Maryland, local officials had to go to the legislature at Annapolis for permission to reduce the license fee for unspayed dogs from $5 to $2. The giant metropolis of Chicago, which has more people than 36 of the 48 states, was forced to go humbly to the legislators at Springfield to permit the selling of peanuts on a municipal pier. Between city and state, the courts have long held, "The state is supreme, and its legislative body, conforming its action to the state constitution, may do as it will . . ."

Today our cities find themselves in a tightening three-way squeeze. Federal and state governments have grabbed off the choicest sources of revenue. Meanwhile, "daytime citizens," pouring in from the surrounding metropolitan areas, sop up the cities' facilities and services but pay their local taxes in the suburbs where they sleep.

And now mayors from coast to coast are in a fever at the prospect that the present administration, true to its campaign pledges, will return to



SYMONS FLYING SERVICE

Rules *Your* City

governed by the lawmakers his rural neighbors control

the states many of the functions assumed by the national government in the last twenty years. Federal aid for municipal airports has already faded away, leaving cities with new construction plans stopped cold.

Will slum clearance, road construction and aid to schools and hospitals be similarly shifted to the states? If so, Mayor Zeidler recently told a convention of municipal officials, "American cities will be in a financial strait jacket . . . If you go to the federal government for grants-in-aid, you will be told to go to your state legislature, but how can you go to your state legislature when you have hardly any voice in it?"

And there's the rub, for there is nothing regional about the rotten borough system that afflicts our state legislatures. It's a nation-wide custom. Do you live in Atlanta? Then it takes 63 of your fellow townspeople to earn political representation equal to that of a farmer in rural Echols County. No matter how large Atlanta grows, the Georgia constitution says Fulton County will never rate more than three representatives in the legislature's Lower House, while four swamp counties—whose total population is one thirty-seventh of Atlanta's—will have four.

Do you live in Hartford, Connecticut? If so, you have two members in the state House of Representatives to stand up for your city's 177,400 people. Colebrook, population 600, also has two representatives, solely because it was incorporated before 1818. Cities and towns over 20,000 make up about two thirds of Connecticut's population, but they get fewer than one sixth the representatives. The 700,000 people who live in the state's five largest cities can be outvoted by representatives from six towns with a total population of 10,000.

The Plight of Los Angeles County

Suppose you live in Los Angeles. Your county, with more than 4,000,000 people, sends a single senator to Sacramento, California's state capital. So does tiny Kings County, with just a shade more than one per cent of that population (its largest town, Hanford, has 10,000 people). Even worse, the cactus counties of Mono, Inyo and Alpine, with a population of 14,000 among them, have the same senatorial representation as Los Angeles County—a disparity of about 300 to one. Many Americans, thinking of the federal Congress, assume that state Senates are, and should be, based on geographical divisions, while Lower Houses rest on population. But mayors and municipal experts with whom I talked feel strongly that the comparison with Congress is farfetched.

The composition of that body was a necessary, even painful, compromise between two powerful groups that created the Constitution. One side put all the emphasis on the sovereign states, the other on the nation as a whole. A Senate for the states and a House of Representatives for the people was the formula that emerged.

But there is no comparable situation within the states, where counties and senatorial districts are purely artificial divisions, with no faint pretense to sovereignty. They exist solely for convenience and can be combined or abolished at the whim of the state legislatures.

So far as our cities are concerned, it makes little difference whether it is the state Senate or the House that is stacked for what Mayor Zeidler likes to call the "areacrats." The effect is the same. To quote the pained understatement made to me by Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles, "This is a problem of major proportions." Under his state's top-heavy arrangement California's billion-dollar budget, requiring a two-thirds vote, can be vetoed

Ohio's government is less representative today than in 1803

by 14 senators representing 7 per cent of the state's people.

New Yorkers get a better break in proportions but not enough better to give them control of their city's destinies. "Our trouble in addition to inflation," Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri recently complained, "is the medieval financial relationship that makes this great city the vassal of the state. . . . We have 8,000,000 of the state's population. The rest of the state has 7,000,000. Yet we have 92 legislators. Upstate has 114."

Chicagoans are even worse off. With more than half the state's population, Cook County (which encompasses Chicago) enjoys little more than one third of the representation at Springfield. In Portland, Oregon, State Senator Richard Neuberger says: "I speak for 85,000 urban residents; the state senator at the desk next to mine represents 8,000 rural residents. Yet each of us should have the same number of constituents."

ZINN ARTHUR

Milwaukee's Mayor Frank Zeidler contends cities may soon be justified in asking to become wards of federal government

So it goes throughout the country. In New Jersey the eight counties that hold three fourths of the state's people have eight senators, while the 13 with the remaining fourth of the population have 13. An authority on the subject testifies that Ohio is less representative today than when it was created in 1803.

A Cause of National Unrest

Choose your city at random—Detroit, Baltimore, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Denver, Wilmington, New Orleans, Oklahoma City, Des Moines, Birmingham, Butte—the story is similar everywhere. "We do not have truly representative government in the 48 states," says the Conference of Mayors. "It is the cause of more national trouble and unrest than any other one thing. And until it is driven out, we can expect those troubles to increase."

How has it come about that where government affects our daily lives on the most intimate level—health, transportation, schooling, housing, protection from crime and fire—citizens have become subordinate to acres . . . even where those acres are little more than swamp, forest, sagebrush or sand dunes? And, more important, what are the consequences?

How it came about is relatively simple. When the country was new, the farmers got into the saddle because they belonged there. The first census, in 1790, showed that as a nation we were 95 per cent rural; such cities as we had were regarded by leaders like Thomas Jefferson as unwholesome congregations of riffraff, with politics to match. Similarly, all the states that subsequently joined the Union were predominantly rural. In time the majority of the national population drifted to town—but the legislatures did not.

For one or both houses, 42 state constitutions provide for periodic reapportionment—but the legislatures blithely ignore the law for decades at a stretch. Many states haven't reapportioned since President Hoover's day; Louisiana and Indiana not since Harding's. Minnesota's setup dates back to 1913, Delaware's to 1897, and Mississippi's to 1890. Connecticut's Lower House is made up today on the basis of a law that was passed 135 years ago.

In states where periodic reapportionment is mandatory, the duty is generally laid upon the legislature. But the constitutions rarely provide for enforcement, and the courts consider themselves powerless to coerce an equal branch of government. It should be noted that rural legislators are not alone in their allergy to reapportionment. City representatives, once in office, sometimes show the same reluctance to upset the apple cart. True, reapportionment might shift the center of power from country to city—but it might also move it from one end of the state to another or (dread thought) from one party to another, affecting rural and city representatives alike.

Granted that our legislatures are preposterously out of joint, do they really affect the day-to-day life of the city dweller? They do, to a far greater extent than many an urbanite imagines.

For the most part our major cities are treated like mental incompetents. Boston's police commissioner is chosen not by the government of the city he is charged with protecting, but by the governor of Massachusetts. Once in his office, it's the commissioner who is judge of his department's personnel and financial requirements; the city of Boston is permitted to do little more than pay the bill. The same system prevails in the three largest cities of Missouri. Kansas City, with a clean local government, for years bore a national reputation as the gangster haven of the Midwest, scene of the notorious Binaggio murder. But few outsiders knew that its police department was operated by remote control from Jefferson City, the state capital.

Not only Boston's police, but its harbor, its transportation system and its airport are all run from the Statehouse, and its elected mayor may be arbitrarily removed by the legislature without so much as a hearing.

As in many other states, the legislature fixes the hours of city policemen and firemen, occasionally lowering them without providing any means whatever for the additional revenue required.

Chicago has to have state approval for the location of its traffic lights. In last year's session, the Illinois rural legislature also considered whether the city's municipal courts should be open over week ends, whether Chicago might regulate the lighting of stairways and vestibules in buildings and in what form its municipal journal should be kept. State dictation is so strict that although the city has a surplus in its fund for removing dead trees, it can't use the money for sorely needed playgrounds. Except for a few streets, all exits south from the Loop are blocked by railroad yards—but, an alderman told me, the city cannot break the bottleneck by consolidating its terminals so long as the legislature withholds the power to condemn railroad property.

In some states the very form of your city's government can be changed by people who wouldn't live there, as they say, if you gave them the place.

The citizens of Knoxville, Tennessee, switched in 1923 to the city-manager plan—only to have the legislature some years later override them and restore the political mayoralty without consulting the city in any way. Year after year, Chicagoans are refused the right to reorganize their patchwork municipal government, set up mostly under a Cities and Villages Act passed by the legislature in 1872. The city of Memphis was once abolished altogether by legislative fiat in order to keep it out of the bankruptcy courts. Only a few months ago some Florida legislators tried (unsuccessfully) to merge Miami with the rural areas of Dade County, the whole irrational unit to be governed by county commissioners.

State Tyranny in New Orleans

Undoubtedly the worst example in modern times of state tyranny over a city occurred five years ago in Louisiana. In New Orleans they still refer bitterly to Earl Long as "the hillbilly governor who hated the city and tried to destroy it." Earl promised to "improve on everything Huey did" and came close to succeeding.

Through Earl Long's pliant legislature went some 200 bills intended to strip New Orleans of more than 25 per cent of its revenues, change its form of government into an unworkable administrative hodgepodge, seize control of its port facilities, increase its financial obligations to the point of bankruptcy, restore the spoils system and permanently reduce the mayor to the status of a figurehead. "I don't know of anything else that can be done," said young Mayor de Lesseps S. Morrison, "except throw us into the lake."

Fortunately, some of Long's "improvements" called for constitutional amendments, and had to be voted on at the polls. The worst of them were beaten after mass demonstrations at the Capitol and after Mayor Morrison had stumped Louisiana, pointing out everywhere that what was poison for New Orleans was poison for the state.

But the effects of the ripper legislation were crippling, if not killing. Eventually the aroused city, aided by special bond issues, private contributions and even legacies, climbed out of the financial pit the legislature had dug for it. Morrison was overwhelmingly re-elected. With a new Home Rule charter to go into effect next year, he enjoys cordial relations with the current administration at Baton Rouge, where Earl's men once called him "little

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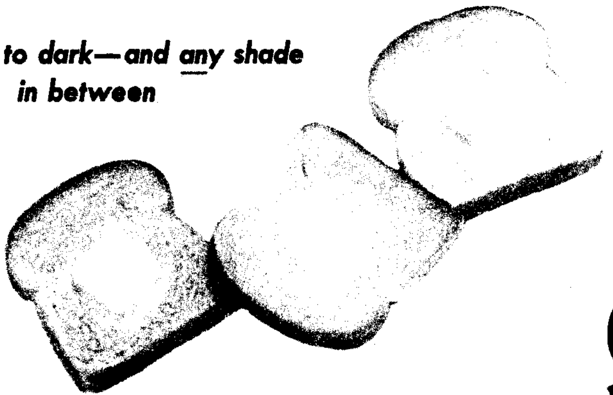

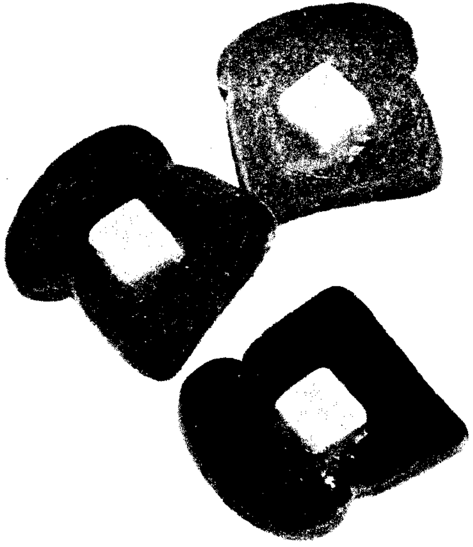

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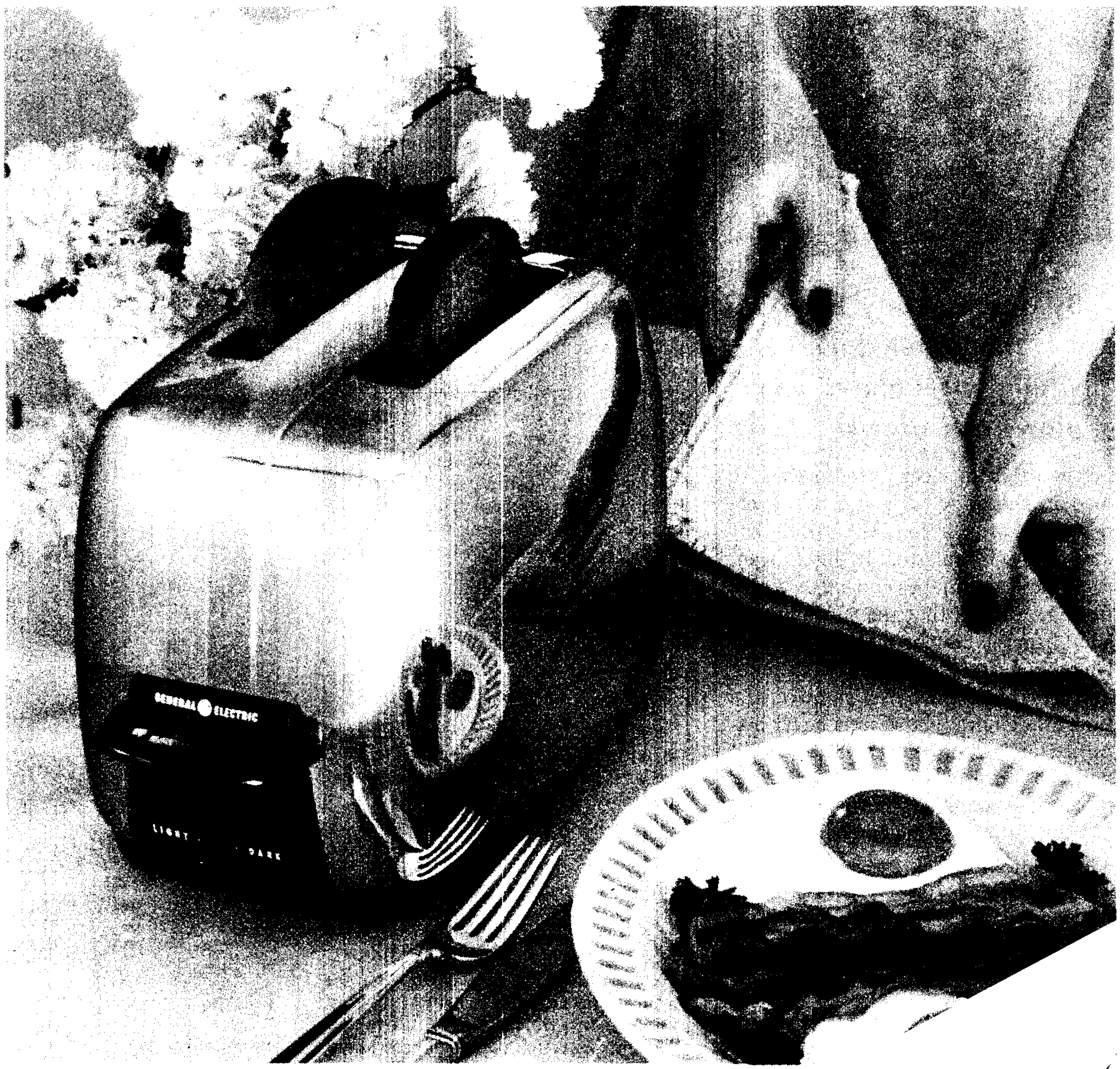

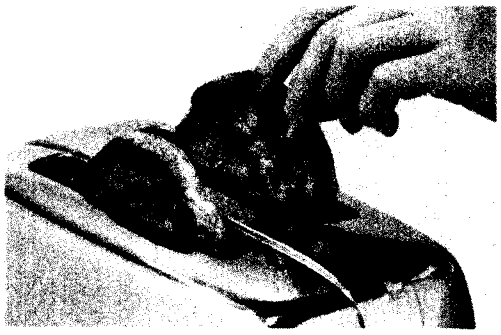

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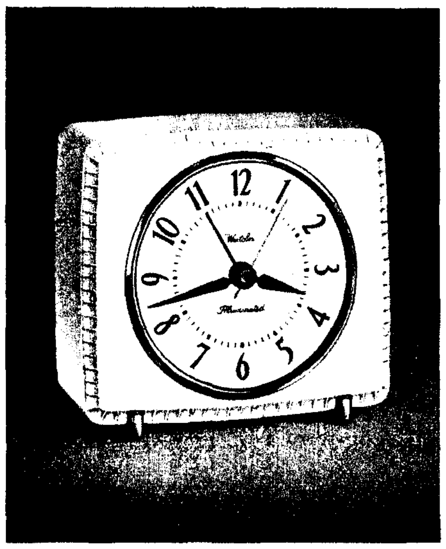

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Officials say our cities are being bankrupted

smart aleck"—just as Huey habitually addressed the mayor of New Orleans in his day as "Old Turkeyhead."

If few cities offer as melodramatic an example as New Orleans, most of them suffer stolidly, year in and year out. Legislators from Wappingers Falls and Owls Head can tell New York City, with a bigger budget than any of the 48 states, how to conduct its finances. In the legislative file at Albany you can find state laws graciously authorizing the nation's biggest city to get rid of its old schoolbooks, giving Buffalo the go-ahead to spray its trees, and permitting Syracuse to use substances other than water for cleaning its streets.

Rural legislators at Madison only recently permitted Milwaukee to use parking meters, though other cities in Wisconsin have been allowed to for years. Theoretically, Ohio cities have home rule, but they were unable to establish day nurseries for working mothers when their masters at Columbus refused to give the word. State legislative calendars everywhere are choked with bills that by every rule of reason, efficiency and democracy should be solely in the province of city councils—permission to keep bicycles off the sidewalks of a North Carolina town, authorization to an Iowa city to buy new uniforms for its policemen, sanction for the town of Revere, Massachusetts, to extend its dogcatcher's term of office.

But cities feel the lack of representation most acutely in the field of taxation. As recently as 1929, local units of government collected 56 per cent of the total tax dollar. Twenty years later, according to Allen E. Pritchard, Jr., who directs the Ohio Municipal League, they were down to 17 per cent. Today they are even worse off. Mayor Zeidler estimates the present division as 75 per cent for federal, 15 for the states and a miserable 10 per cent for local governments, which must either maintain a life line to Washington or get along with whatever sources of revenue their state legislatures choose to leave them.

"Grabs" of Two Cities' Taxes

Mayor William B. Hartsfield told me with some heat how the Georgia legislature a few years ago deprived Atlanta of $900,000 in revenue at a single swipe and, in the same session, seriously debated putting the city's firemen on a 40-hour week, at an additional cost of some $400,000. When Fiorello H. La Guardia was mayor of New York, he devised three successful local taxes—on cigarettes, public utilities and retail sales. As soon as they proved their worth, the state took over two thirds of the utilities and all of the cigarette taxes—and refrained from grabbing the city's sales tax only for fear of being accused of driving business into the border towns across the state line.

What infuriates most mayors is that they never get back anything like a share proportional to their population or their contribution to the state treasury. The California Citizens' Committee for Equal Representation found several years ago, as one result of the cities' underrepresentation at Sacramento, that for every dollar which empty Mono County paid into the state treasury, it got back $6.21 in appropriations, while Los Angeles got back 60 cents on the dollar and San Francisco 41 cents.

Examples of this sort can be cited by the dozen. Mayor Zeidler told me that Milwaukee foots 35 per cent of Wisconsin's bills and gets back 12 per cent of its benefits. Minnesota's Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, with well over a quarter of the state's population, contribute 45 per cent of the state school fund and get back less than 20 per cent.

One of the most striking ways in which the cities are hornswoggled by their country brothers is in highway construction. Fully half the nation's total annual travel is concentrated on city streets, making virtually every one of the metropolitan areas in the nation a chronic traffic bottleneck. Yet as recently as 1940, 28 states distributed no motor-vehicle revenues whatever to their cities for local streets and 22 spent no money whatever on vital links that would have made the state highways genuinely state-wide instead of rural systems interrupted by urban nightmares.

The situation has improved in the last few years, but is still fantastically unfair. In Ohio, to cite a typical case, approximately 52 per cent of the vehicle-miles traveled are in urban areas, but less than 17 per cent of the registration and gasoline taxes collected are made available directly to the cities for construction and maintenance. Most cities, moreover, aren't able to tax motor vehicles on their own score to make up the cost to the community.

"Gold Highway Law" Recalled

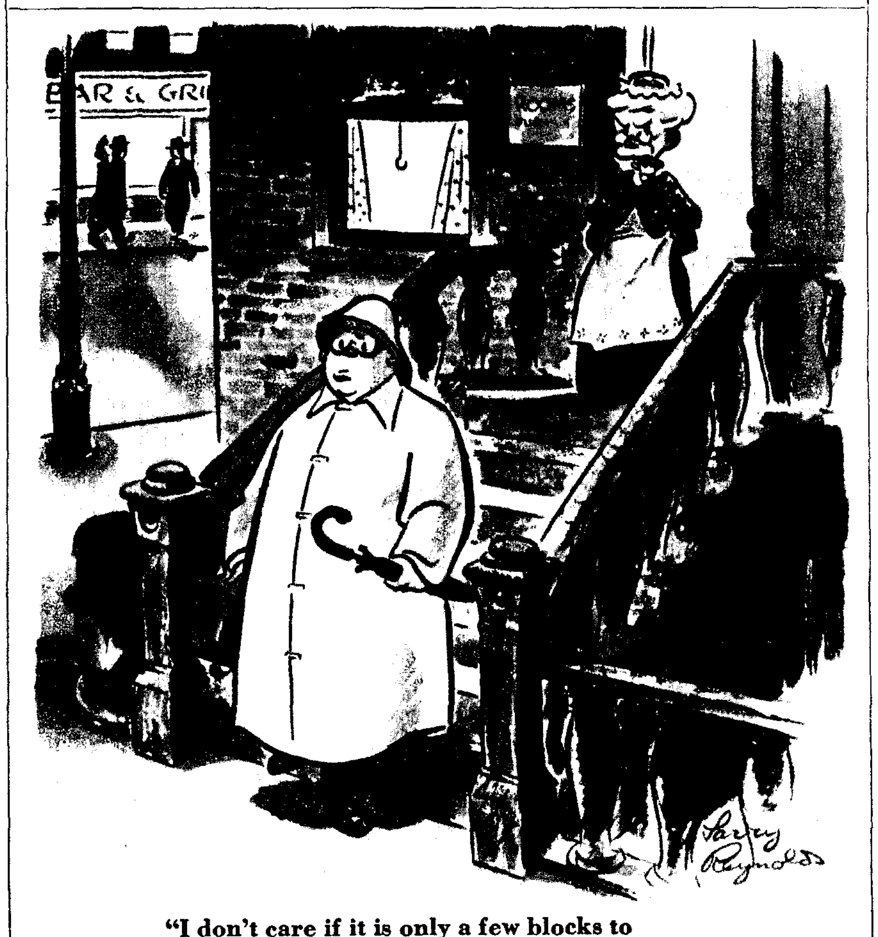
On the other hand, rural areas that have long had adequate farm-to-market roads go right on getting the lion's share of highway appropriations. The classic case is the "gold highway law," in force in Connecticut until five years ago. The hamlet of Canaan paid $6.000 a year toward the state highway fund, while the city of Waterbury, with about 100 times its population, paid $1,000,000. Under the law Canaan and Waterbury each received $26.000 a year in aid. As the irate Waterbury Republican pointed out editorially, Canaan made a profit of 430 per cent, which it salted away, while Waterbury got back less than a

The Big Eclipse

My friends all think my jokes are swell;
They do not cast aspersions . . .
Oh, no, these tactful folks just tell
Their twice-as-funny versions.

—PHILENE HAMMER

BUTCH



COLLIER'S **"I don't care if it is only a few blocks to the bank, Butch; I feel rain in the air"** LARRY REYNOLDS

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third of what it cost to oil its streets, fill in its worst holes, and sweep away the rubbish. Underrepresentation is expensive.

In the competition for taxes, New Jersey's Governor Alfred E. Driscoll says, "The national government is fishing with a seine, the states with a hook and line, and the localities, in many instances, are forced to fish with a bent pin." It's small wonder many of them have been driven to inequitable forms of revenue like New York's gross-business tax, or to freakish and piddling levies.

Some cities in Washington State require municipal licenses for everything from bicycles, cats and bathhouses to delicatessens, pinball games and street telescopes.

Little Rock a few years ago slapped a tax on the sale of sliced watermelon sold in restaurants that pay no other license fee.

Domino, checker and dart games are taxed in some cities when played in public parlors. And Hood River, Oregon, five years ago dreamed up a tax on jugglers.

Citizens of Lansing reasonably grumbled at the irony of paying a tax to the state of Michigan on gasoline consumed when Lansing's fire trucks put out a blaze in the state Capitol.

In Chronic Near Bankruptcy

Considering that our cities are caught in what the Conference of Mayors calls a "chronic condition of near bankruptcy," it is a miracle that they function as efficiently as they do. Up to now, most authorities agree, they have been saved by federal funds in the form of grants-in-aid. "However much one may like or dislike concentration of power in the federal government," the conference people say, "it has doubtless been driven there by our gerrymandered states themselves." This sentiment finds echoes even in the deep South, where one might least expect to hear them. "As a rule, the most laggard government in our nation is state government," says Atlanta's Mayor Hartsfield, who is the president of the American Municipal Association. "State politicians cry in Washington for State rights, but never mention state responsibilities and obligations."

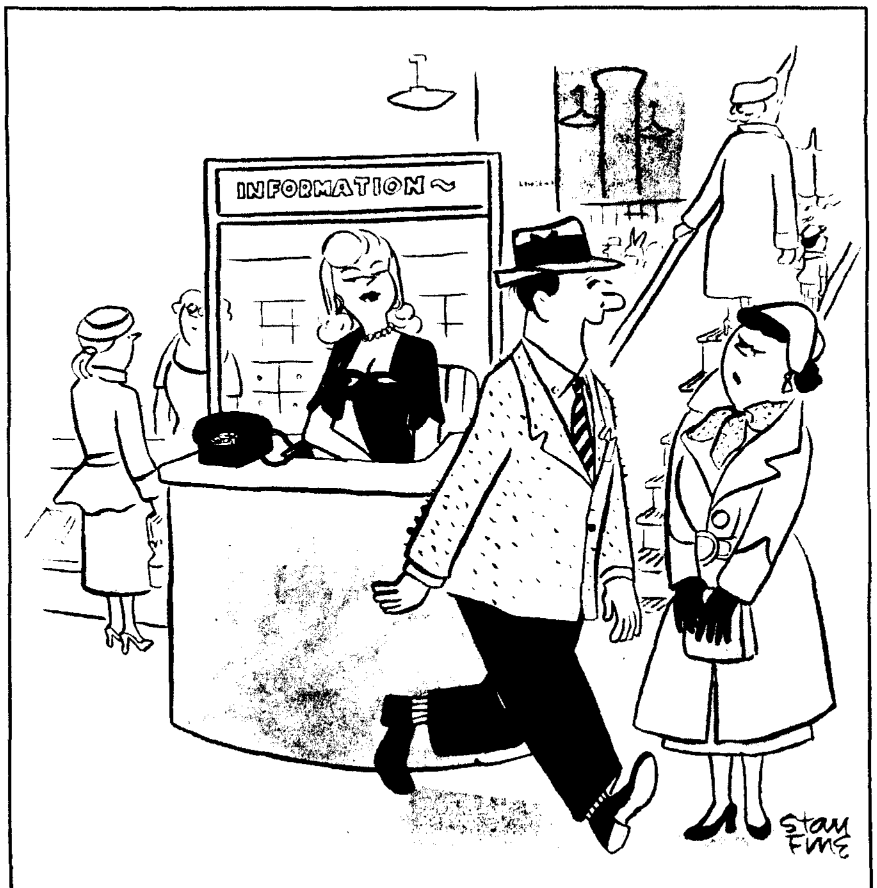
A Typical Municipal Protest

The city of West Palm Beach made the same point four years ago in a letter to the Florida legislature. It is worth quoting, in part, as a summary of what American municipalities have been going through.

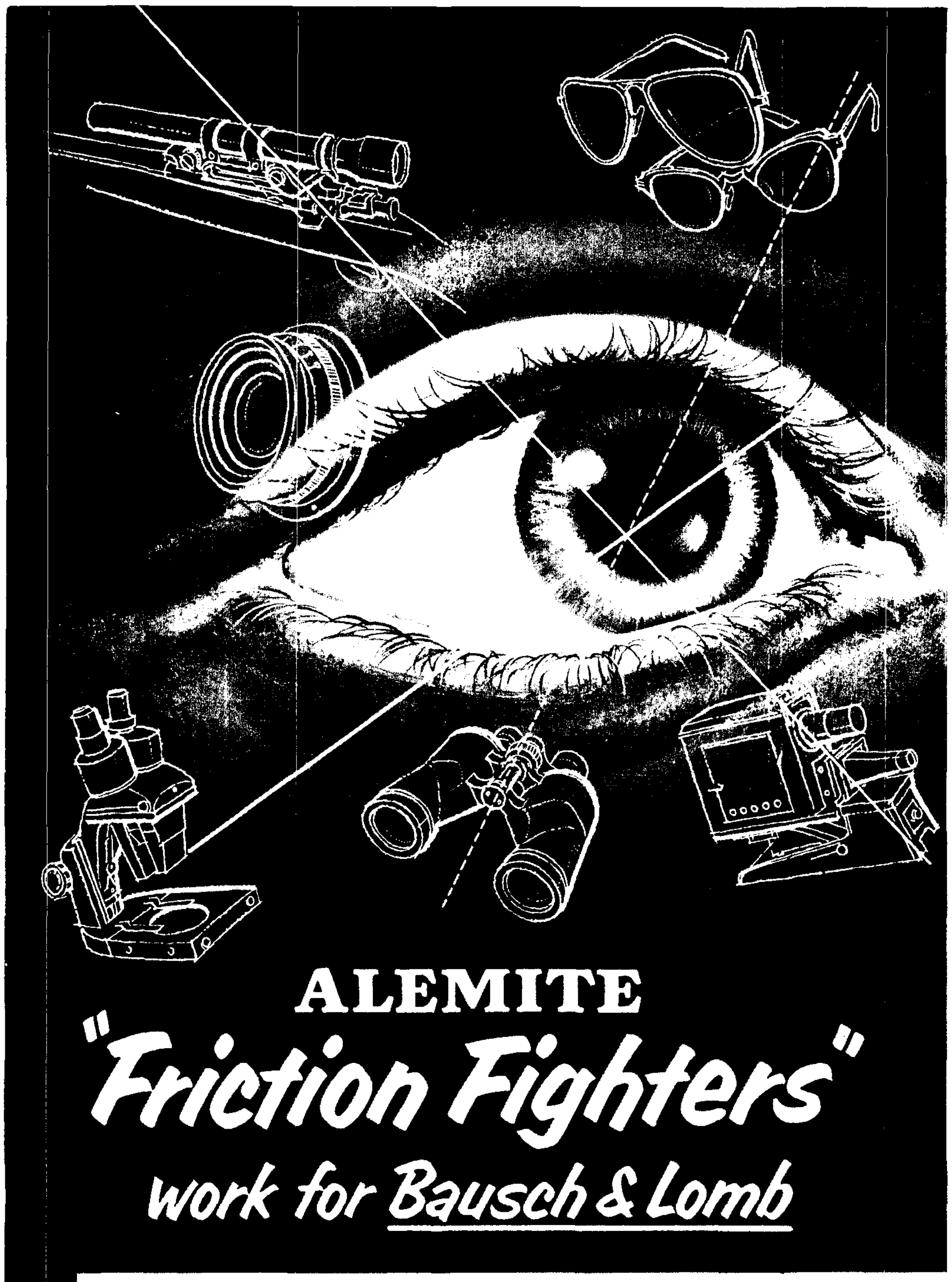
". . . the fire protection we furnish is with antiquated equipment; our streets are in disrepair; sidewalks and street lamps oftentimes are an exception rather than the rule; ancient sewers collapse under the burden of increased traffic . . .

"(But) we lay the blame at your door—not ours! . . . You have tapped all sources (of revenue) first and you drain them to the dregs . . . If our state fails to provide 'CITY RIGHTS,' we may be constrained to view state rights as a mere historical anachronism."

Among the city officials and municipal experts I talked with, there is little expectation that federal aid will be continued in its present volume, much less increased. A tug of war is going on in Washington right now. City interests—represented by such vigorous groups as the American Municipal Association and the U.S. Conference



COLLIER'S "You'd never believe she's 26 years old, married and has three kids, and works as a model on the side. Oh, ladies' cotton dresses are on the 4th floor, dear" STAN FINE



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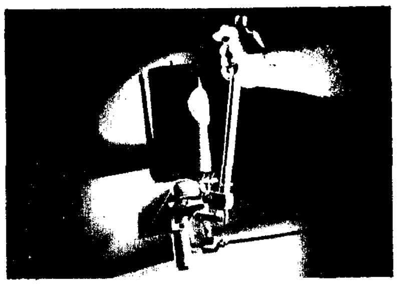

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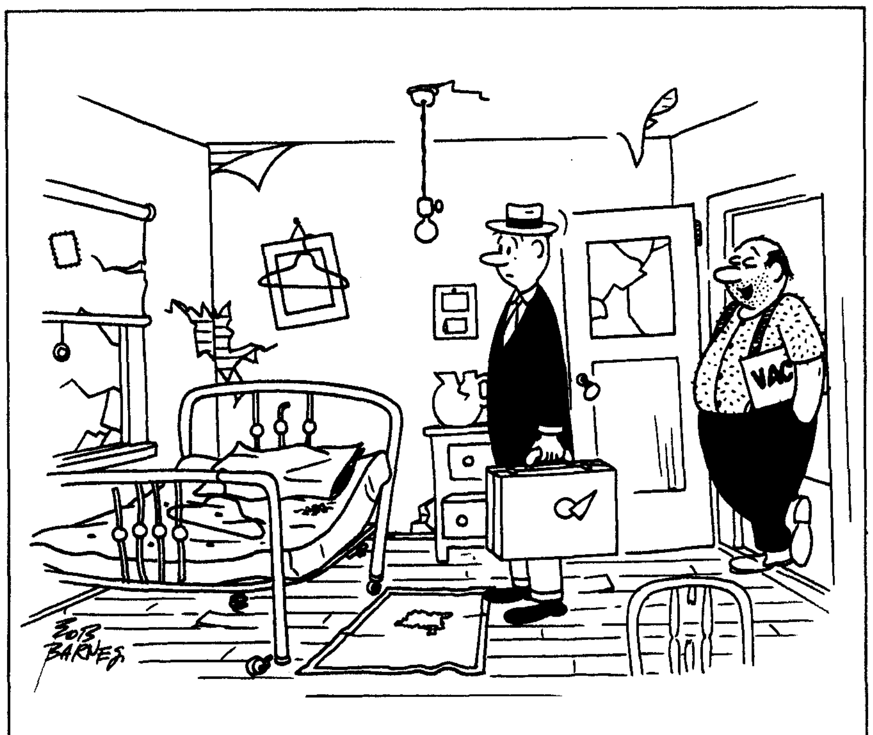
of Mayors—are naturally wary of changes that might weaken direct federal-city relationships, while the governors want all federal funds for local purposes funneled through the states. The feeling of the mayors so far is that this is a “governors’ administration”; that the President, after a lifetime in the Army, prefers to have things go through channels.

Nevertheless, at President Eisenhower’s suggestion, Congress has created a Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, and city officials hope that the hearings at least will give the public some idea of what they are up against. The time allotted for the study is short, however, and there is lively fear in some quarters that the whole project will serve largely to increase state power at the expense of federal, but without added responsibility. The hungry cities would still be on the outside looking for handouts.

Where else is there to turn? Milwaukee is planning to have another go at the courts. The Conference of Mayors has for some time been flirting with the idea of lawsuits on the part of underrepresented cities to compel equal representation in the legislatures under the Fourteenth Amendment, which forbids a state to “deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.”



“I like your looks, young man. If you want a shade on that light all you gotta do is say so”

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

Fanning Sparks of Rebellion

It may be too strong to say, as one observer has, that our “cities are openly talking rebellion,” but there have been rebellious sparks. As far back as the twenties, Chicago’s city council instructed municipal attorneys to outline the legal steps necessary for secession from the state, and the Cook County Board of Commissioners attempted to withhold state taxes. New York, Detroit and other cities periodically hear talk in high places of petitioning for separate statehood. A former mayor of Grand Rapids has suggested that “perhaps a few Boston Tea Parties might serve a useful purpose.” And an Alabama grand jury two years ago recommended refusal by petit or grand juries to enforce the tax laws until the state was reapportioned.

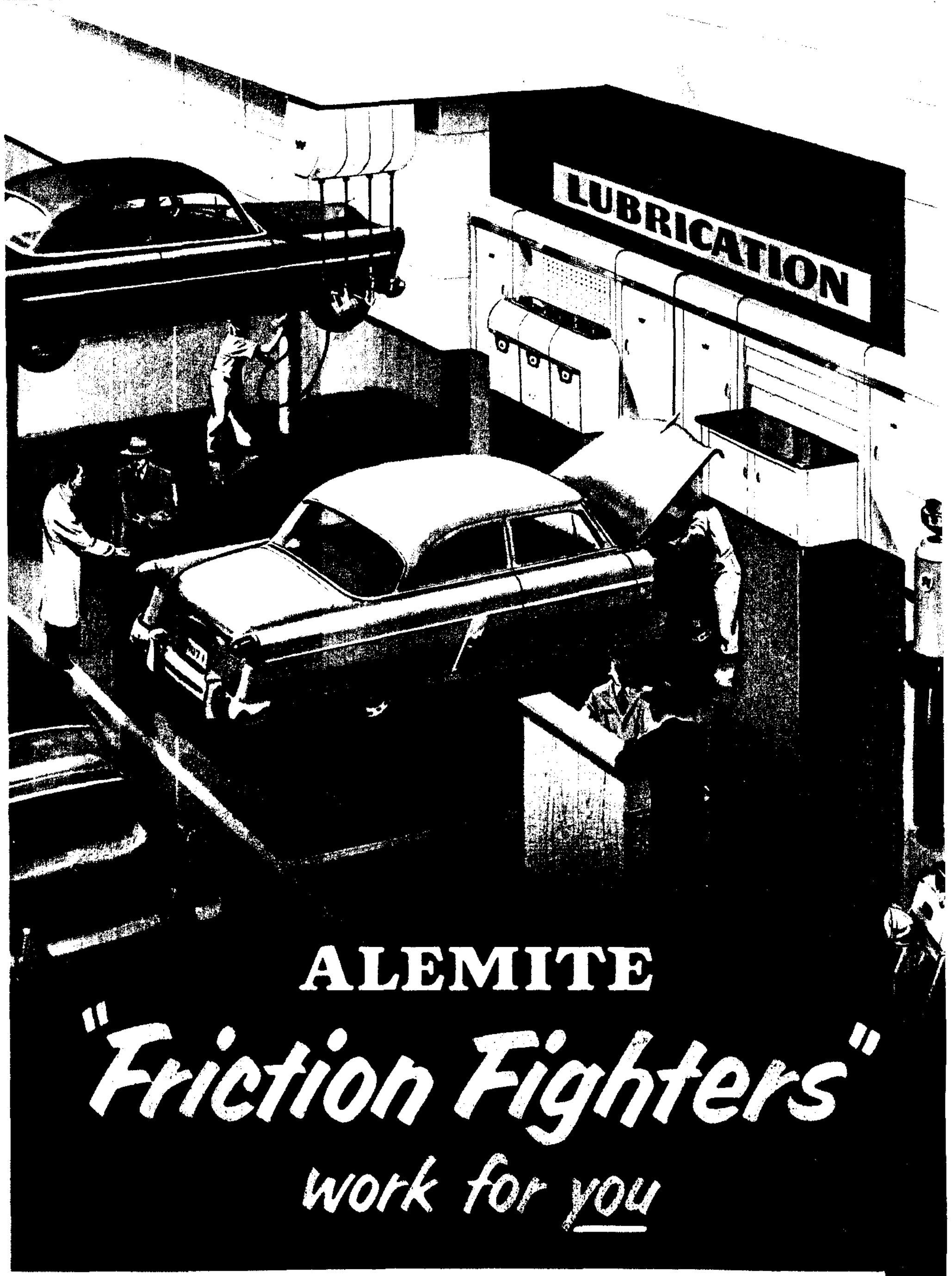
Since no secession may take place without the sanction of the very legislatures that are causing the trouble, most of this defiance has more to do with rousing public opinion than with pointing to a solution. Yet in the long run public opinion will force a change.

The Subject Must Be Talked Up

Except for those engaged in politics, comparatively few people are aware of the extent to which the democratic process has bogged down at this vital level of government. As the Fort Wayne News-Sentinel put it a few years back, “The subject will have to be talked about in homes, on street corners, in organization meetings, in business, professional and labor circles.”

When that happens, governors and party leaders, who depend on the votes of cities as well as of farms, may develop a certain persuasiveness with their legislatures in the matter of reapportionment. In the states where citizens have the power of the initiative, they will use that device, as some already have, not only to bring their legislatures up to date, but to provide for automatic reapportionment in the future—at stipulated intervals and by an administrative agency that is clearly subject to control by the courts. In the same way they will compel the granting of city home-rule charters which are not so loosely worded that a legislature may interpret them to death.

Fair representation will not cure the ills of our cities and by itself usher in an era of metropolitan glory. But without it, it is clear, there can be no bright future for the communities where almost two thirds of the American people have chosen to live. ▲▲▲



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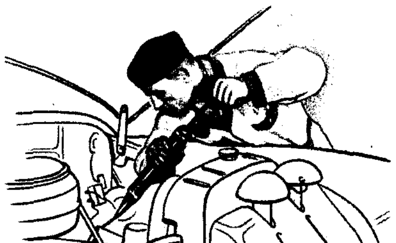

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Some girls

XXXXXXX Isn't Everything

A noted young female physicist's own story, as told to

MAX WILK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since portions of this story deal with matters that come under security regulations, it has been checked by the proper authorities to make sure that it conforms with all security requirements.*

IT'S all Dr. Leonard Zinsser's fault. If I had ignored him from the start, I never would have got mixed up with that man Bang-Bang, or spent that humiliating evening out on the desert, or had to contend with these persistent men from the Collector of Internal Revenue's office.

But let us be calm and scientifically factual about this and begin at the beginning.

My name is Amanda L. Putnam, and I am a research physicist for the Atomic Energy Commission at the laboratory here in Xxxxxxxxx, Xxxxx. I have a very good job, and the life is pleasant. Six days a week I work on xxxxxxx but on Sundays I'm completely free. Usually I read the latest reports and digests on xxxxxxx, listen to classical music, and go to bed early so that I will be clearheaded when I go to work Monday morning to do research work on xxxxxxx.

Dr. Zinsser, in our first interview, asked if I had a boy friend. "Nonsense," I told him. "I don't have time for trivialities. My work is much too important."

"Men, my dear Miss Putnam," said Dr. Zinsser, "are *not* trivialities."

He was being difficult. What I meant was that ever since I took a junior-high science course, I've been interested in the theory of xxxxxxx. When I graduated from Auburn College for Women, it was only natural that I should go on to postgraduate courses in xxxxxxx, and even more natural that I should go to work for the AEC here at Xxxxxxxxx, Xxxxx.

Actually, I'm very lucky. Here I am, working at a job I've always wanted, learning new facts every day and meeting important men in my field. The girls I graduated from college with are probably all married, raising families, wrestling with mundane problems like feeding schedules and Monday's wash and what to do when the diaper man comes a day late. Not me, Amanda Putnam. Why, by the time I reach thirty or

go to Las Vegas for love or money. Amanda went for XXXXXXX

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thirty-five who knows how far I will have advanced in the field of xxxxxxx? It is an exciting prospect for someone as dedicated to her work as I.

Anyhow, about three weeks ago I began having headaches—nothing serious, but annoying. I went to see Dr. Zinsser, the doctor here in the medical office at Xxxxxxxxx, Xxxxx.

Dr. Zinsser is about thirty-five and smokes a pipe. He has a small mustache and a crew cut and wears tweeds. I told him about my headaches, how long they lasted, and how, having charted their frequency, I believed there was a definite relation between them and the food served in the cafeteria for lunch. Dr. Zinsser nodded and listened, smoked his pipe, and brushed ashes from his tweeds. And then he asked his question about men, and we clarified my use of the word "trivialities," as I mentioned before.

"Tell me, Miss Putnam," he then asked, "how long has it been since you went dancing?"

I REPEATED, "Dancing? Why, it was about a year—no, it was sometime in nineteen fifty-one." What a question! "I work too hard to go dancing," I told him.

"When was your last date?"

"I haven't had time for dating, Doctor," I said. "With me, research always comes first."

"Remarkable," he said. "It's astounding to find such devotion to one's job in a girl so vibrantly—young."

"I am twenty-*four!*" I told him briskly. If there is one personal comment that annoys me, it is reference to my youth. "Simply because I am not as old as my colleagues," I said, "I am always the object of snide remarks. My goodness, Doctor, is intelligence strictly confined to the middle-aged? Besides," I added, "you're not so old yourself."

"Thank you," he said. "Now, do you always wear those Oxfords?"

"During the day, yes," I said. "We're busy working on phase four of xxxxxxx, involving Farnham's law, and I'm on my feet a good deal." For the life of me, I was unable to understand where this line of questioning was leading, but I thought it best to humor the man.

He turned and stared out the window. Down below, we could see the xxxxxxx building. It is really a stimulating sight, especially when we xxxxxxxxxx the xxxxxxx all at once.

"Miss Putnam," he said, turning back to me, "your trouble is simply that you need a hubby—I mean, *hobby.*" He smiled. "Freudian slip."

That was ridiculous. In my job there is no time for such nonsense as knitting or making ships in bottles. "Doctor," I said, "thank you, but just give me something for my headaches."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid there's nothing that I could prescribe for you. Frankly," he said, "what you need is fresh air, some excitement. A change of scene. A vacation."

"Out of the question," I said. "You know how much work we are doing on xxxxxxxxxx and xxxxxxx."

"I do," he said, "and I also remind you that one attractive girl cannot do it all by herself. There are over xxxxxxxx others working on xxxxxxx. Why not let *them* shoulder the load for a while?"

I stood up. "Doctor," I said, "as long as you have no remedy for my headaches—"

"Oh, but I have," he said. "First of all, throw away those shoes. Secondly, take a two-week vacation. And thirdly," he went on, and by now he was standing beside me and seemed to be taking the pulse in my wrist, "I'd advise you do it immediately. Get out and meet people. Mostly men. Forget your work completely."

"Thank you," I said. "All of this is completely out of the question. May I have my wrist back?"

"Of course," Dr. Zinsser said. He shook his head. "Amazing," he added, half to himself.

"What is?" I asked.

"Nature," he said. "She certainly hit the jack pot with you, Miss Putnam. That blonde hair, those lovely eyes, that shape—"

Now, what can one do when a doctor talks like that? All you want is a simple headache remedy, and he discusses vacations and takes your pulse.

I went back to work on xxxxxxx, and despite the headaches, I carried on. It was a very exciting week. Dr. Trosper had just succeeded in isolating traces of xxxxxxxx, and Dr. Ditmars, the lab chief, was sure that we were approaching a practical solution to the perplexing problem of how to xxxxxxx xxxxx permanently.

Then, Friday morning, Dr. Ditmars came in and told me I was to go out on a special assignment. I was to go to our proving grounds, outside Xxxxxx, Nevada, and there I would actually see a xxxxxxxxxx, as Dr. Peck's observer. How rewarding! This was to be an experience rarely granted to someone like myself.

On my way down the hall at lunchtime, I bumped into Dr. Zinsser. "Hi, beautiful," he said. "Going somewhere?"

"On a trip," I said. Security forbade my mentioning any details.

"Have a good time," he said.

"This, Doctor, is strictly an official trip," I told him.

He had reached for my wrist and seemed once again to be taking my pulse. "Of course," he said, "but it'll be a change of scene." He leaned over and brushed back a lock of my hair. "Magnificent," he said.

"My pulse?" I asked.

"All of you," he said. He let go and walked away.

Now I ask you, where is modern medicine leading us?

THE bellhop said, "Here you are, five-oh-five. The nicest single room in the Desert Castle Hotel."

It was the largest hotel room I'd ever seen. There was a massive bed and in one wall was a huge window that looked out on a sweeping view of the far-off Nevada mountains.

"Are you sure this is a single?" I asked the bellhop. He wore denim trousers and a checkered shirt. Around his neck was a green silk handkerchief. The whole effect was, to say the least, vivid.

"Positive, ma'am," he replied. "Your reservation was made by Dr. Peck. Don't forget, you're to call him as soon as you're settled."

I handed him a tip. He smiled. "Good luck in the casino, ma'am."

"What casino?" I asked.

"Downstairs. The roulette wheel. Or maybe you're the type that likes the dice. Anyway, good luck."

"I'm here on business," I said. "Besides, gambling is a childish pastime."

HE SIGHED. "You're so right," he said. "If I could ever save up the fare to get out of here—just *once*—"

"Yes?" I asked.

"I'd probably blow it on the wheel," he said and left.

A moment later I had Dr. Peck on the telephone. "Welcome to Nevada, Miss Putnam," he said. "Good trip?"

"Just fine," I said. "When do we go to work?"

"I'm glad you called," he said. "We were going to invite you to dinner tonight, but my wife's caught cold, and someone's got to take care of the baby. I guess I'm elected."

"You're without any help?" I asked.

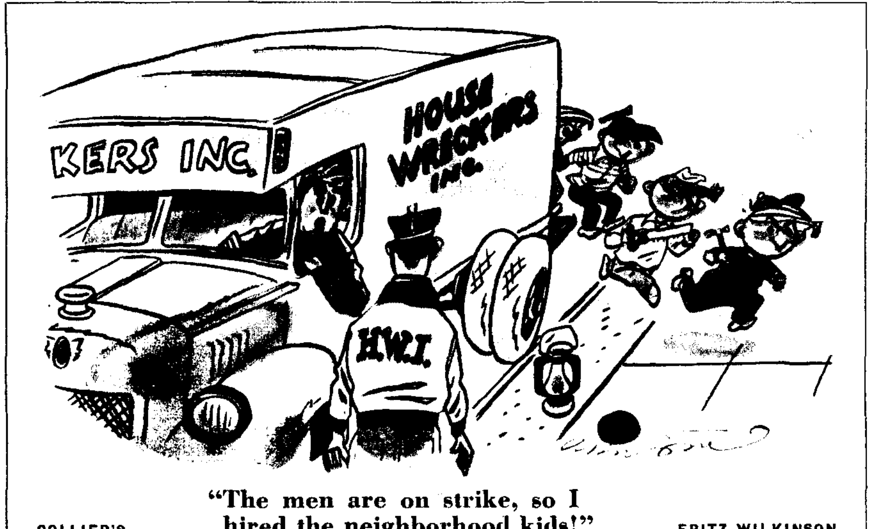
"This is Las Vegas," he said. "We brought a cook with us from Baltimore when we moved here, but after three days she got a better job in one of the hotels. It's a little frantic over here, so if you wouldn't mind, I'll pick you up at eight tomorrow morning."

Luckily I had several interesting scientific journals in my bag, and I looked forward to an afternoon and evening of reading. But first I wanted to see the sociological phenomena resulting from legalized gambling.

As I crossed the cool, dark lobby with a scientific journal under my arm, I noticed a youngish man reading a newspaper in one of the deep leather chairs by the desk. As I passed, he looked up and stared at me. I paid no attention; I've dealt with lobby wolves. I ignored him and hurried on out.

In case he was following me, I wanted the protection of a headwaiter and so I went straight into a restaurant with large swinging doors. But I realized I'd made a mistake. This was no restaurant.

I was in a long, low-ceilinged room. As far as the eye could see, the walls were lined with slot machines, and in the center of the room were large tables. It was three in the afternoon, but the place was crowded with people, ap-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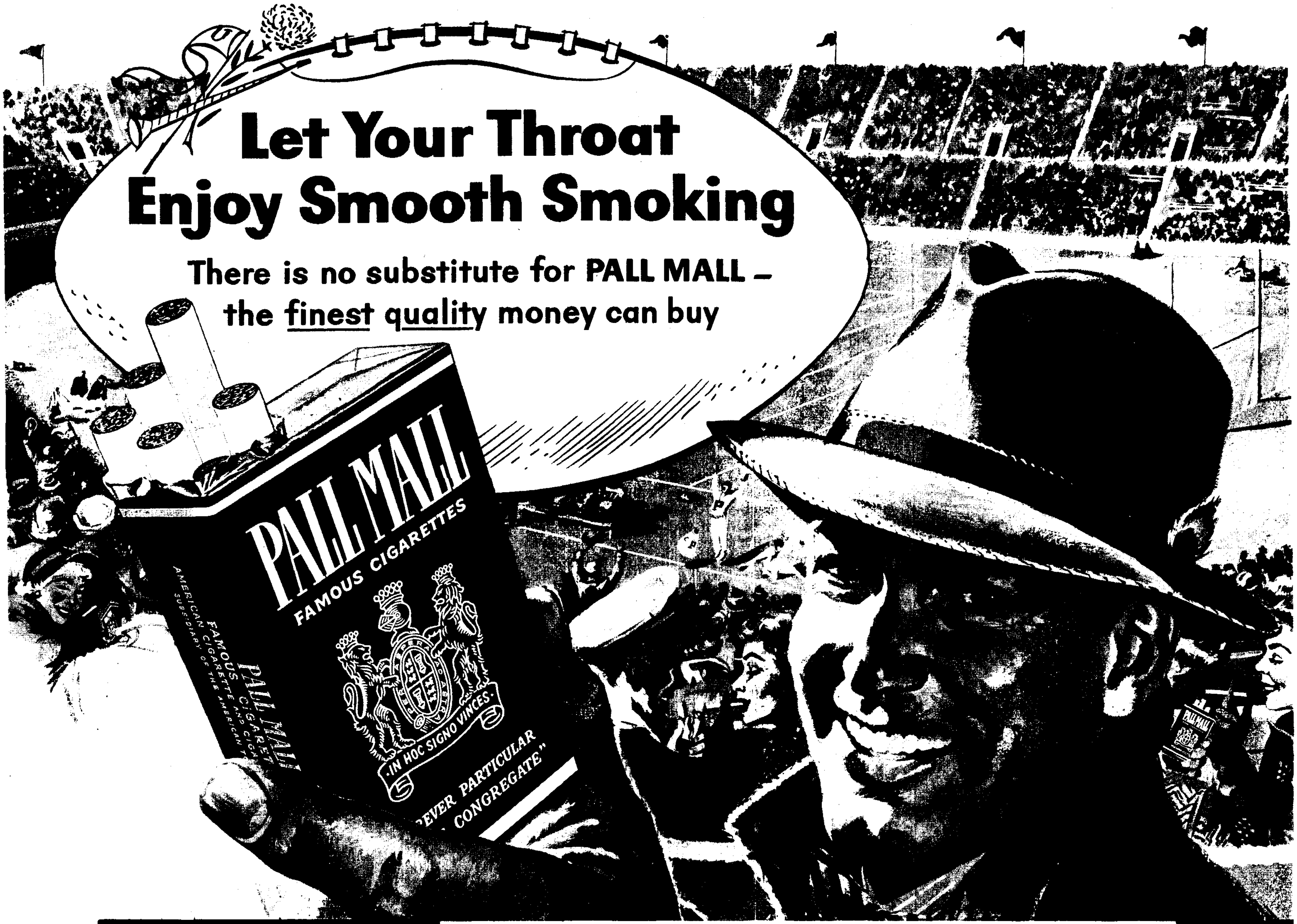

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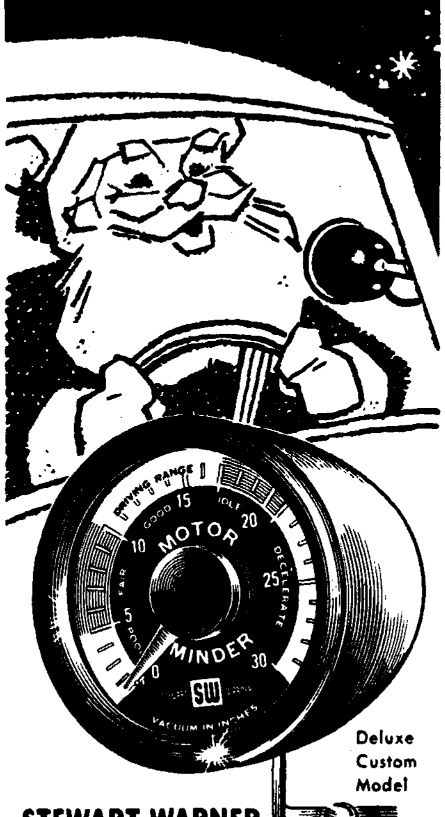

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parently making bets; they were intently watching the games being played at the tables, or standing in line at a small, barred window in the corner.

This was obviously the legalized gambling I'd wanted to see. But why weren't these people in their offices, working? How could they afford to waste so much time at this nonsense?

I walked over to a large table on which there was some sort of slotted wheel spinning inside a bowl. Bouncing around in the bowl was a small white marble. The wheel was numbered from 1 to 37; a man spun it, and whatever number the marble dropped into, it seemed that the people who had bet on that number were the winners.

"What do you call this game?" I asked a woman who stood next to me.

"I call it murder," she said. "I'm fifty-eight bucks in the hole."

"I meant the name of the game."

"Are you kidding?" she replied. "This is the bane of my life, roulette. Wait till my husband finds out I lost the grocery money again."

SO THIS was roulette. Shocking. With 37 numbers to play, the odds against your winning were— Suddenly I remembered something. Could it be—yes, it *was!* The mathematical ratio here was exactly the same as Farnham's law, the hypothesis on which we were basing our present work in xxxxxxx. According to Farnham's law, if one (four lines censored) one was always left with the cardinal number. And that cardinal was a positive. Immutable. Therefore, one might, by applying Farnham's law, make a calculation and select the winning number each time the wheel turned.

It was an intriguing idea and it aroused my scientific curiosity. Suddenly I found it important to discover whether or not my theory was sound. I crossed to the barred window and put down a five-dollar bill. "Some of those disks one plays with, please," I said.

The cashier in a green eyeshade pushed across five white chips. Was that all one received for one's money? It seemed hardly a fair exchange, but no matter. I must prove my theory.

I went over to the table and made a quick mental calculation. The cardinal, to the xxxth power, according to Farnham's law, must be—14. I placed all five chips in the space marked 14, and waited for scientific proof.

The wheel spun. Around and around it went, and then slowed down. The white marble dropped into the slot marked 14.

I was right! My theory had been proved! The attendant pushed a large stack of chips over to me.

Wait until I told Dr. Ditmars—but there was always a chance I'd merely been lucky. One must always recheck one's findings. Again I calculated. This time the answer was 5. Hurriedly, I moved all the chips to that number and waited.

Presto! The marble dropped into 5. In front of me appeared a much larger pile of chips. I barely had time to make my calculations and move the chips quickly to 16. By now I was merely enjoying myself. The results were foregone. I had proved the universality of Farnham's law. The marble dropped into 16.

I felt a warm glow of achievement. It had been a small triumph for mathematics—and me—and yet an interesting one. I reached down, picked up my five white chips, and turned away from the table. Now I could go somewhere and read my journal.

"Say," called a young man at my left, "your chips, lady."

"My chips?" I asked.

He pointed at the dozen or so large stacks I had left behind. "Go cash them in," he said. He was tall, with a nice smile, and his hair was cut short in crew-cut fashion.

"Oh," I said. "They're merely evidence. Their function is finished."

He stared at me. Finally he said, "What a sense of humor. Hold open your purse, beautiful." When I did so, he dumped all of the chips he could inside. The rest he poured into my hands. "Come, I'll convoy you over to the window," he said. "You sure have the lucky touch today, girl."

"Luck?" I said. "It has nothing to do with luck. "It's a scientific truth. I couldn't possibly lose, not for a moment." I felt very pleased with myself.

The man at the cashier's window looked at the chips. His eyes widened. "How do you want it? In hundreds?"

"Do I have that much?" I asked. It seemed so ridiculous, taking money merely because I had satisfied my curiosity. "You sure do," he said, and handed me a thick sheaf of bills. I tucked them into my purse. "Aren't you going to count them?" asked the young man, who stood beside me.

"I can't imagine why," I said. "It's only money. It has no intrinsic worth."

He nodded. "No worth," he repeated. "I've heard that before. Funny thing, it's always rich folks who say it." He spoke with a soft drawl. From the way he was dressed, I guessed he was probably a Texan. "Pardon me," he said. "My name's Tighe Ellison. I hope you don't think I go around making a habit of forcing my attentions on lovely young females who happen to have the Midas touch."

"I don't," I said. I started for the door, but he followed. "But you haven't told me *your* name," he persisted.

"Amanda Putnam," I told him. "Don't let me keep you from what you were doing, Mr. Ellison."

"Doing?" he said. "I was just wasting my good time and money trying to make a few dollars at that wheel. However, since I saw you break it with three straight wins, I seem to have lost my appetite for gambling. Now, what were you saying about scientific truth?" He had fallen into step beside me.

WE WERE going down the sidewalk, toward the hotel's patio entrance. "All I did," I said, "was to apply—" I stopped myself just in time. I certainly could never discuss Farnham's law with this perfect stranger. "—a rule I know about," I finished.

"You're a scientist, ma'am?"

As I seated myself on one of the comfortable patio couches, he sat down in a chair opposite. "I have—done work of a scientific nature," I admitted.

"Simply amazing," he said.

"Science?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, *you.*" He shook his head. "Just imagine, a beautiful creature like yourself having a mind that can work out a scientific system to beat that roulette wheel," he said and smiled ruefully. "Me, I'm just a simple oilman. I go out with a rig and poke holes in the ground. Sometimes water comes up, sometimes we hit a little oil. Have you got a scientific system I could use in my line, honey?"

"I have no system," I said. "Back there I was merely doing research. I don't approve of gambling."

He stared at me. "What did you say?" he asked.

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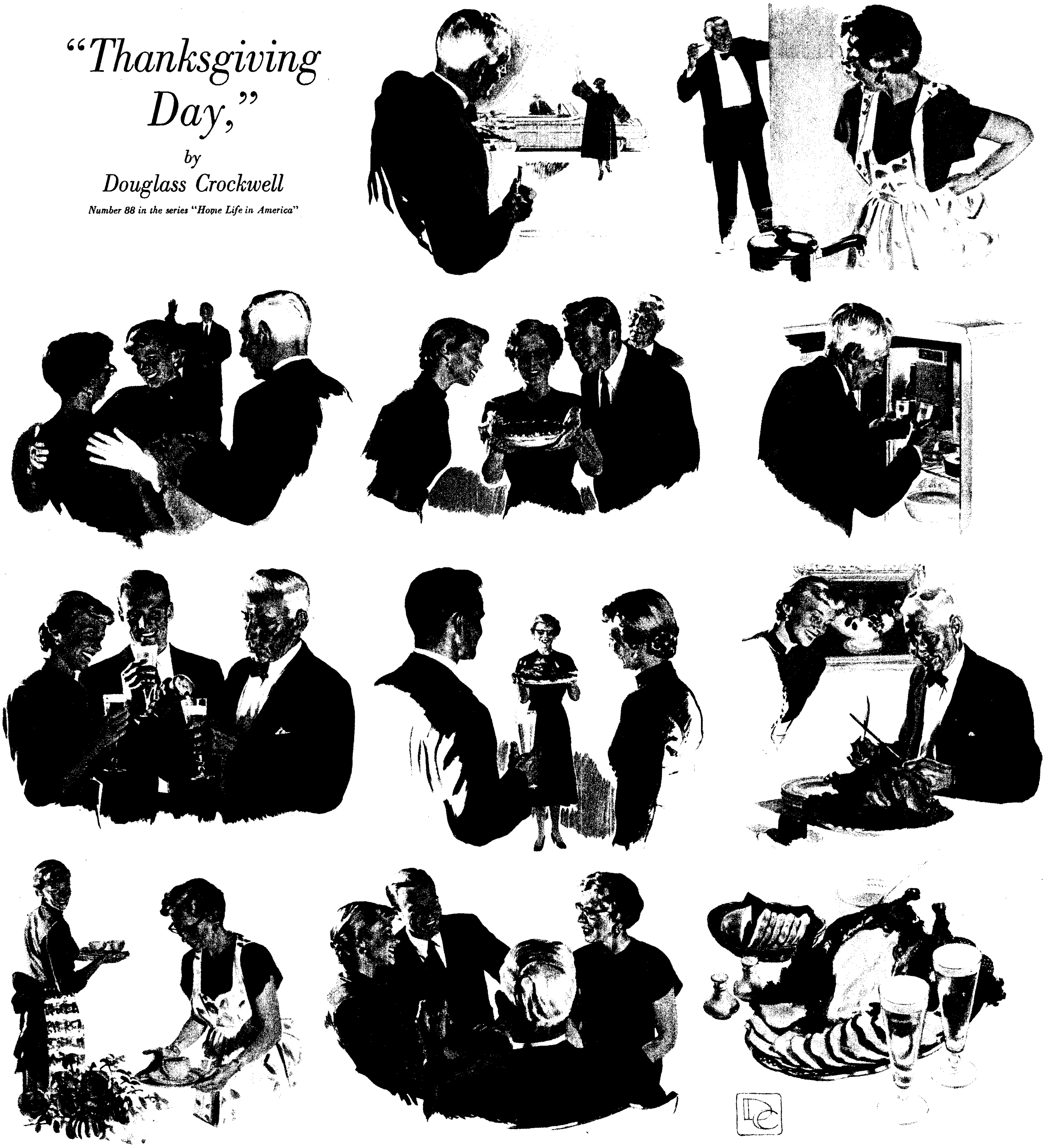

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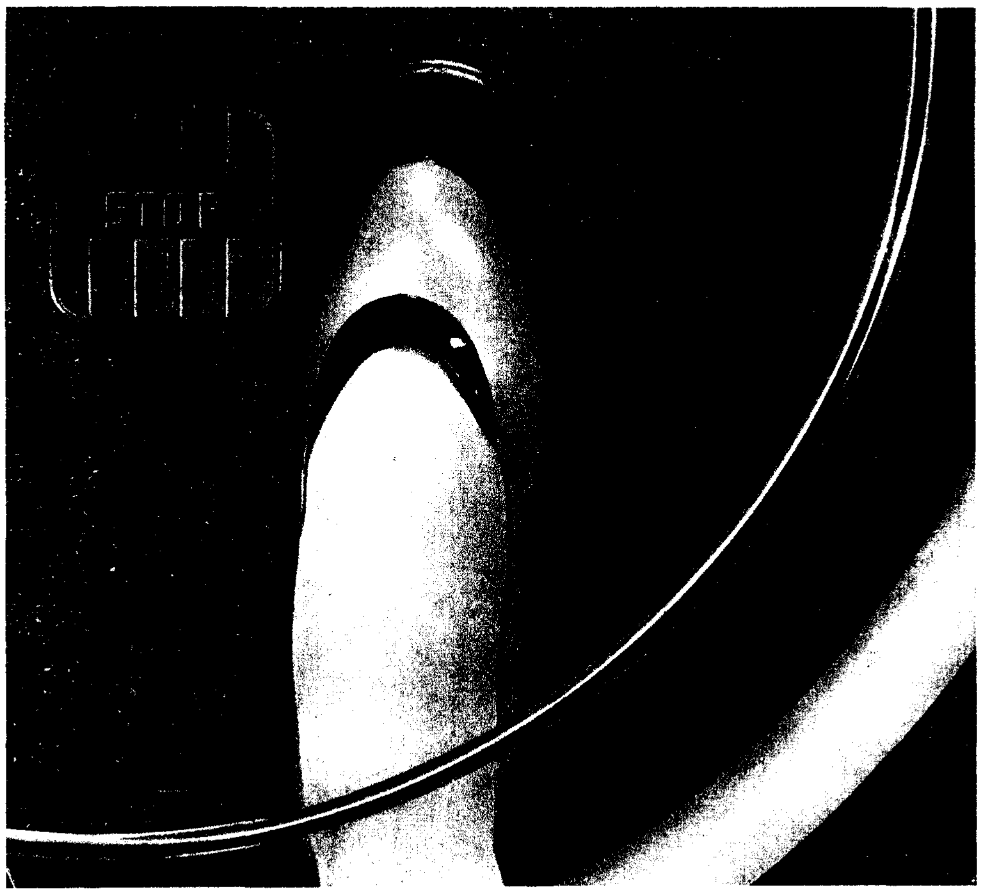

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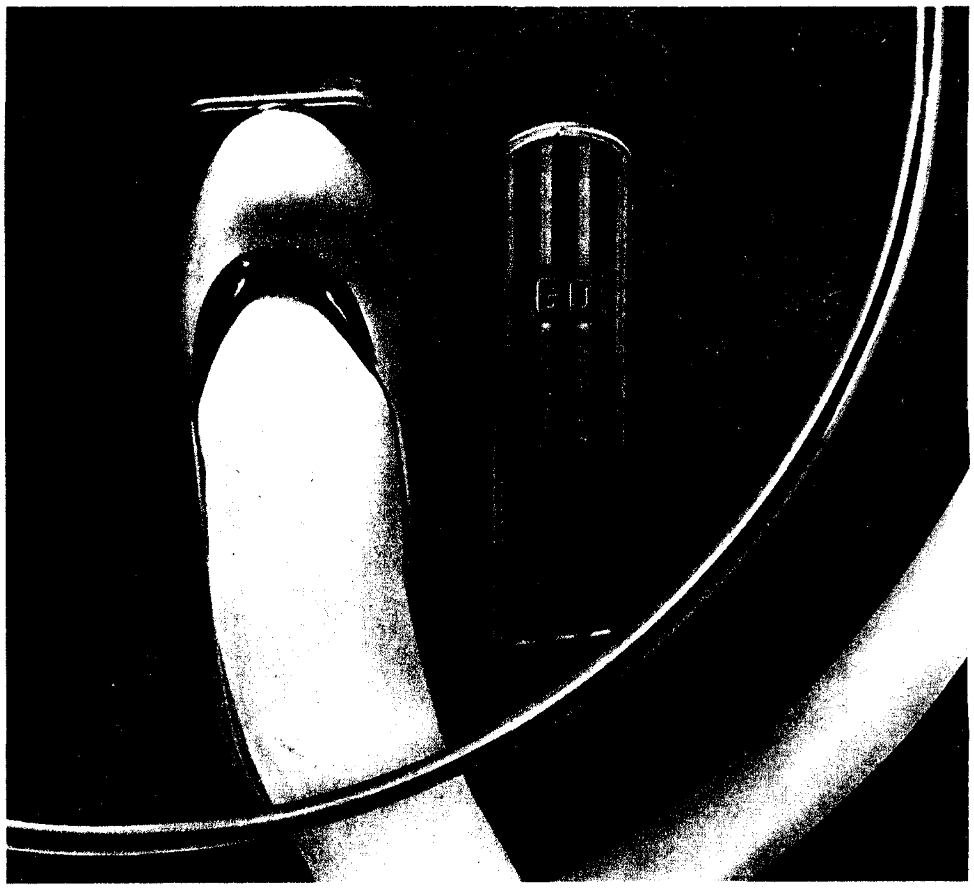

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We mentioned earlier that PowerFlite is rugged. Here's what we mean: during a road test, PowerFlite was jammed through 12,000 full-throttle starts. After 79,000 miles of severe testing—during which no servicing or repairs were required—the transmission was disassembled. Each part was examined minutely. But no appreciable wear could be found! This is the kind of stamina that's news indeed in the fully automatic transmission field! It's the result of advanced design and magnificent co-related engineering.

Pioneering background

PowerFlite grew out of Chrysler Corporation's pioneering work with transmissions. Remember back in 1933? Chrysler introduced America's first all-helical-geared transmission. This was the famous Synchro-Silent. It's widely preferred even today by drivers who like to do their own shifting.

In 1934, Chrysler Corporation introduced the automatic overdrive. Four years later came their famous Fluid Drive. This revolutionary advance made a smooth, quiet oil-drive the medium of power transmission.

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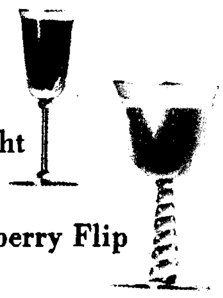

1 egg,
1 teaspoon sugar,
1 jigger DuBouchett Blackberry Flavored Brandy.
Shake with cracked ice, strain and serve in cocktail glass with nutmeg on top.

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MANY, BLANC
70 proof
DELICIOUS STRAIGHT
DuBOUCHETT
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"It's wasteful and debilitating, and breaks down the moral fiber," I said. "Of course I don't approve of it."

"Easy for you to say," he said, "with your system working so good. Never mind. What are you planning to do with all that money you have in your purse?"

"I really hadn't given it a thought," I said. "But I'll probably give it to some worthy charity."

"Laudable," he said, "provided you get it out of Vegas."

"Why shouldn't I?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Every time I get a few dollars ahead here, I end up putting it right back into the game. You will, too."

"I'm sure I won't," I told him. "Games of chance bore me."

Mr. Ellison sat back in his chair and stared at me for a long moment. Then he smiled. "All right," he said. "But now tell me about food. Does that bore you, too?"

"Not at all," I said. "Why do you mention it?"

"Well, I just wondered if you'd have any objection to dining with a good-for-nothing, wasteful and debilitated, gambling Texan?" he asked.

Before I could comment on the fact that we'd hardly met, that we obviously had very little in common, and that I was not in the habit of dining with complete strangers, he quickly added, "I can just see you getting ready to tell me how you're not the kind of girl who allows herself to be picked up by total strangers. All right, I can tell that. But all we're discussing is a friendly little dinner. Is that so terrible?"

Don't ask me to explain how it came about, but within a few minutes I had agreed to meet Mr. Ellison at seven thirty. And what is even more remarkable, as I went upstairs to change I found myself actually *anticipating* our engagement!

NOW that I think back, I have come to the conclusion that my capitulation was not due to Mr. Ellison's attraction. It must have had something to do with the climate. What else could have caused me to behave as I did?

Dinner at the hotel was delicious. There was an agreeable wine, and the orchestra played pleasant music. At eight thirty there was a floor show, and by ten we were having coffee and drinking a concoction Mr. Ellison recommended; it was called a stinger. It was delicious. I had several.

Then we danced. The floor was relatively uncrowded and Mr. Ellison was a very good dancer.

Suddenly, I thought of something, and I giggled.

"Did I step on your foot, Amanda?" he asked.

"No," I said. "But this is therapy. You're just what my doctor ordered."

"I'm delighted to hear it," he said.

"Silly Dr. Zinsser," I said. "If he could only see me now."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Ellison.

"Far, far away, and who cares," I said, resting my head on Mr. Ellison's shoulder.

Then the music was over, and Mr. Ellison was draping my coat over my shoulders and guiding me out of the dining room. "Where are we going?" I asked. I didn't really care, but I thought I should ask.

We floated out to the parking lot in front of the hotel. "Where are you taking me?" I asked.

"Just down the road a little way," he said, and helped me into a long, graceful convertible.

"Oh, lovely," I said. "I like going down the road."

We went gliding down a broad concrete highway. Overhead, a beautiful lacy white arrangement of stars sparkled happily in a very deep, very blue sky. It was a trifle chilly, and I moved closer to Mr. Ellison.

He drove up a long driveway. "Here we are," he said.

"Oh, no, you mustn't stop," I said.

"But it's the Ritz Casino," he said.

"Pooh to the Ritz Casino. Why should we stop here?"

"Because I want you to do me a favor," he said. "It's that scientific system of yours. How can we be sure about it?"

AT THAT moment, the last subject I wanted to discuss was Farnham's law. "Silly man," I said. "It's infallible."

"Amanda," he said, "at a roulette wheel, nothing is infallible. I have got to see for myself."

"Please don't contradict me," I said. "You may know about oil, but I know about scientific theory."

He stared at me. "You're a beautiful creature," he said, "but you can't be *that* perfect. And a poor old gambler like me won't be able to sleep tonight unless you prove it to me."

Why must these unscientific minds always be so skeptical? "If I prove it to you," I asked, "can we drop the subject for the rest of the evening?"

"Naturally," he said. "I'm a gambler, but I'm human too."

We went inside. The Ritz Casino was just as huge and opulent as the club near the Desert Castle, except that the dominant decorative color was blue, instead of green. Otherwise, it was hard to tell the two clubs apart. It was the same long, brightly lighted room, lined with slot machines and full of various games of chance.

In a moment we were standing before the roulette wheel. Mr. Ellison put a stack of white chips in my hand. "Here," he said, "play with my money. I insist."

"All right," I said. "I'll get rid of this ridiculous notion of yours." In my mind I made my calculations. "Put the chips on three," I said. He put the chips on the number. The wheel spun. The marble slowed, and dropped into the slot marked 3. "Winner on number three," called the attendant, and pushed stacks of chips over to us.

"Lucky," commented Mr. Ellison. "I'm sure you can't do it again."

Really, he could be infuriating. "Play nine," I said.

"Everything on it?" he asked.

"Certainly," I told him. "It's only money. You want proof."

He pushed all the chips onto 9. Again the wheel spun. A few seconds later, the attendant called out, "Winner on number nine." We now had enormous stacks of chips before us.

"Please," I said, "take me out of here. I feel a trifle—lightheaded."

"Once more," he begged. "You're hot, Amanda. Can't stop now!"

"It's not a question of heat," I insisted. "It's the smoke."

"What number now?" he begged.

I made my calculations. "Four," I said, and turned away from the table. He was so busy watching the wheel that he didn't notice.

I walked over to the door. I needed fresh air. I stumbled on a piece of loose carpet. I felt a hand reach out to steady my arm. "Thank you," I said, turning. "Not at all," said a young man. His face seemed vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place him. I knew I had seen him somewhere before, and quite recently. Then I remembered. He was the man in the armchair in the lobby of the Desert Castle, just this afternoon!

I withdrew my arm from his grasp. "Excuse *me*," I said.

"May I speak to you for a moment?" he asked.

"I am not in the habit of speaking to strangers," I said. "At least, not twice in the—"

Behind me, Mr. Ellison cried, "Amanda! You did it!" He seized my arm. In his other hand was a thick sheaf of bills. "Look!" he said. "We've busted the joint. Come on, let's get out of here—and fast."

"Fine," I said. "I never wanted to come here in the first place." In another moment, we were back in his convertible. "Here's your share," he said, pushing some of the bills into my hands.

"Money, money, money," I said. "Engraved paper." I gave it back. "You keep it. It means so much to you."

"Amanda, honey," he said, "you can say that again."

"Please," I told him. "Start the car. I need fresh air."

"Yes, indeed you do." He pressed the starter. "Where to?"

"Anyplace without a roulette wheel," I said.

We drove down the highway. A night breeze blew through my hair. "This is lovely," I said.

A FEW moments later I said, "Dr. Zinsser is an idiot, but he's right. I haven't had a headache all evening."

Mr. Ellison didn't answer. Quite abruptly he slowed down and turned off the main highway onto a bumpy, rutted dirt road. "Where are we going?" I asked. He paid no attention, but peered into the rearview mirror. "They *are!*" he said.

"Who are what?" I asked.

"I'm going to lose them," he said to himself. I turned and looked behind us. Far down the road a pair of headlights seemed to be coming in our direction. "What's the trouble?" I asked.

"We're being followed," he said.

"Who cares?" I said. "It's a free country. If they want to use this road, the Constitution guarantees them that right." Mr. Ellison kept on driving. We bumped and rocked along, and then we came to a fork in the road.

"I'll lose them," he said.

"Please," I asked, "who is *them?*"

"They're the boys," he replied.

"Adolescents? And you're avoiding them?" I asked.

"Darn' right," he said.

"You, a grown man, afraid of teenagers?" I said. "Really, Mr. Ellison, I'm surprised."

We jounced on down the road, which was by now nothing more than a wagon track. "Baby," said Mr. Ellison, "I *am* afraid. Unless I'm mistaken, those are the boys from the Ritz Casino." He slowed the car down, looking again into the rearview mirror. Then he relaxed. "I think we lost them." He turned and looked back, peering into the night.

"All this fuss," I said. "One would think we'd done something wrong."

He stopped the car. "If you don't think breaking the wheel at the Ritz Casino is wrong, sugar," he said, "you must be kidding. Or you're just plain stupid."

"Stupid!" I said. "I thought Texans were supposed to be gallant." I moved over to my own side of the front seat. "I think you can take me home now, Mr. Ellison. I've had enough cross-country riding."

"Not before the area is safer," he said. "I apologize," he added, switching off the headlights. "I should have my head examined, speaking that way to you. Why, Amanda, you're the absolute tops. With your formula, we'll go far. Of course, we may have to use disguises; we won't be able to hit a joint more than once, but—"

"Must you talk so much?" I asked. "Here we have this lovely night and those beautiful stars, and all you can do is discuss financial matters."

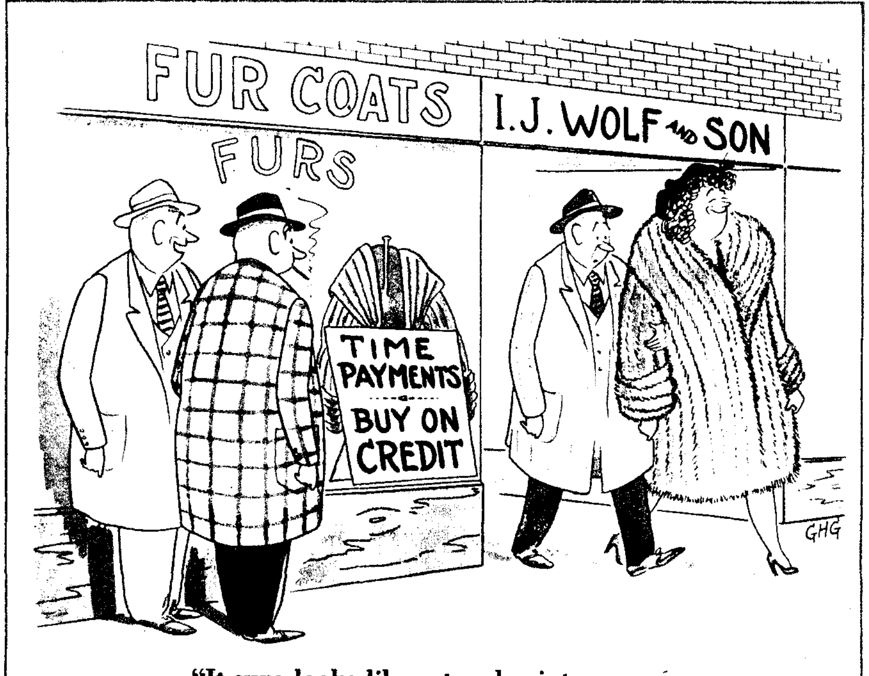
"Excuse me," he said. "I was carried away." With that, he reached over and pulled me close to him. He kissed me, a very pleasant kiss.

"Mmm," I murmured, "my head never felt better."

"When we're through with Vegas," Mr. Ellison whispered into my ear, "we'll hit Reno. Then Mexico. Cuba. South—"

I silenced his Cook's tour with another kiss.

After a moment, Mr. Ellison pulled roughly away from me. Bright, blind-



COLLIER'S "It sure looks like a tough winter ahead for Jones. His wife just put on an extra heavy coat of fur" GEORGE H. GREEN

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GRADE A
Baby Ruth
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ing light filled the night around us. "They're here!" he cried and he pushed open the door of the convertible and vanished into the desert darkness. Before I hardly had time to cry out, a large sedan roared up behind the convertible, and a man jumped out. He ran up to where I sat, pulled open the door, and seized my arm.

"Let go!" I cried out, and pushed him away.

"You'd better come with me, Miss Putnam," he said, shining a flashlight into my face.

"I'm not going anywhere with you, least of all back to the Ritz Casino! And you can tell that to the rest of your boys!" I said.

"There's been a misunderstanding," he said, reaching into his hip pocket. Instead of producing a gun, as I fully expected him to, he took out his wallet. Pinned to it was a small badge, and inside the flap was an identification card. "I'm Parsons, from the local office," he said, "assigned to keep an eye on you." He turned the flashlight to his own face. "Remember me?" He was the man from the lobby of the Desert Castle.

"To keep an eye on me?" I said. "Whatever for?"

"You're a rather important person," he said. "And when we saw you get mixed up with your gentleman friend, Mr. Bang-Bang Spencer—"

"My escort," I said, "whom you have just frightened off into the desert, is named Tighe Ellison."

"He is this week," said Mr. Parsons. He motioned toward the sedan. "Come on, let's get back to town. You'll be safer there."

"What about Mr. Ellison's convertible?" I asked.

"Spencer," he insisted. "Well, if I know Bang-Bang, it's probably stolen. We'll check tomorrow. You see, Miss Putnam," he explained, starting his car, "you got caught in a little cross fire. You hit the wheel at that club near the Desert Castle pretty hard. Near as I can make out, the mob that has muscled in on that joint didn't appreciate you and your system."

"It wasn't a system," I said. "It's pure mathematics."

"Whatever it was," he continued, "the gang got cute and assigned Bang-Bang, one of their more refined types, to steer you down the road to the Ritz Casino, where an opposition gang has taken over."

"The Ritz Casino?" I asked. All of this was most confusing—and dreadfully disillusioning as well. "You mean his attentions were not—spontaneous? They were—calculated?"

"Calculated to break the Ritz Casino," he said. "By the way, how much did you hit that wheel for?"

"Heavens!" I cried. "Mr. Elli—I mean, Bang-Bang has all the winnings! In his pocket!"

MR. PARSONS gave a short laugh. "In that case," he said, "that's probably the last Nevada will see of *him* for quite some time. And he won't be missed either."

We rode back to Las Vegas in silence. Finally Mr. Parsons spoke. "I'm sorry I had to bust in on you like that," he said, "but I had to. Heaven knows what might have happened to you if those Ritz Casino boys *did* get to you."

"There's a plane out of here at midnight," he said. "I'll see to it that you're on it."

"Oh, no," I said. "I have important work tomorrow—"

"Look, Miss Putnam," said Mr. Parsons. "I have authority in these matters. In your line, you're a Very Important Person. You also happen to have some kind of system. The gangsters in this area don't appreciate people busting their pet cashboxes open left and right. By tomorrow morning you might not be all in one piece. So, back you go to where you can stay safe and sound and far away from roulette wheels."

I was too depressed to argue.

I TOLD Dr. Zinsser, "It *is* your fault! All that unscientific nonsense about going dancing and vacations and not wearing Oxfords. Just look what's happened to me!"

Dr. Zinsser lighted his pipe. In the face of my accusations, he remained impassive. "I know your pride is bruised—" he began.

"It's not my pride!" I insisted.

"—but after all, Amanda," he continued, "you're not the first beautiful girl who's been taken in by a sharpie."

"I wasn't taken in!" I said. "At least, not completely."

Dr. Zinsser nodded, brushed ashes from his jacket, and smiled. "It's lovely to have you back, Amanda," he said. "Xxxxxxxxx, Xxxxx, has been a dull place without you."

"I was only gone two days," I said.

"It seemed an eternity," he said. He came around from behind the desk and absently began to take my pulse. "You say the headaches vanished while you were in Nevada?"

"And returned this morning, when I went to work on xxxxxxx the xxxxxxxxx." His fingers stroked my wrist. "Doctor," I asked, "why are you always taking my pulse?"

"Am I?" he asked.

"What else could you do with my wrist?" I asked him.

He smiled. "Hold it," he said. "To get back to your story," he continued, "what about the money you won in the first club, the one near the Desert Castle?"

"Oh, I have all of that," I said. "But Mr. Parsons advised me to put it into the bank."

"A wise idea," said Dr. Zinsser. "Banks are the safest place in our society."

"I'm not saving it," I told him. "It's for taxes. Mr. Parsons estimates I'll owe the government at least seventy-six per cent of it." Dr. Zinsser released my wrist, and with one hand began to massage my forehead. "Doctor," I said, "I've tried massage. It's of no use whatsoever in driving away the headaches."

"This," said Dr. Zinsser, "is not a massage, Amanda."

"It's not?" I asked. "Then, for goodness' sakes, what *are* you doing?"

He leaned over me. "Making a pass, Amanda," he said. And with that, he kissed me.

A moment later he released me. "Doctor," I said, faintly, "is what you're doing medicinal?"

"Who knows?" he said.

"I must get back to xxxxxxx," I insisted.

A few minutes later, the doctor smiled fondly at me. "Now," he asked, "how's the old headache?"

"What headache?" I replied.

The doctor grinned. "Now that is the kind of talk I like. I love a patient who responds to treatment." . . .

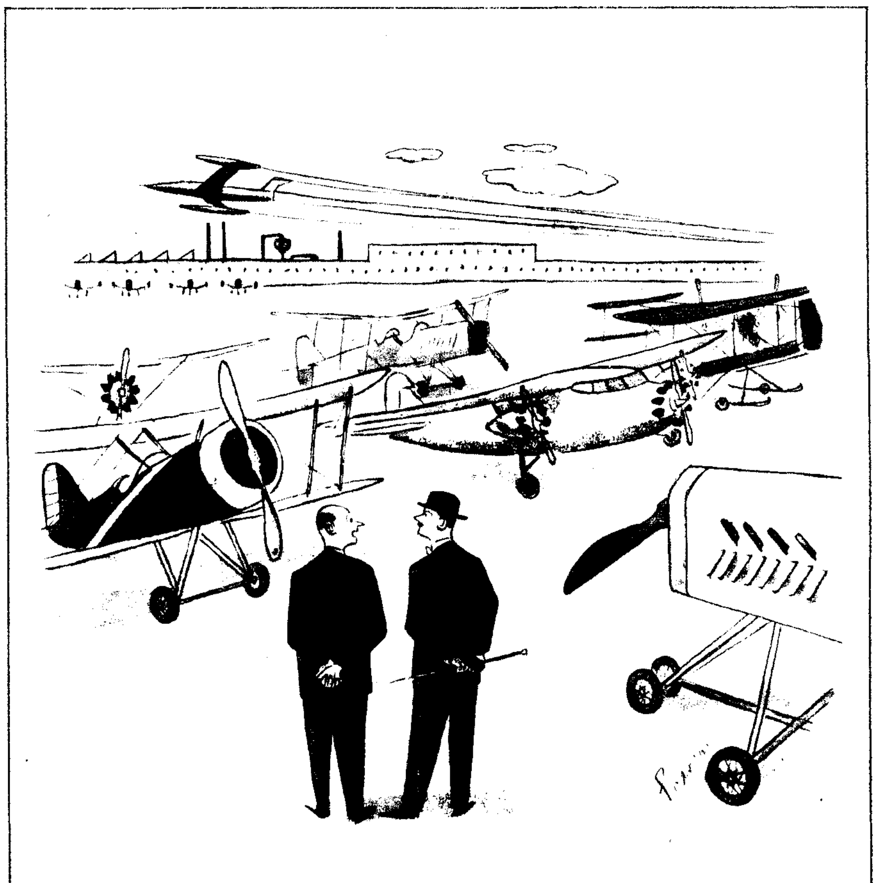
As I said before, it's all Leonard Zinsser's fault.

He's thought of everything. We're both taking our vacations in January; we'll leave Xxxxxxxxx, Xxxxx, for three weeks' combined honeymoon and holiday. We're going to spend most of it at a dude ranch in Arizona.

When I suggested to him that dude ranches were expensive, Leonard smiled. "After all, dear," he said, "Las Vegas is only six hours away from this one. If we run short, we can hop up there and see if Farnham's law is still infallible."

And I haven't had a headache since we announced our engagement.

—MAX WILK



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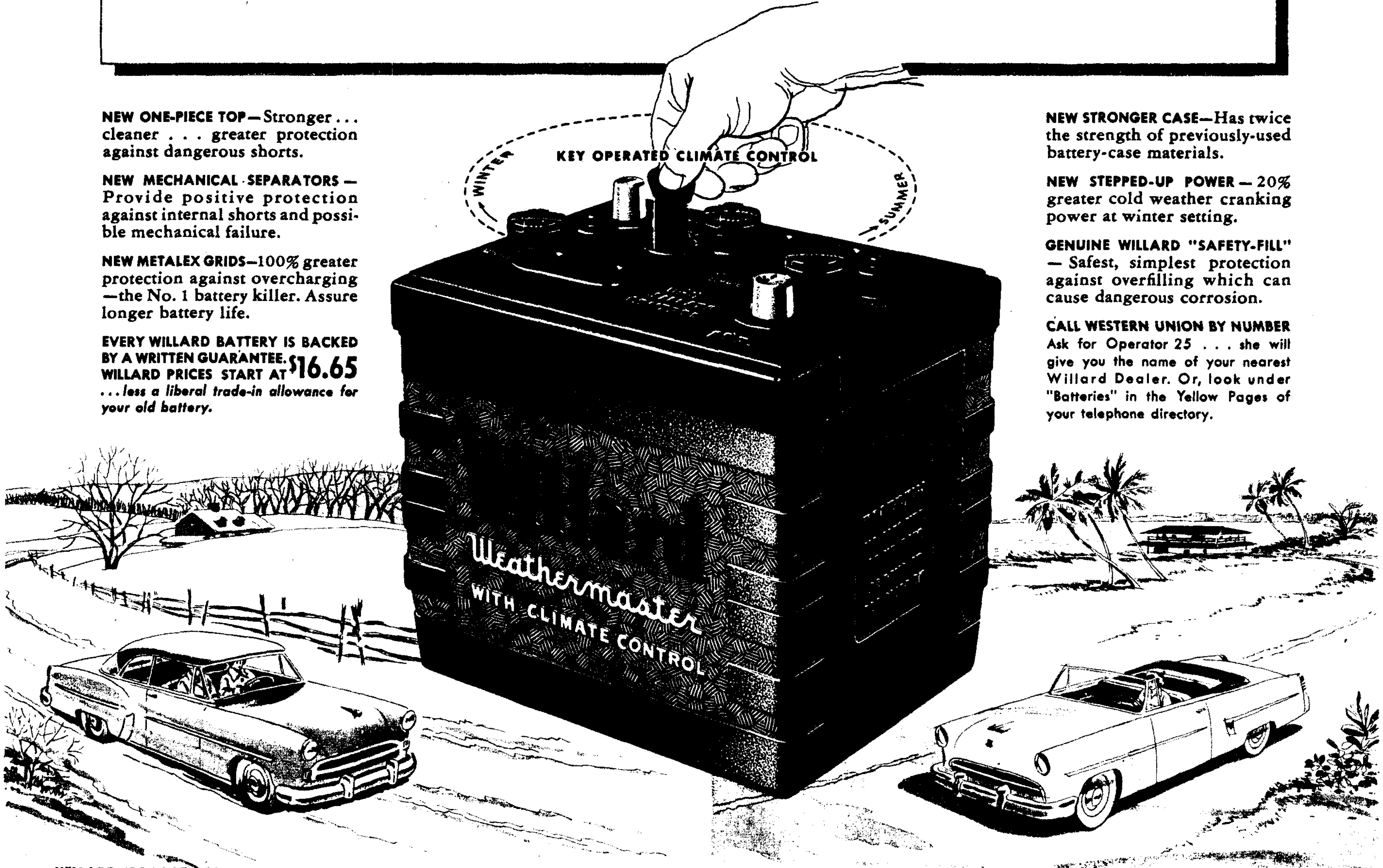

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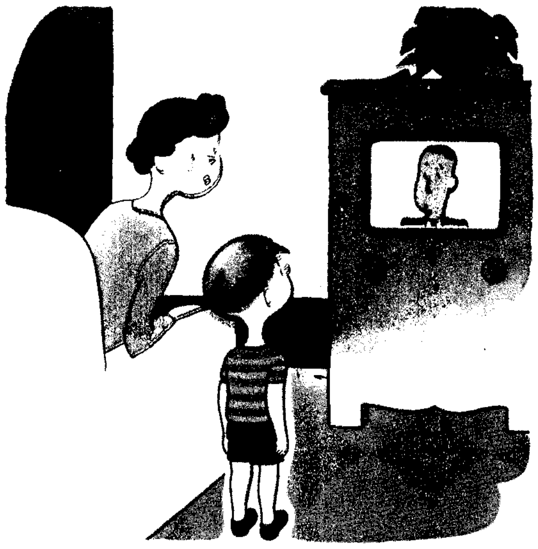
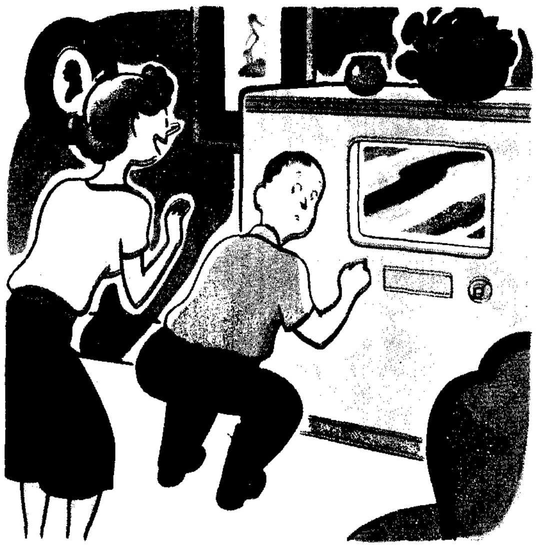
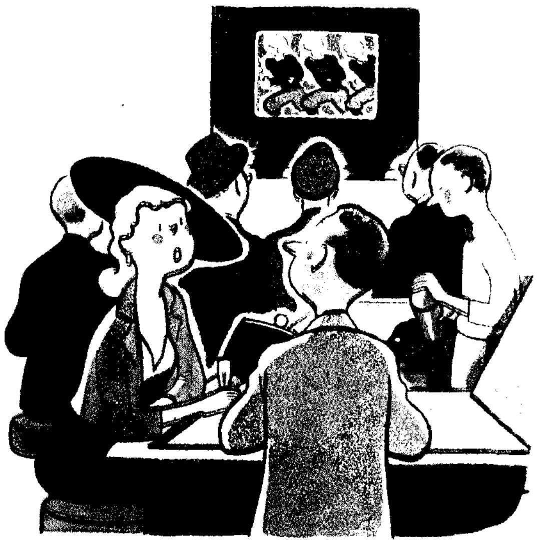


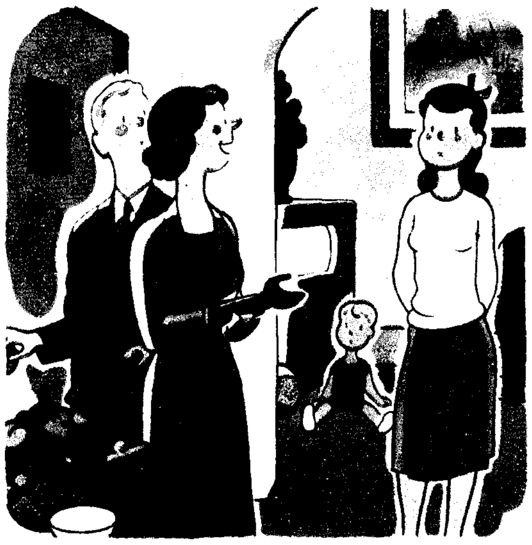
"His face is green because his wife bought an unknown brand of sardines"



"Oh, leave that; it's much prettier than that comedian"



"You mean to say Yale has *always* been blue?"



"And try to get only soothing colors before his bedtime"

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By NED HILTON

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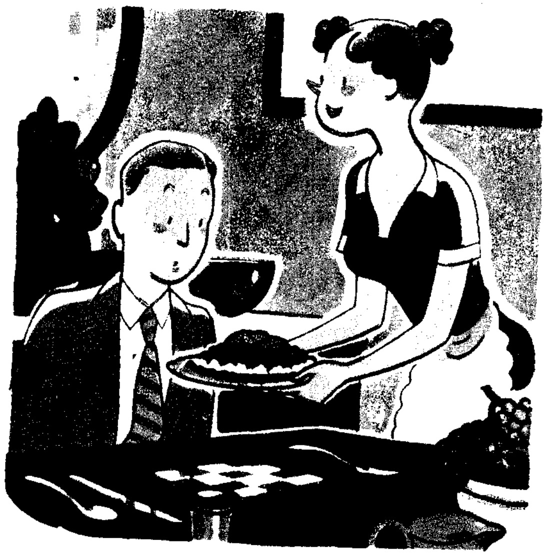
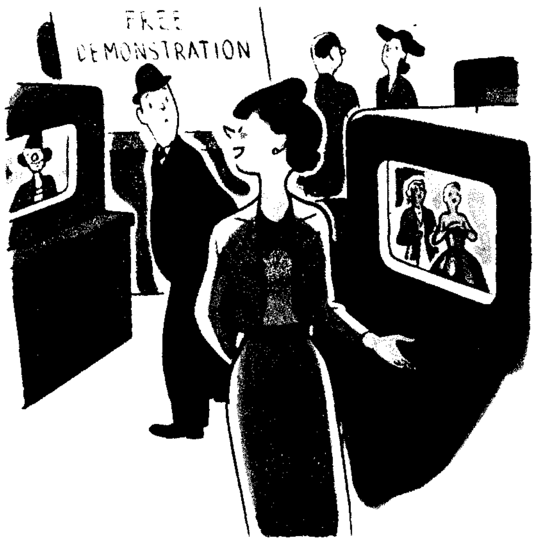
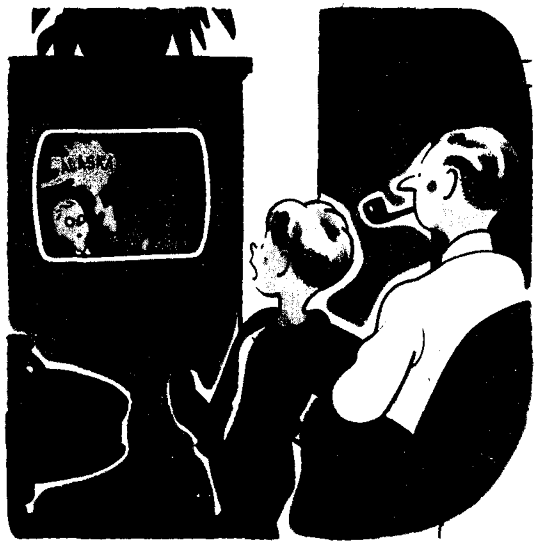


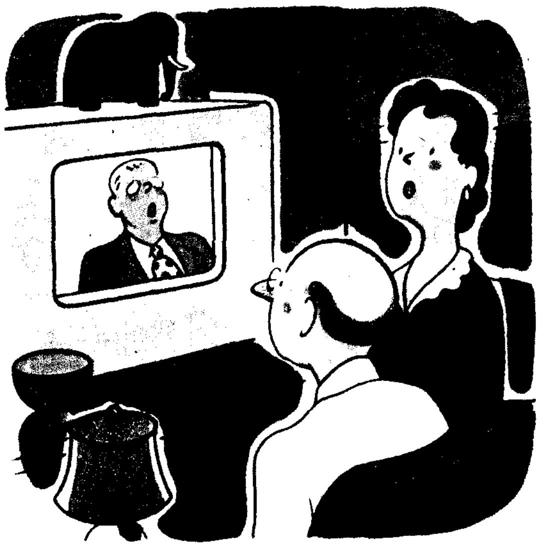
"I don't know how it tastes, but it was the best color scheme on today's program"



"Look, John, how does this program go with my new outfit?"



"In school, Canada is pink"



"I'm glad I didn't vote for him. His tie clashes with his suit"

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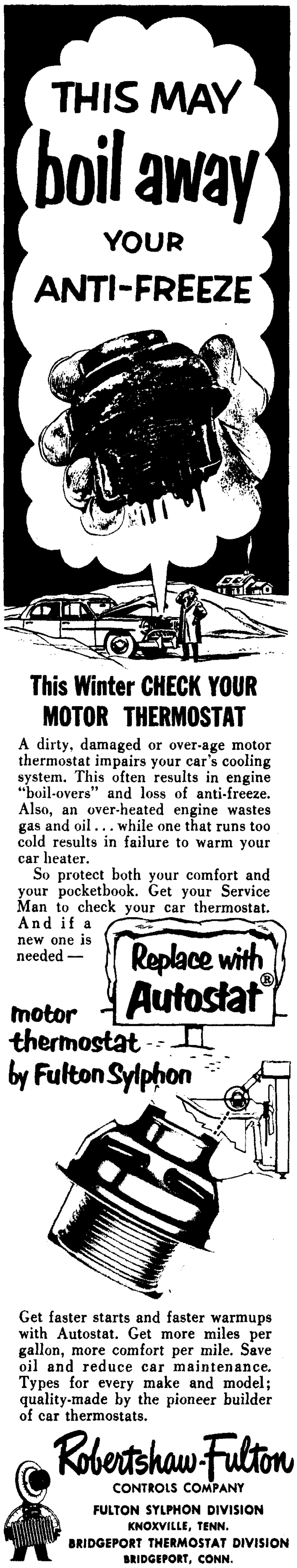
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Goal to Go

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

forth. Finally he turned and said, "How about listening to me? I said I wasn't going to play pro ball." There was a smile on his face.

"*You* aren't going to play pro ball?" Tiny said.

"That's right," Scat said. "I'm going to coach."

"You're going to coach!" Tiny roared. "Coach what?"

"Football, in high school," Scat said gently, too gently.

"You're crazy," Tiny said. "You've blown your top. If it's a fair question, when did you crack up?"

Scat didn't say anything. He began whistling through his teeth, which for no known reason was to Scat Kavanagh what a rattle is to a rattlesnake. It was a habit he'd picked up sometime in the past; he didn't know when.

Maybe it had been three years ago when, as a sophomore, he had scored his first touchdown against Ohio State, and had known that someday he'd make All-America. Maybe it had been the day in high school when the coach had set Scat's broken nose himself without an anesthetic—it was still crooked. It could have been even further back, when his next older brother had got picked up by the cops for breaking into a gas station and Mom cried for a week, or when his next to next older brother had driven a car that didn't belong to him into a ditch and broken his neck—Pop had been too drunk to identify the body. Scat had gone down with Mom.

Something about Scat's whistle made Tiny Zizza reverse his field. He said, "Look, kid, you can coach when you're too old to play ball any more. Meantime, lay up a few rocks in the bank and then you coach college—"

"A lot of kids don't get to college," Scat said, "or it's too late when they do. You went to high school, Tiny—"

Tiny Zizza said, "Three years—"

"I know—and you went on the south side of Chicago at that," Scat said. "You ought to know high-school kids need a break sometimes."

"Sure, but they don't need the best scatback in the business to give it to them," Tiny said. "They're mostly little no-goods who wouldn't know a break if it conked them on the beezer."

SCAT'S expression was so grim that Casey found it painful to look at him. He had stopped in front of Tiny, studying the big man's face; he opened his mouth to say something, and Casey held her breath. But after a moment he changed his mind. Whatever it was, he couldn't say it to Tiny Zizza.

Instead Scat said airily, "Let's say I'm a fanatic. How about that?"

But now Tiny Zizza was studying Scat; Casey could tell that an idea had come to the coach.

"Some guys," Scat was saying, "don't want to do anything but play the violin or box or drive hot rods. I want to teach high-school kids to play football."

"Okay, I always give you credit for being a smart boy," Tiny Zizza said. "At your weight, you have to be smart. Maybe you're playing it smart now. But don't push my bosses too far, don't try to push them farther than eight thousand five hundred; that's tops for a rookie, even if he's as fast as Citation. And we're not taking no for an answer. So don't give us any more of that malarkey about coaching high school. I am not born yesterday or last week."

When Casey heard the door slam, she came back in and looked fondly at Scat. "Hi, Shylock," she said, "I take it all back."

Scat sat down at the table and began drawing circles and crosses on the tablecloth with his left hand while Casey poured them fresh coffee. Once Scat had drawn a split-T formation on an examination paper in answer to a question concerning Browning's poetry. The professor had given him a D with the comment that he had a one-track mind.

"They might stand for nine thousand," Casey said.

"Could be," Scat said absently.

"Excuse me a minute, honey. I have to call Joe Zaborowski."

"Joe who?" Casey said.

"Zaborowski," Scat said, and then while he was waiting for the number he went on, "Guard two years ago. He's no intellectual giant, but you'll like him. Everybody likes Joe. He's now assistant coach at Junipero High School."

Casey felt a chill of fear. It wasn't possible that Scat meant—of course he sometimes mentioned coaching high school, but he and Artie Cochran were always talking about pro teams, weren't they? She had taken it for granted that he would play pro ball; who wouldn't? She and Scat hadn't made any road maps of their future but—well, in the end he would do what she wanted. He always had.

Into the telephone Scat said, "All I want to know, Joe, is this: am I going to have any tackles?"

"I don't know," Joe said. "It's too bad we had to lose Eddie Dunn. He was a tiger."

He did not explain how Junipero High School had lost Eddie Dunn, and Scat assumed they had lost Eddie Dunn via the usual graduation. There was no way for him to know that Eddie was a symbol. Eddie didn't know it either; in fact it was debatable whether Eddie knew what a symbol was.

When he came back to the table, Scat said, "Like everybody else in America, I'll be short of tackles."

"But Chicago has lots of tackles," Casey said.

Scat looked at her. "Did you think we were going to Chicago?" he said.

"We *are* going to Chicago," Casey told him.

Up to that moment, Scat had believed they were one.

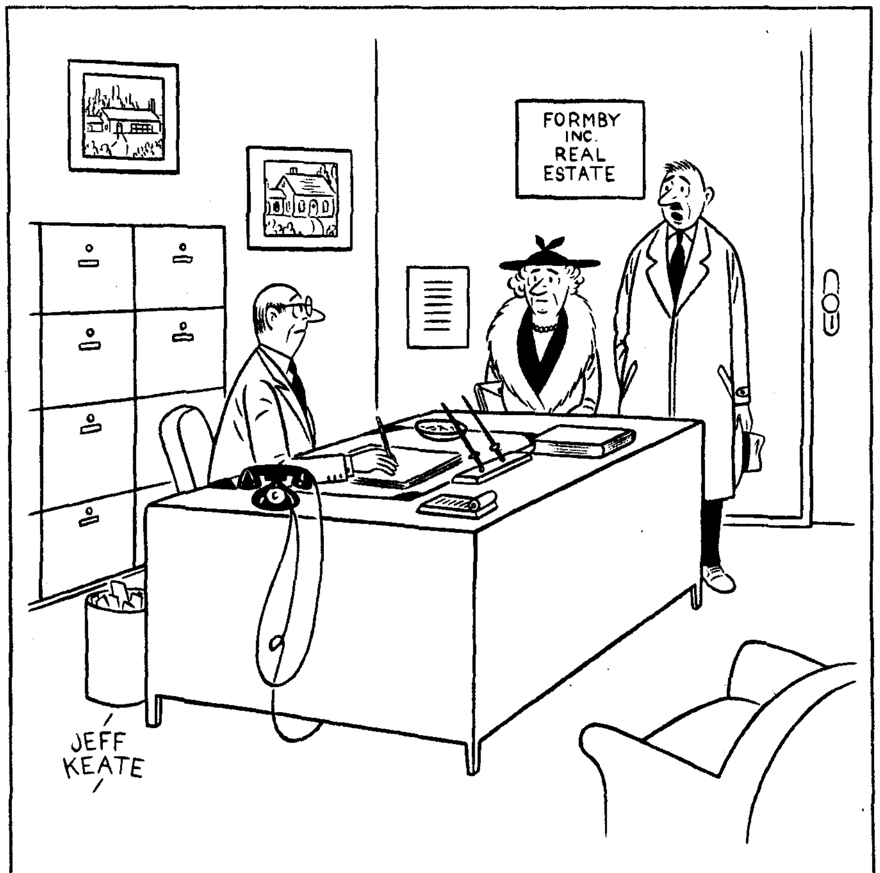
ONLY an hour ago, waiting for breakfast, they had sat together watching the morning light change on the desert, their hands clasped. He had had a vision of them spending the rest of their lives like this; he'd felt at peace.

Peace was a new sensation to Scat Kavanagh. He was a competitive young man; he believed in competition. From the day of his arrival as the youngest of Doc Kavanagh's nine kids—five of them older brothers—Scat had had to fight for everything he got. If he had been an articulate person, instead of a simple and uncomplicated young man, he would have said the competitive spirit was necessary. Pioneers competed against Indians, farmers against the weather, aviators against the fact that man was not born to fly, doctors against disease, good men against injustice and free people against tyranny.

Though he never said anything about it because people would think he was alibiing, Scat had been sorry that he had not been able to pass his Army physical, like so many athletes. He would have liked a crack at competition against Communism in Korea.

But the peace he felt with Casey was a new and wonderful experience, something he had never expected to find.

He had never been in love before. Athletics had always held his full at-



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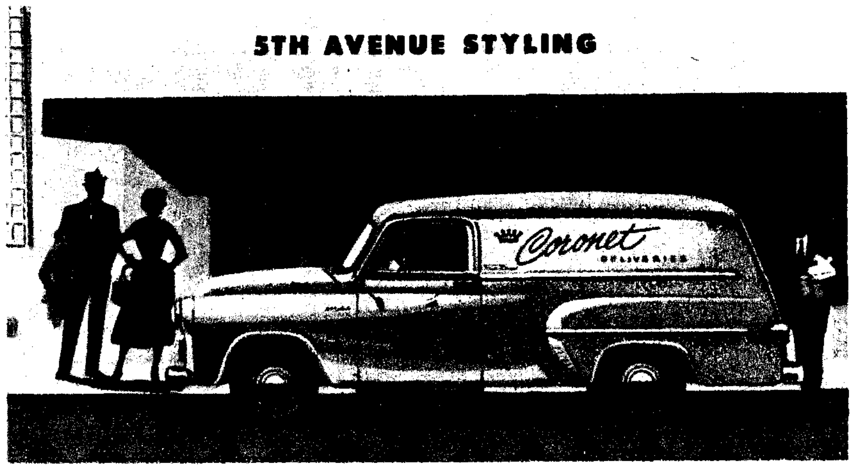

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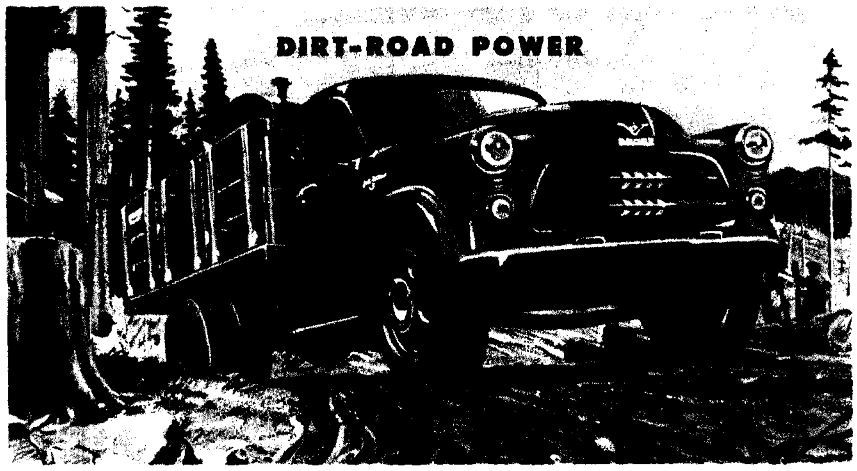

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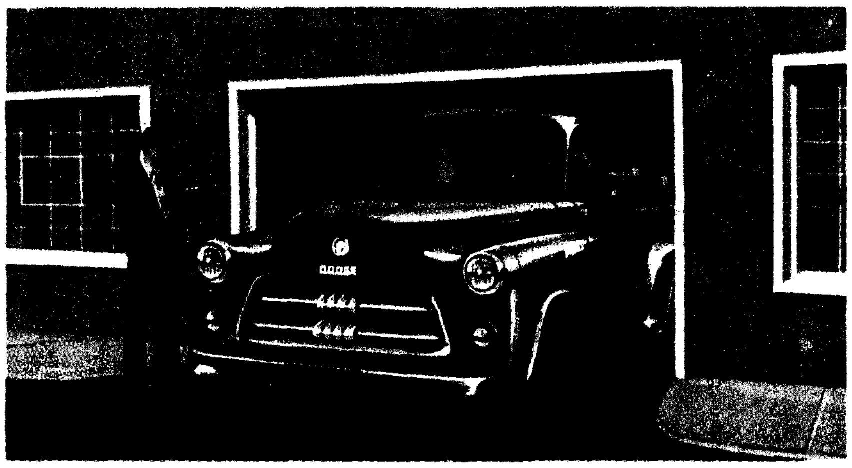

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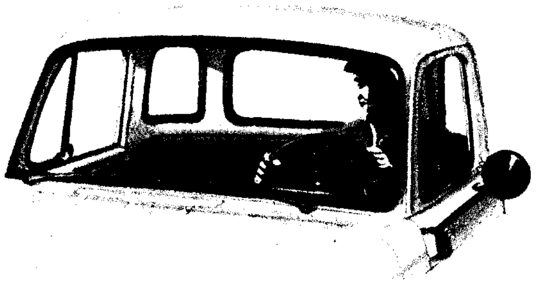

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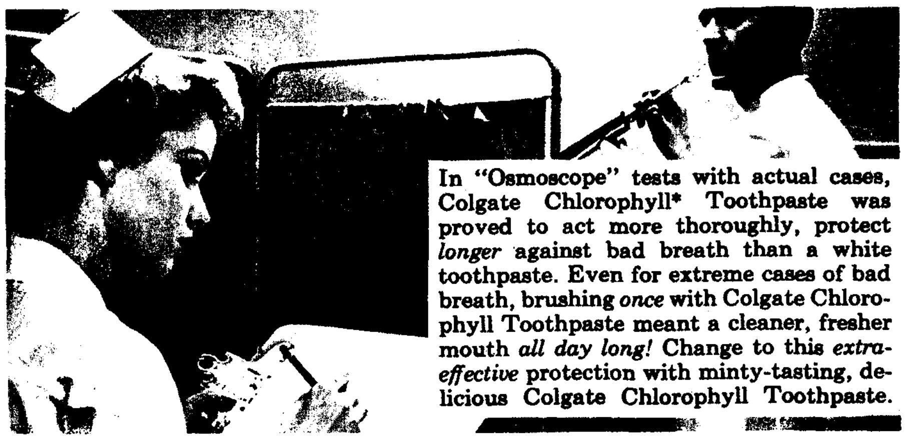

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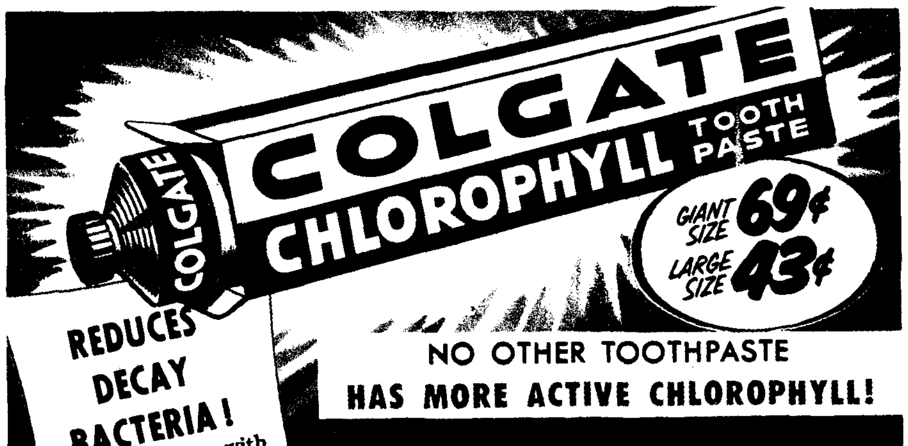

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tention. Then one day as he was walking by the Administration Building, he saw a girl's face framed in the reddest hair he'd ever seen. All his life, Scat had had a secret weakness for redheads.

Being a wheel on campus, Scat said hello to hundreds of people each day. And so he said hello to the girl with red hair and she said hello back. And though he couldn't have explained why, he knew at once that she was his girl, because everything looked and felt different, everything was right.

Now they were Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh. And *Mrs.* Kavanagh had just said, "We *are* going to Chicago," and the room seemed to fill with tension. The peace Scat had so recently discovered was gone. Casey was against him.

SCAT had expected pressure for him to sign with Chicago. His dad, who made a career of being the great Scat Kavanagh's old man, would be heard from. The papers would ride him as a holdout for more dough. But *Casey*—Casey was supposed to be on his side.

"No," he said, "I'm going to coach at Junipero High School this fall."

Casey laughed. "Sometimes you're *so* funny," she said. "But now cut the comedy. You have a wife to support."

"Coaching supports lots of wives."

"Not ones like me," Casey said. "And where did this Zabrow character get the idea you'd coach in a high school in a jerk town like Junipero?"

"Joe and his wife like it," Scat said. "The town's football crazy and the only team they've got is the one at the high school. When they began looking for a new coach, Joe called me and I said, Go ahead, bid me in. It's not easy to get a good high-school job. There's red tape and teaching credentials, and you have to buck tenure—which means after a coach has been there three years they can't fire him even if he never wins. No matter *who* you are, you have to wait for a vacancy. But I'm in at Junipero. There are about three thousand kids, good tough kids. It's a good league, too: Bakerville and Tejera—"

"Have you ever *been* to Junipero?" Casey said. "It's hot and dirty and full of yokels."

Scat looked at her as if for the first time. In her negligee, she certainly didn't look like the kind of girl a man could ask to go live in a town like Junipero. Scat had come from such a town, his father had been the veterinarian; but Casey came from Beverly Hills, she had always had her own swimming pool, and she had gone to Beverly High where the kids drove convertibles. Her father was an actor who didn't have to explain an overdraft at the bank.

Also, Casey had grown used to cheers and spotlights, which they certainly wouldn't have in Junipero.

"Gracious," Casey's mother had said when they had gone to see the Shrine game in which Scat had been chosen to play left half for the West, "do they always behave like this?"

Scat had just made a thirty-five-yard gain through the favored East team, and everybody for twenty rows around, hearing Casey's screams, had known she was Scat Kavanagh's girl. Their stares were sympathetic and admiring.

Just like her father, Casey's mother decided. She thrives on excitement, drama, applause and glitter. Well, if they keep on cheering this young man, Casey's mother thought, she'll make him a good wife.

The only thing Mrs. Ashe said to Scat later was, "I hope you wear the pants," and when he looked at her in surprise, she added, "I've had to wear them myself for fifteen years—and no matter what anybody tells you, no woman is comfortable in pants."

Scat had immediately forgotten that advice but he thought of it now. He was all mixed up: he was angry and a little scared and terribly sorry for Casey. He wanted to do what she asked because he loved her, but he couldn't.

"I won't let you throw our future away," Casey said. "You can be bigger than ever. We can have a wonderful life. You can make real money. Someday, if you want to coach at a big college—"

"Look," Scat said, "you get it through your head that it's in high school the kids need—"

"The kids need!" Casey yelled. "What about us? What do we need? How much would they pay you at Junipero, if I may ask a personal question?"

"They have to hire me as a teacher," Scat said, "starting at thirty-two hundred." It didn't sound like much. "But I get two hundred extra for coaching football and two hundred for baseball—"

"A year?" Casey said. "And you're turning down eighty-five hundred?"

"Is money that important?"

"Oh, don't be such a fool!" Casey cried wildly. And then she was frightened. She had never seen him look like that before, so angry and hurt. She ran and flung her arms around him and began to plead.

It was, Scat knew, very special pleading. And then he realized that she wasn't pleading just for herself; she thought it was best for him too, and in his arms she seemed so fragile and slight, and so young. He knew now that he hadn't gone about explaining what he felt in the right way at all.

Never, even to himself, had Scat Kavanagh ever put into words the way he felt about what he wanted to do. He hadn't been able to say any of it to Joe or Artie—or even to Tiny Zizza. But with his wife he had to try.

HE ASKED her to sit down, then he squatted in front of her, his hands around her ankles, holding her, looking up at her with eyes that were shy and pleading and a little wistful.

"Kids are the only things that count, honey," he said. "It's tough to be a kid in high school. They're all mixed up; I can remember that. Everybody says the future depends on them; everybody is always telling us the only way to save the world is through education: when people know better they'll do better. Well, how are the kids going to know better? They won't listen to their folks or their teachers. But maybe they'll listen to me—because I'm Scat Kavanagh. If I say, 'Look, chum, if you play dirty, sooner or later you're going to get smeared; if you don't keep training and stay in condition, you'll get hurt; and if you're a bum when you fumble and a hero when you score, you've got to learn to let both of 'em roll off your back'—well, they'll know I'm at least a guy who knows what the score is. I'm not saying this very well, sweetheart, but—"

He stopped, looking at the cynical smile on Casey's lips.

"Wars," Casey said sarcastically, "are won on the playing fields of Eton; football is a great character builder; Kavanagh will now ride forth with a plume in his helmet and make a career of saving juvenile delinquents—"

Scat leaped up out of his crouch like a jungle cat, grabbing her waist in a crushing grip. Casey screamed, "Let me go!" He let loose of her and went into the bedroom and closed the door. He was breathing hard from the control it had taken to keep from striking her. He had bared his soul for the first time in his life, to the girl he loved, and she had laughed at him.

I hope you are going to wear the pants, Casey's mother had said.

I'll wear 'em, Scat told himself. I'll wear 'em. Wars are won on the playing fields of Eton all right—wars against kids banging heroin, or busting into gas stations, or stealing cars—and wars in towns like Junipero, where they have tough kids that nobody seems to be doing too damn' much about, can be won on playing fields, too.

He was almost dressed when the door opened, and Casey came in.

"All right, so I wear a plume in my helmet," he said furiously, "so I have a one-track mind, but at least I'm one guy who knows what he wants to do. So I'm crazy, maybe worse, maybe I'm normal, but at least I can make up my mind without a lot of psychological hogwash. So I'm a fool because I haven't got any inner conflicts; maybe you'd like it better if I had to sit around tossing a coin—heads I go to Chicago, tails I go to Junipero. Okay, when I get my squad up at Junipero I'll have thirty or forty *outer* conflicts, if Joe Zaborowski's right—good old-fashioned juvenile delinquents, some of them."

He stared at Casey but he was seeing Joe Zaborowski's rugged, battle-scarred face, seeing it the way it had been when he had said, "I don't know whether we can do it or not, Scat. They're a handful; they don't keep training; we lost every game last year. And if you come, the town will expect you to win."

"Maybe Tiny Zizza was right," he said slowly now, "maybe high-school kids are no-goods and wouldn't know a break if it conked them on the beezer. But I have to play it different; athletics kept me from being like my brothers—" He stopped. Casey was crying; he had never seen her cry.

They met impulsively, clinging, murmuring, their faces tear-streaked. He sat on the edge of the bed, holding her, saying, "There, there, honey, I'm sorry. I can see your side—"

"I didn't know I could be so mean," Casey said, "but I can't bear to see you giving up so much. Oh, Scat, do you have to?"

She turned to him, her face swollen with crying. Seeing her like this made him fiercely possessive, and very humble and grateful. His kiss was gentle and full of love.

Later, Casey was surprised to find that he still intended to coach at Junipero High School. It did not surprise Scat. He had a one-track mind. You had to make ten yards in four downs, and with fourth down coming up you always had to make up your mind whether to kick or try for the yardage.

BUT then his old man came roaring down to see him. Scat was sorry for his dad: it would be a comedown for him—nobody would buy him a beer to hear about a son coaching in high school. His old man predicted disaster and defeat. He said they would expect miracles of Scat Kavanagh at Junipero. He said all small-town high schools were rife with politics; he had a letter from a pal of his in Junipero, a bartender, who said they had kicked the old coach upstairs to physical education director. He would be Scat's boss and he was powerful.

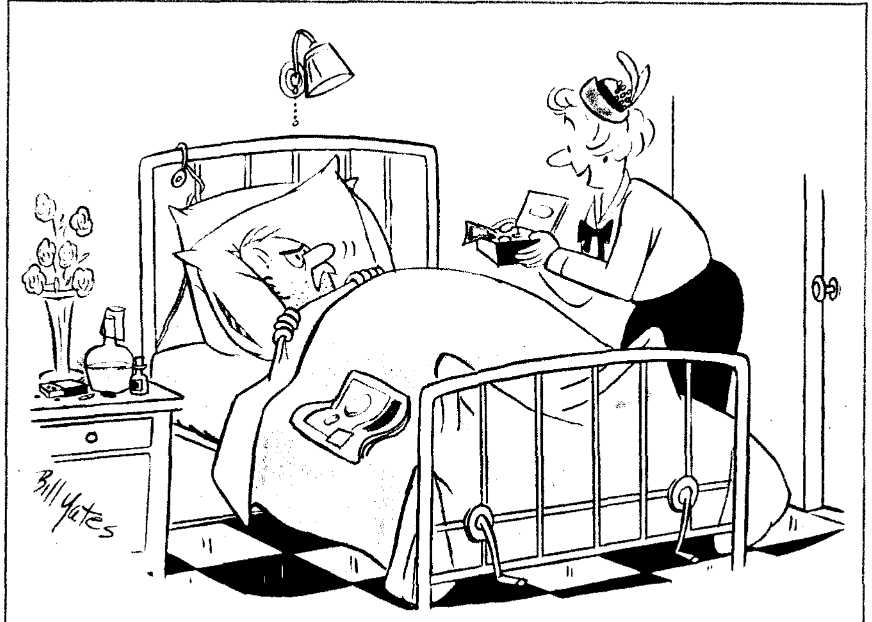
"Besides," his old man said, "you won't last a year in any high school. You're like me; you have ideas. A high school doesn't want a coach with ideas—it wants one who stays in the groove. They'll fire you the first year."

Tiny Zizza's arguments didn't bother him either, though Tiny kept coming around and raising the ante. Tiny said his bosses were on his neck; if they didn't get Scat Kavanagh, they'd get a new coach.

The only time Scat felt uncertain was one night when he and Casey were having dinner with Artie and his wife Babs. Babs was talking as usual about going to New York, and Scat was making crosses and circles on the tablecloth to show Artie a trap play for the tackle—if he had a tackle—and Artie said, "Well, I didn't know when we played the East-West game it was the last time I'd ever see you in action."

Scat felt cold and lonely. Suddenly it struck him that he was never going to play football again—the first autumn in eight years, since he was fourteen, that he wouldn't be doing the thing he loved with a real passion.

He tried to ignore the sudden desire to go back to playing, but he stayed awake all night thinking: of the moment just before the whistle blew, the moment when the ball settled in his hands, the moment when he shook off



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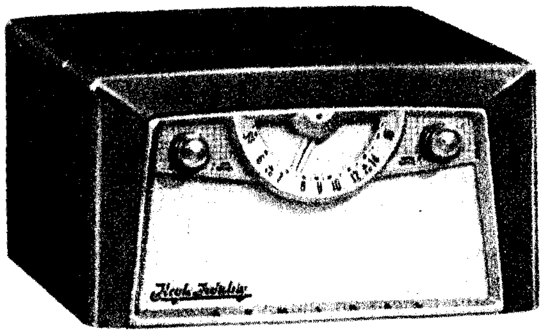

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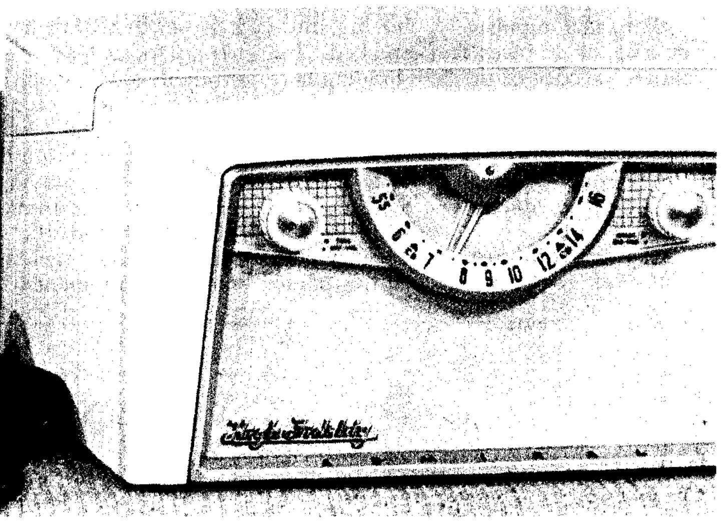

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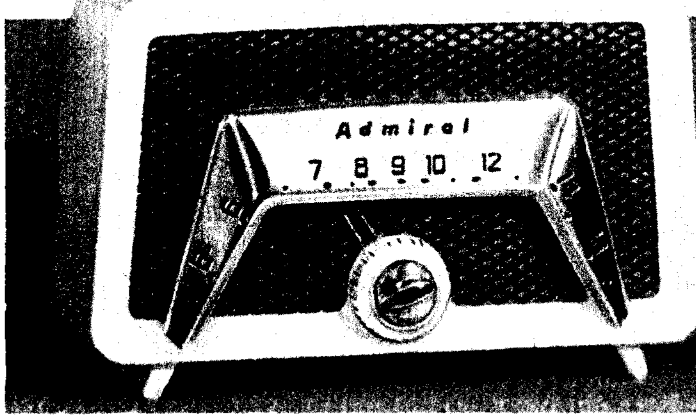

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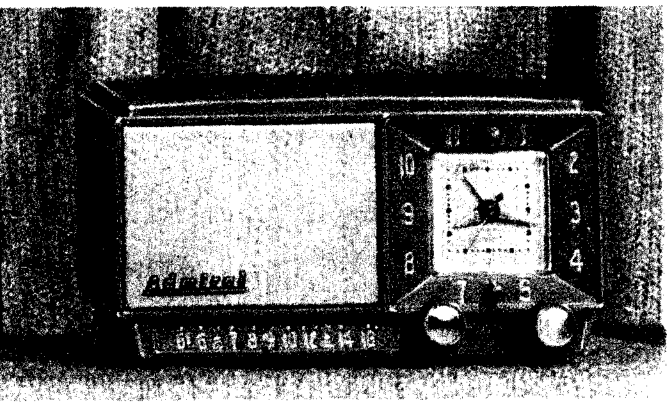

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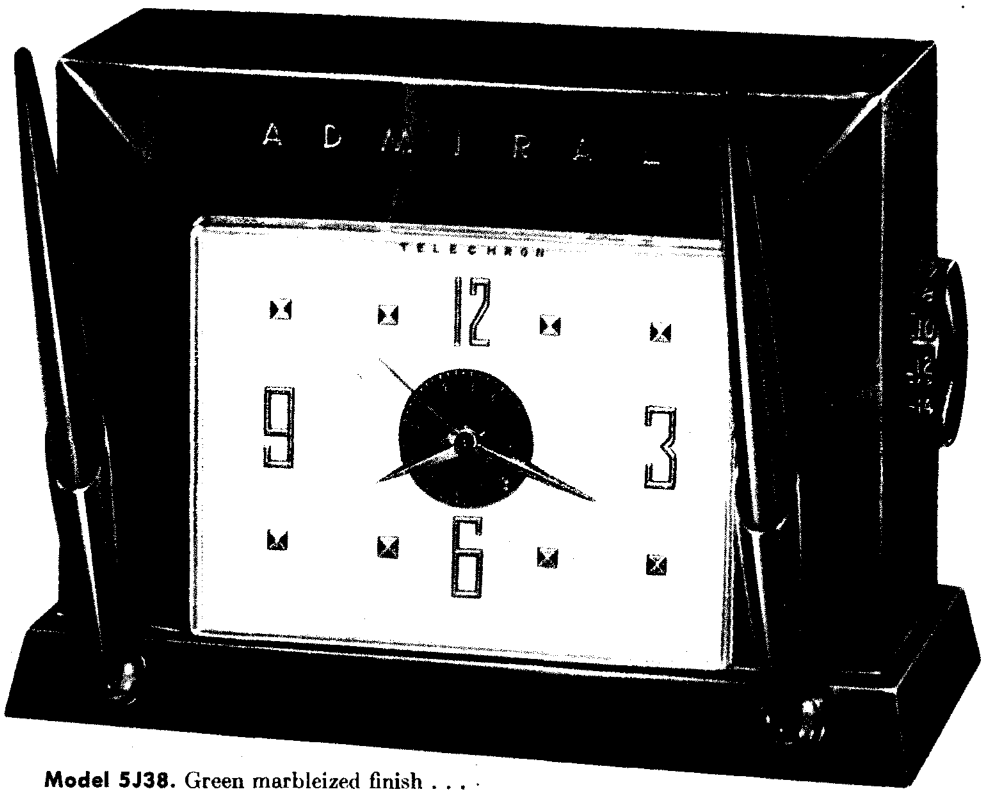

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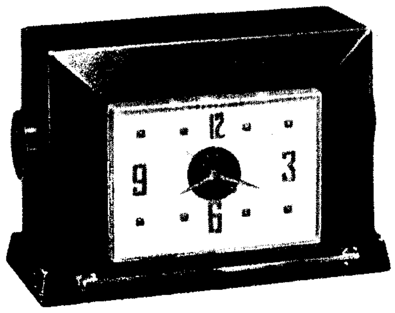

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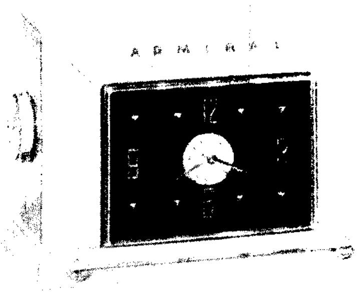

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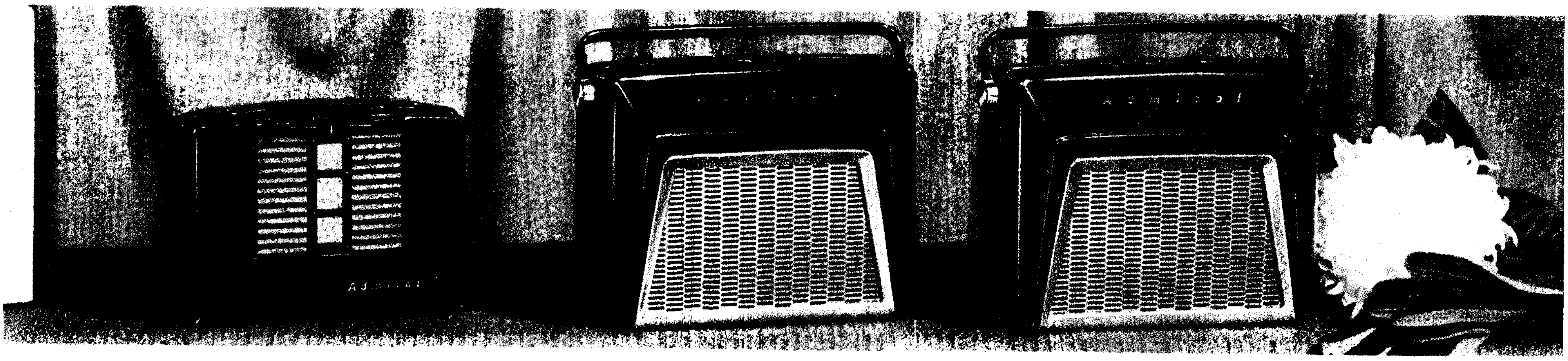

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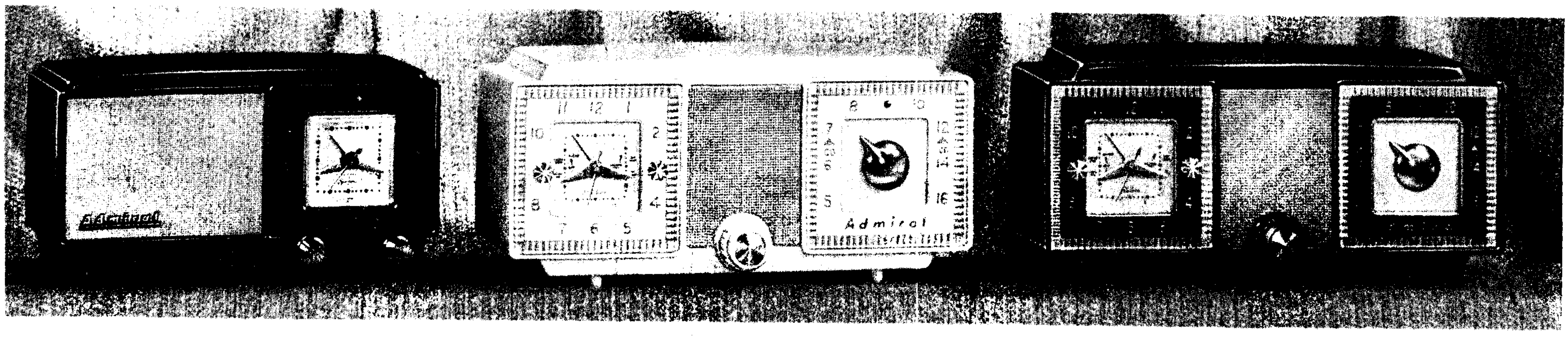

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the last tackler and saw the field clear ahead of him. He was glad when Joe Zaborowski came down the next day to talk over their plans and tell him he was going to have a great little scatback at Junipero High, a kid named Louie LeBeau.

"He's good," Joe said, "and he's fast. Only he isn't as good or as fast as he thinks he is. He's a prima donna."

By the time Joe left, Scat Kavanagh had a good idea of what he was going to be up against when he got to Junipero. But he would have Casey with him—she was going along because she loved him. The wisdom of one of his mother's favorite sayings did not occur to him: sometimes a man's enemies are in his own household.

There was one thing that Joe had failed to tell Scat, however, and that was the truth about Eddie Dunn.

ONE of Scat's first problems showed up at the second practice of the Junipero High School football squad in September. They really didn't have a good tackle.

And Casey had been right about Junipero. The town was growing rapidly. It was a thriving community, with pretty homes on the outskirts, eight churches and a four-page daily paper—which hailed the arrival of Scat Kavanagh with a feature story. But it was raw, hot and dirty, and the hottest and dirtiest place in it was the football field.

The sun beat down on the turf, baked brown and hard through the long summer. The treetops above the old green fence were motionless against a brassy-blue sky. The stands along both side lines, with only a handful of citizens who had come out to watch the practice and get a look at the new coach, looked empty and ramshackle.

Scat, standing on the fifty-yard line in an old sweat shirt and football pants, was dripping with sweat, but the way he felt, it could be his heart's blood. It was a lot tougher to show kids how to do it than to do it yourself.

In front of him, the ends and the backs were lined up, one behind the other in single file; between them was a center, and behind him the passers were lined up, also in single file. The center would snap the ball, and one after another the ends and the backs would go down, as the passers, one after another, would throw the ball out and across.

Scat watched them hopefully, his eyes searching for speed, agility and hands. Then he glanced over his shoulder to where Zaborowski was working and sweating with the guards and tackles. Scat yelled at his bunch, "Go on with your pattern," and with the catlike grace that had been so familiar to fans only a year before, he ran over to join Joe.

The tackles were doing a charging, defensive drill—if you could call them tackles.

"He can't have more than two left feet, can he?" Scat said to Joe, nodding at a boy improbably named Utz Dushick. "He seems to have a third one. And the only way he's going to stop anybody is if they run into him."

Scat could think about two things at once when one of them was Utz Dushick playing tackle, and right now he was estimating the faculty situation as it had shaped up in the two days since school started.

Mr. McBean, the principal, had been friendly and jovial. Miss Hollenbeck, the girls' vice-principal, was quick and acid, but Scat had liked her. Mr. Schmee, promoted from coach to head of the physical education department, had been lofty and patronizing, and Runciman, the boys' vice-principal, was his stooge.

Mr. Schmee was secretly known, Scat discovered, as Mr. Schmo, and he'd been against evening chalk talks. When, Mr. Schmee wanted to know, were the boys to study? He did not believe in overemphasis upon athletics.

And that thought reminded Scat of his first chalk talk.

As he'd stood in front of them, forty-five boys sitting on the floor of the gym, he had thought: Only five years ago I was where they are; when I was in high school, what did I think about my coach, how did I feel?

Joe Zaborowski had rumbled through what what he conceived to be an introduction, "—if you do what Scat Kavanagh says, we'll win games and not get beat like last year."

Scat had smiled at them. Some of them had smiled back.

"You're wondering what kind of a coach I'll be," he'd said. "I'm a coach who wants to win, because when you win it means you did things right. You got the jump, you had more spirit and more between the ears. But there are two rules I want you to start remembering right now.

"No man who breaks training can play on my football team—not even if he's as good as Crazylegs Hirsch or Dick Kazmaier. I'll give you my training rules, and the day you break one, I'll throw you off the team. I don't care if it means losing the championship. We win inside the rules."

Nobody moved, but he had seen Joe Zaborowski give him a pleading look that meant Joe hoped he didn't mean this. "And," Scat had said, "you are responsible to nobody but me. I'll help you all I can. You can come to me at any time, and nobody but me makes any decisions about this team." He wondered if the boys had understood what he was trying to tell them. Kids had their own world. It had its own rules, thoughts and language: it was as different from the adult world as if it had an extra dimension.

"There are three things I'm looking for," he had gone on, and the enthusiasm in his voice had brought the first reaction from the boys. "One: guys who want to play football; want to be the best, the best at their position, the best on the field. Every man has a right to want to be best. He may work hard and then he may not make it, but he'll have had fun trying. Two: speed. Three: guts. I don't care about size if you give it all you've got."

HE HAD begun to list his qualifications for positions, running down the line-up until he came to right tackle: key man in the line, key man on our best plays. Must be big, fast, rugged, tough, block well, trap, does a lot of double teaming, has spirit, coordination, usually he has opponent's toughest man opposite him—

Now, watching the boys work out, Scat thought: And who do I have? Utz Dushick—a 230-pound gentleman. The kid had a nice disposition, and his mother had evidently told him he must remember to be careful because he was so much bigger than the other boys. Scat wondered if he could make a man and a tackle out of that.

"Nobody at left tackle either," Joe Zaborowski said now, nodding at the group, "just a couple of fifteen-year-olds up from the B team."

A punt soared 45 yards and Scat said quickly, "Who was that?"

"Dannenbrink," Joe said.

"Well," Scat said, "at least he's built like an athlete and moves like one."

"Uh-huh," Joe said, "but he's scared. I can tell two plays ahead when he's going to decide he's hurt. And he has woman trouble."

"We'll cure him," Scat said grimly.

SCAT blew his whistle to end the workout. A boy came over to Scat. He weighed about 150, he had a pugnacious face and he looked at Scat Kavanagh with open dislike. "I played quarterback in the T last year," he said. "I don't know what I want to do in this single wing you got—it's no good."

"You're Cooky Triano," Scat said. He looked at the way the boy stood ready to move either way fast. Scat had an inspiration. "How do you feel about your teeth, Cooky?" he said.

"If you mean am I scared of somebody knocking them down my throat," the boy said, "the answer is no."

"You want to play football?"

"It depends on *where* I play."

"You're going to play left tackle."

"No, I'm not going to play left tackle or right either," Cooky said defiantly.

Scat put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Look," he said, "I need you at left tackle like I need my left arm. I know you're not big enough, but you're smart and fast, you've got gizzard and you can save this ball club. You're a T-quarterback, Cooky, but you're not a single-wing quarterback—Nebeker is. What I need are tackles."

"Yeah? It's too bad we lost Eddie Dunn," Cooky said.

"Never mind Eddie Dunn," Scat said, "I'm going to make *you* into a tackle. You come to my house nights; I've got some movies that we'll study. I know you can do it."

Cooky Triano had very light blue eyes and they were suddenly very wide open. "Okay, Coach," he said.

That still left them without a right tackle—unless you counted Utz Dushick. Scat Kavanagh's system required a good right tackle, one that could hold the line together and spark it. . . .

Scat got dressed then and went home to the cramped duplex that Casey had made so attractive with their wedding presents. The man who lived downstairs was outside watering the lawn.

"Hello, Scat," the man said brightly.

"Hi," Scat said.

"How do you like my brother?" the man said. "My brother is Mr. McBean, the principal," he went on; "he's Donald, I'm Duncan."

Scat shook hands with him. "Nice to know you, Dunc," he said. "Your brother and I get along fine; I like him."

"Good," Dunc McBean said. "There was a real hassel when Joe Zaborowski brought your name up for coach. The older members of the faculty thought you were too young. In fact they warned my brother that you would put too much emphasis on winning games."

"Where do you stand?" Scat said.

"I was on the committee that started the movement for a new coach," McBean said. "We're behind you. But if I were you I'd avoid going up any dark alleys with Mr. Schmee. If you win games this year, it will make him look bad."

"Your brother Don seems athletic-minded," Scat said tentatively.

"Well, to be honest with you, everybody thinks Don is on their side when he's talking to them," Dunc said thoughtfully. "He waits to see which way the cat will jump. I guess you'd say he's a smooth operator."

Scat heard Casey's laugh from the upstairs window and he turned and waved; then a voice downstairs said, "Duncan! Your dinner won't be fit to eat, you and football!"

"My wife," Dunc said. "How's the team look?"

"I've got a scatback and a sweet pair of ends," Scat said.

"Chester and Clarence Green," Duncan said; "you'll have to watch their grades to be sure they remain eligible."

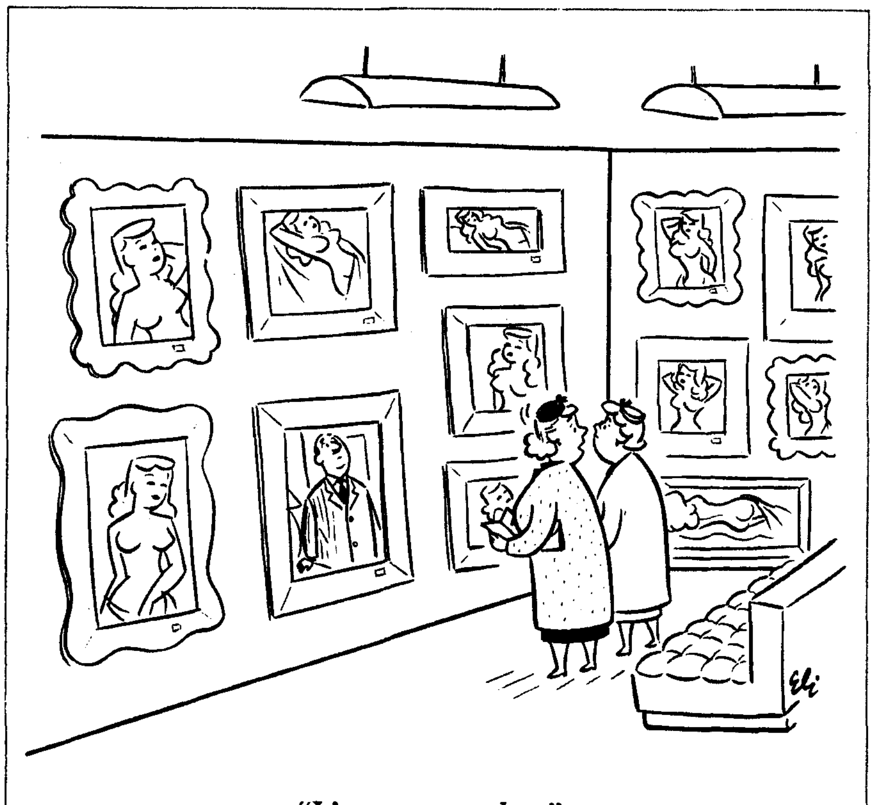
"I thought I'd set up kind of a study hall here at home," Scat said. "And I'll make a fullback out of that pantywaist Dannenbrink if I have to get in his uniform with him."

"Dannenbrink got in with a rough crowd last year," Dunc said. "He's got the idea, I fear, that it's easiest to fight with a bicycle chain in his hands."

"What I need," Scat said, "is a right tackle."

"It's too bad—" Duncan began.

"—we lost Eddie Dunn," Scat fin-



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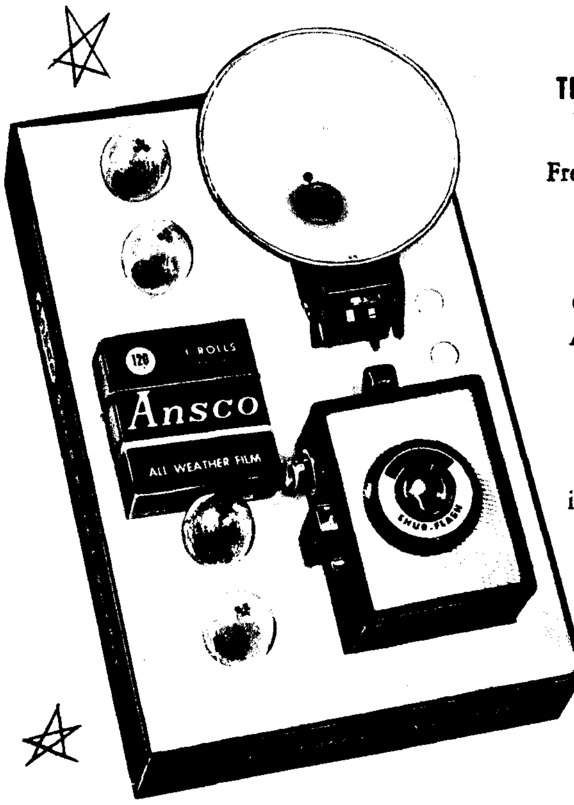

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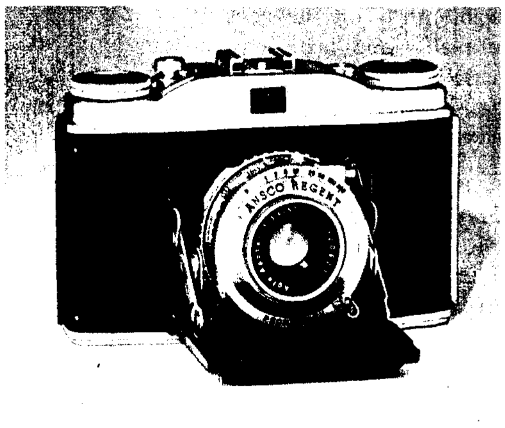

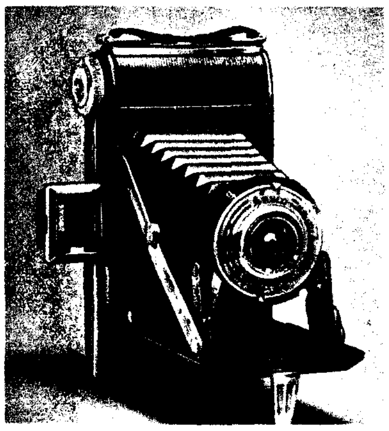

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ished. "Is it my fault the tiger graduated? I'd be the happiest man in America if he hadn't. That poor Dushick's a counterfeit nickel."

Dunc said, "But Eddie didn't graduate. The cops got him. He's in reform school." After a pause, he said, "He stole a car to take his girl joy riding. I never blamed Eddie. That girl's—"

"Clemmie," Mrs. McBean said from the porch. "She's a bad girl. There's no doubt she led Eddie Dunn astray though, because the first time he got into trouble it was for swiping some earrings for her out of a jewelry store; you remember that, Dunc. And when a boy as tough as Eddie Dunn starts stealing, he always ends up killing a cop. Dunc, come in here at once."

Dunc went in. So did Scat.

CASEY complained that dinner was spoiled, but so far as Scat was concerned it could have been sawdust. He did not even see Casey, or hear her either. He was thinking about a clash he'd had that afternoon for that matter.

Jiggers, his equipment man, had said, "This equipment's wore out, I been tellin' them for years." Jiggers, a sloppy old codger, had stood behind his counter dealing out towels while Scat Kavanagh had fitted every man on the squad with pants, pads, jerseys and helmets. "Mr. Schmo never knew nothin' about equipment," Jiggers had said. "Somebody's going to get hurt."

Scat had gone to see Mr. Schmee.

"A new broom sweeps clean," Mr. Schmee had said, "but this is not a big university such as you're accustomed to, Scat, where they spend money like water. This is a high school."

"High-school men get hurt easier," Scat had said coldly.

"Look, I coached Junipero for seventeen years," Schmee had said, "and I can point to my record with pride. We have had very few injuries."

"You were playing ring-around-a-rosy," Scat had said. "I'm going to play football. I want some new helmets."

"Mr. McBean will feel we cannot go to that expense," Schmee had said.

Mr. McBean did. But with Miss Hollenbeck's support, Scat had got them.

"If a boy was injured because of improper equipment," Miss Hollenbeck had said, "I should feel it my duty to report at the next P.T.A. meeting that Mr. Kavanagh had made this request."

Now Scat wondered if those helmets had cost him too dear.

"I had a letter from Babs today," Casey was saying. "She and Artie have seen three shows and—"

But Scat had got up and gone to the telephone. "Look, Joe," he said, "you know that juvenile officer—Fitz? Where would I find him? All right, I'll meet you in front of the pool hall."

As she watched him go, Casey thought she'd never seen him move so fast even on the football field. Maybe it was intuition, but Casey felt Scat had gone looking for trouble, and the thought of Scat in trouble turned her heart cold. But if he found it, they might be out of this stinking one-horse town sooner than she dared to hope.

The pool hall, on which Joe said the juvenile officer kept an eye, was near the town's main intersection. Inside, the place was dark except for lights hanging over the green tables. There was a murmur of voices and the sharp click of billiard balls, and there was a smell of chalk and beer and dust.

"The boss wants to see Fitz," Joe Zaborowski said to the proprietor.

"He ain't here," Sarafino said, "but stick around—he's sure to turn up."

Scat Kavanagh said, "Do you know a boy named Eddie Dunn?"

Sarafino looked at Scat and then shrugged and said, "He used to come in here. He plays a good game of rotation. But when he gets tanked up, he don't get it here. Fitz knows that."

"Fitz knows what?" a deep voice said, and Scat turned and saw the big cop, his face red and tired and sweaty.

Sarafino said, "The coach is asking do I know Eddie Dunn. I tell him the boy is a minor and so he don't get anything to drink here because Fitz knows I don't sell anything to minors."

"When I'm lookin' you don't," Fitz said. He turned to Scat. "What do you want to know about Eddie for?"

"I'd like to talk to you—outside," Scat said.

The street was almost deserted; they walked to Scat's car and got in. "How bad a kid is he?" Scat said.

"Well," Fitz said, "he stole cars and he busted into a jewelry store. And that girl he got mixed up with, Clemmie, and his folks aren't any recommendation."

Joe Zaborowski said desperately, "Look, Coach, we need a tackle but let's not get mixed up with Eddie Dunn, or we'll end up riding out of here on a rail. Slow down until you know what's going on."

They heard a high, excited little laugh, and two figures came out of the darkness. Fitz said, "Speaking of the devil—there's Clemmie now."

The girl named Clemmie had a painfully thin body and her blonde hair hung to her shoulders. The boy with her was Dannenbrink.

"I tell you she's poison," Joe said.

The two kids walked on into the darkness, the excited little laugh floating back. Scat said, "I'll take care of that. No girl is going to foul up one of my boys. The point is: Can I get Eddie Dunn paroled to me?"

Frantically, Joe said, "Mr. McBean won't like it, Scat. He won't let Eddie play football, so what's the use?"

"There's no use stewing about McBean till I see whether I can get the kid out or not," Scat said.

ZABOROWSKI shut up. He had seen that look on Scat's face before. Maybe, Joe thought unhappily, Scat is too cocky for a town like Junipero, where everything is everybody's business. He thinks we have to have Eddie Dunn to win ball games—and he's right, but he doesn't figure that this will start trouble. This will set the whole town and the whole school on their ears, and maybe Eddie isn't worth it; he's a good tackle but he's a hoodlum. Scat's sticking his neck out, and he'll get clobbered; he hasn't got tenure and he'll get fired. He's got no more caution than a tornado; he's a scatback and he's used to somebody like Artie running interference for him. Well, I'll run it all I can because he's such a sweet guy, but I'm too slow.

"I've seen smart men who ought to know better than to get mixed up with dames," Fitz was saying, "and Eddie's only a dumb, show-off kid. Anyhow, the fellow for you to see is Judge Norgaard." He paused and then said, "In fact, I'll go with you." . . .

Old Judge Norgaard sat tilted back in a swivel chair, studying the three men. Finally he said, "I never like to send a boy to reform school; it doesn't accomplish what is intended. In this case, I had no alternative. However, if you'll explain just what you have in mind, I'll listen."

Scat leaned forward, stating his case as sincerely as he could.

Maybe nobody in the room understood him, maybe nobody believed him, but now he wasn't talking about a tackle—he was talking about a poor, dumb, show-off kid whose folks were no help to him, who was mixed up with a girl who meant nothing but trouble. He was talking about his own brother who had come out of a reform school hardened in the theory that a smart guy could make crime pay. The trouble kids like his brother and Eddie Dunn got into wasn't their fault. In Eddie's case, some of the fault was Mr. Schmee's and Mr. McBean's, some of it was Sarafino's—for slipping bottles to kids, and some of it was Zaborowski's and Fitz's and Miss Hollenbeck's and, yes, the judge's, and all the citizens of Junipero and the United States. It was the fault of every man and woman that made the world a place where kids saw and heard what they did and grew up like Eddie Dunn.

Scat didn't know if he made sense, but he gave it everything he had. "Reform school won't reform him," Scat said in conclusion, "but if you'll parole him to me, I'll be responsible. I won't be soft—heck, if I were soft he wouldn't make a tackle—but maybe we can make a man of this kid."

The judge looked at Scat, and Scat wondered desperately how he looked to the judge; the whole thing might depend on whether the judge liked his looks or not. Under the judge's steady gaze, he felt very young.

The judge said, "What's your opinion, Fitz?"

"I'm for it," he said. "If he's eligible for football, and this girl Clemmie is off bounds, I'm for it."

"His home conditions are contributory," the judge said. "I can't parole him unless he has a proper place to live. Where could he live?"

"He can live with me," Scat said.

"If you can arrange it," Judge Norgaard said, "that will be satisfactory."

"What's more," Scat said, "I'll see what Miss Hollenbeck can do about Clemmie."

"You have Miss Hollenbeck's support?" the judge asked quickly. "Well, this looks much better," he went on. "Now, if you can get the approval of the school authorities, I'll parole Eddie Dunn to you. You may inform Mr. McBean of my willingness to do so—on the condition that the boy is given his sports eligibility, to occupy his time and to keep him in training."

"Mr. McBean won't do it," Joe said. "Mr. Schmee won't let him."

The judge smiled and said, "It has always been my opinion that the football coach, if he is the right kind of man, can be the most influential man for good in any high school. But perhaps you had better not tell Mr. McBean *that.*"

IT WAS a break, Scat felt, that Casey was asleep when he got home; otherwise he would have had to tell her that it looked as though Eddie Dunn was coming to live with them.

But he lay awake worrying anyhow: could Mr. McBean be persuaded to give a paroled juvenile delinquent his football eligibility? Finally, about three o'clock, he got up and went outside and threw gravel at Dunc McBean's window. Scat had begun to feel the need of allies—somebody in the town who had influence and thought Junipero ought to have a good football team with a right tackle who could carry the burden.

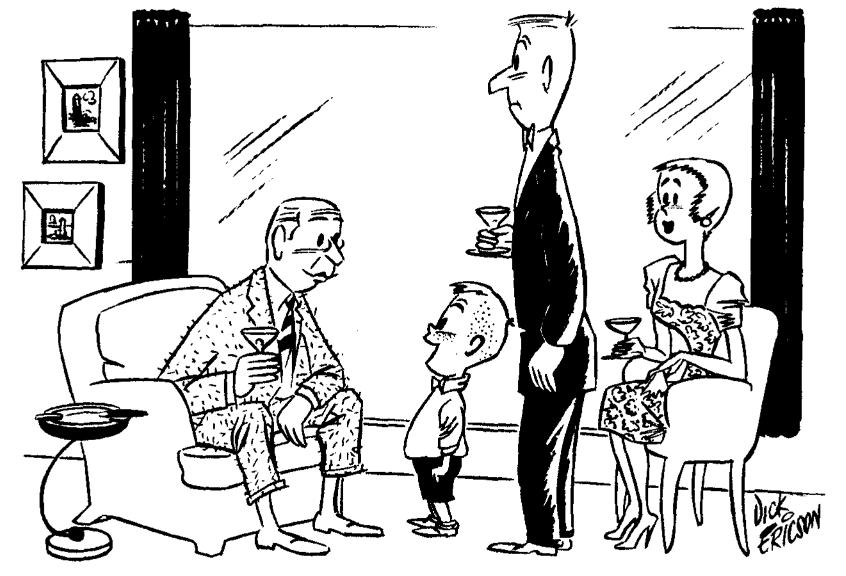
As soon as he was awake, Dunc was for rousing the town, or at least such portions of it as devoted their spare time from now through November to football—such as Hank Fanning, the editor of the paper, a football nut.

"My brother," Dunc said, sitting in his pajamas on the front steps with Scat, "is always conscious of the power of the press."

Scat vetoed this, but he felt comforted by Dunc's assurance that the man-in-the-street of Junipero would be with him. Nothing warned him that this support, once steamed up, could turn on him and tear him apart. He thought the sudden chill he felt was because he'd never gone into a big game before without Artie to take the end out for him. But as it turned out, Miss Hollenbeck was a fair substitute. . . .

It was eleven o'clock before Scat had finished his classes and could approach Mr. McBean. The principal's office was sweltering in the late September heat, but Mr. McBean insisted on waiting for Mr. Schmee and Mr. Runciman, the boys' vice-principal.

Scat was glad for the delay because he had made a hurried but impassioned plea between classes to Miss Hollenbeck, the girls' vice-principal. He wanted at least one ally at the meeting, but by the time she arrived, wearing



"So you're the boss in daddy's office! Do you bring *your* little boy lots of nice pencils and pens and paper and erasers and clips and envelopes and carbon paper and . . ."

COLLIER'S

DICK ERICSON

Otto Graham SAYS... "Buy Prest-o-lite Hi-level Battery needs water only 3 times a year

Otto Graham, star quarterback of the Cleveland Browns, in the past seven seasons has completed 1057 passes out of 1943 attempts. 137 of his passes were for touchdowns and his total yardage for passing is 17,049.

IN NORMAL CAR USE

... LASTS LONGER, TOO !"

Prest-O-Lite Battery Company, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio

SEE YOUR PREST-O-LITE DEALER FOR FREE PRO FOOTBALL SCHEDULES

her usual tweed suit and several strings of Mexican beads, Mr. Schmee was in an apoplectic fury over the idea of allowing a dangerous juvenile delinquent to participate in sports on equal terms with boys of good character.

"Am I interrupting something?" Miss Hollenbeck said, opening the door. "May I come in?" No one said anything because they all knew she would come anyway.

AT THE high point of Mr. Schmee's oratory, as he was threatening to call upon the faculty, the P.T.A., the Business Bureau, the League of Civic Morals and the Junipero Women's Club to prevent this outrage, this coddling of bad boys because they were good at games, Miss Hollenbeck interrupted.

"This may be helpful," Miss Hollenbeck said, picking up one of the books she had with her and looking at Mr. Schmee. "I am researching my speech for the parent-teacher association convention. This is The Life of George Washington; with Curious Anecdotes Equally Honourable to Himself and Exemplary to His Young Countrymen. The author says that George Washington not only believed in physical training but was also a pole vaulter. Mr. Runciman, as a history teacher, did you know that?"

"No," Mr. Runciman said acidly. "Is it important?"

"I think so," Miss Hollenbeck said. "The author speaks of how important sports can be to any young American in promoting the *kindliest* flow of spirits."

Before anyone could say a word, Miss Hollenbeck had opened another large volume. "Dear Carl Sandburg's classic: Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years," she said, tapping the book. "Mr. Sandburg records how Abe Lincoln was known as a champion in wrestling, jumping, foot racing, throwing the maul and pitching the crowbar—like a javelin, I presume. He also says Lincoln was fast, strong and keen and had a truly competitive spirit. And here, Mr. McBean, Lincoln wrote in his copybook with his own hand,

Abraham Lincoln,
his hand and pen
he will be good but
God knows when.

"Well, we know when, don't we?" Miss Hollenbeck said. "Still, it shows he had his youthful struggles to be good, like other boys with a drive and spirit that can be trained to serve mankind. When he was a young clerk, his boss said, 'Someday he will be President of the United States. He can *out*run, *out*lift, *out*wrestle and *throw down* any man in Sangamon County.' He didn't seem to have had any prejudice against winning, did he? Of course within the rules, I'm sure."

"Do you wish us to believe that Eddie Dunn may turn out to be another Abraham Lincoln?" Mr. Schmee asked.

"How can anybody tell unless we help him to good ends?" Miss Hollenbeck said. "Mr. Kavanagh, what position do you suppose Abe would have played, if they had had football when he was a boy?"

Scat grinned and said, "With his build, I kind of think he'd have been an end, Miss Hollenbeck."

"An *end,*" Miss Hollenbeck said. "How interesting!"

"What," Mr. Schmee asked in a low, controlled voice, "have Lincoln and George Washington got to do with this thief named Eddie Dunn?"

"Why, Mr. Schmee," Miss Hollenbeck said, "I think they have everything to do with any young American, don't you? And Judge Norgaard and Officer Fitzsimmons and our coach feel that there is a strong possibility of redeeming Eddie Dunn, if someone just takes a little interest in him."

"It seems," Mr. Runciman said coldly, "a most exaggerated procedure for the sole purpose of getting a tackle for a football team. If he wasn't what is known as 'a tiger at tackle,' I suppose he could stay in the reform school, and nobody would be making all this fuss about him. It seems most unjust, this favoritism for athletic ability."

"I'm only the football coach," Scat said, more hotly than he intended, "you're the boys' vice-principal. If there are some other kids in the reform school that you're willing to fight for, I'll do anything I can to help you. It seems to me it's a good thing that *somebody* cares about Eddie Dunn, even if it's only because he's a good tackle. And as a football coach, I think a boy that's a good tackle can turn out all right in other ways."

"It is most unsound to refuse to help one boy because you cannot help them all," Miss Hollenbeck said. "We must start where we can, and who knows how far the example may spread? As for the girl—Clemmie—I have had a little talk with her this morning, and she has agreed to assist us in seeing that Eddie doesn't break training. Not that Clemmie is to be trusted; she's like Delilah. But you gentlemen may rest assured that I'll keep my eye on her."

THE idea of Miss Hollenbeck keeping her eye on Clemmie was almost too much for Scat, but he managed to say, "His scholastic record's okay. I have it here. He's got close to a B average, and I'll see that he keeps it."

"It sets a most unfortunate precedent," Mr. Schmee said loudly, "a ward of the juvenile court allowed to compete. I question its wisdom. I question its decency and justice. Moreover, I know Eddie Dunn, and Scat doesn't. Eddie is a bad boy. Scat won't be able to handle him, and then where will we be? A most unfortunate scandal can be the result. Eddie is a *bad* boy."

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," Miss Hollenbeck said softly but very clearly.

Actually, from the moment of Miss Hollenbeck's entrance, there had been no doubt of the outcome. Scat Kavanagh, in a football-mad community, and Miss Hollenbeck, with her hold on the P.T.A., were too strong for Mr. Schmee's hitherto unquestioned domination of Junipero High School's athletics. And, as his brother had said, Mr. McBean was conscious of the power of the press, which, with Hank Fanning—a football nut—at its helm, would be on their side.

"Well, Scat," Mr. McBean said with a tone of finality, "you are taking on a big responsibility. You understand that if any difficulty arises I shall be obliged to hold you responsible?"

Scat won't last a year at any high school. He pops off. He has ideas. He'll get fired the first year. His old man had said that, and Casey. They had to be wrong.

As he walked out of the principal's office, Scat Kavanagh was overcome with a great desire to *see* Eddie Dunn. And as he rode home with Mr. McBean, he got to thinking what he had staked on this boy: there were nine ball games, his job and his reputation—and his head and his lifework as he saw it and, it soon developed, his wife. He had stuck his neck out, all the way out, and he had never even *seen* this Eddie Dunn. Maybe he would have been better off if he'd never *heard* of Eddie Dunn. Eddie had better be the best high-school tackle since Moomaw. He had also better be a good boy, which nobody seemed to think he could.

Casey was standing on the steps watching Duncan McBean work in the yard when they drove up, and as Scat got out, Mr. McBean said, "Hello, Duncan; good evening, Mrs. Kavanagh." Casey came down the sidewalk, smiling, and said, "How very nice to see you, Mr. McBean."

"So this is the little lady who is taking a new boarder," Mr. McBean said brightly. "Mrs. McBean has stood shoulder to shoulder with me in education for many years, but I'm not sure *she* would agree to having our home shelter a ward of the juvenile court. You young people think you know best. I like to co-operate in these experiments, but as I have explained to your husband, Mrs. Kavanagh, the full responsibility is his. Well, I'll be out to practice tomorrow, Scat. There is great interest in the team this year, my boy." And then he drove away.

THE living room was almost dark, but neither of them stopped to turn on the lights. "I won't do it," Casey said, "that's all there is to it. I will not have that boy in my house!"

"It's my house too," Scat said; "you've never even seen him."

"Neither have you," Casey said.

Playing for time, Scat went and turned on a table lamp. In its light he saw Casey as he had never seen her before: white-faced, with blazing eyes and tight lips and a belligerent chin.

"Sleeping on the couch in my living room," Casey went on, "using my bathroom, underfoot so we'd never have a meal alone—maybe get murdered in our beds for all you know! I don't see how you can ask me."

"Honey," Scat said, "why do you think we came here—"

"Why *you* came here," Casey said.

"I'm the guy you married," Scat said. "It can't be you or me, it's got to be us. We're one."

"And you're the one," Casey said. "Listen to me, Scat Kavanagh. If he puts one foot in this house, I'm leaving. This is too much. I won't have it."

It's that old fool McBean's fault, Scat thought, busting it to her the way he did when I was going to tell her tonight when we were in bed. He had discovered that Casey was most persuadable in bed.

"If he comes, I go," she said.

They both had violent tempers, and Scat had had a sleepless night and a rough day; he had less control than usual. "No," he said quietly now, much too quietly, "you'll stay right here, even if I have to chain you to the bedpost."

She stared at him, her eyes furious.

"I'm bigger than you are," Scat said, "and don't think I'm afraid to touch you. I wear the pants around here."

"That's what you think, you and your damn' football," Casey said, and walked into the bedroom, and Scat heard the key turn. . . .

Downstairs, Mrs. McBean said, "It's awful quiet up there."

Duncan McBean nodded. "Women!" he said bitterly.

He said it again two nights later when he came around the corner of the gym after a seven-to-nine football practice that Scat had called for night because of the heat. It had been a long, hot practice, with Eddie Dunn playing tackle.

The overhead lights on the path from the field to the gym were on now. There was no mistaking the girl who came out of the deep shadows. Nor could Dunc fail to recognize the big kid in football uniform, sweaty and dirty, swinging his helmet as he walked wearily to the showers.

"Why, hello, Eddie," the girl said. The big kid halted.

"Are you mad at me, Eddie?"

Eddie Dunn started to go on by her, but she put her hand on his arm.

"I'm awful glad you're back," the girl said. "Don't be mad at me, Eddie. I have something to tell you."

—ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(This is the first of two parts)

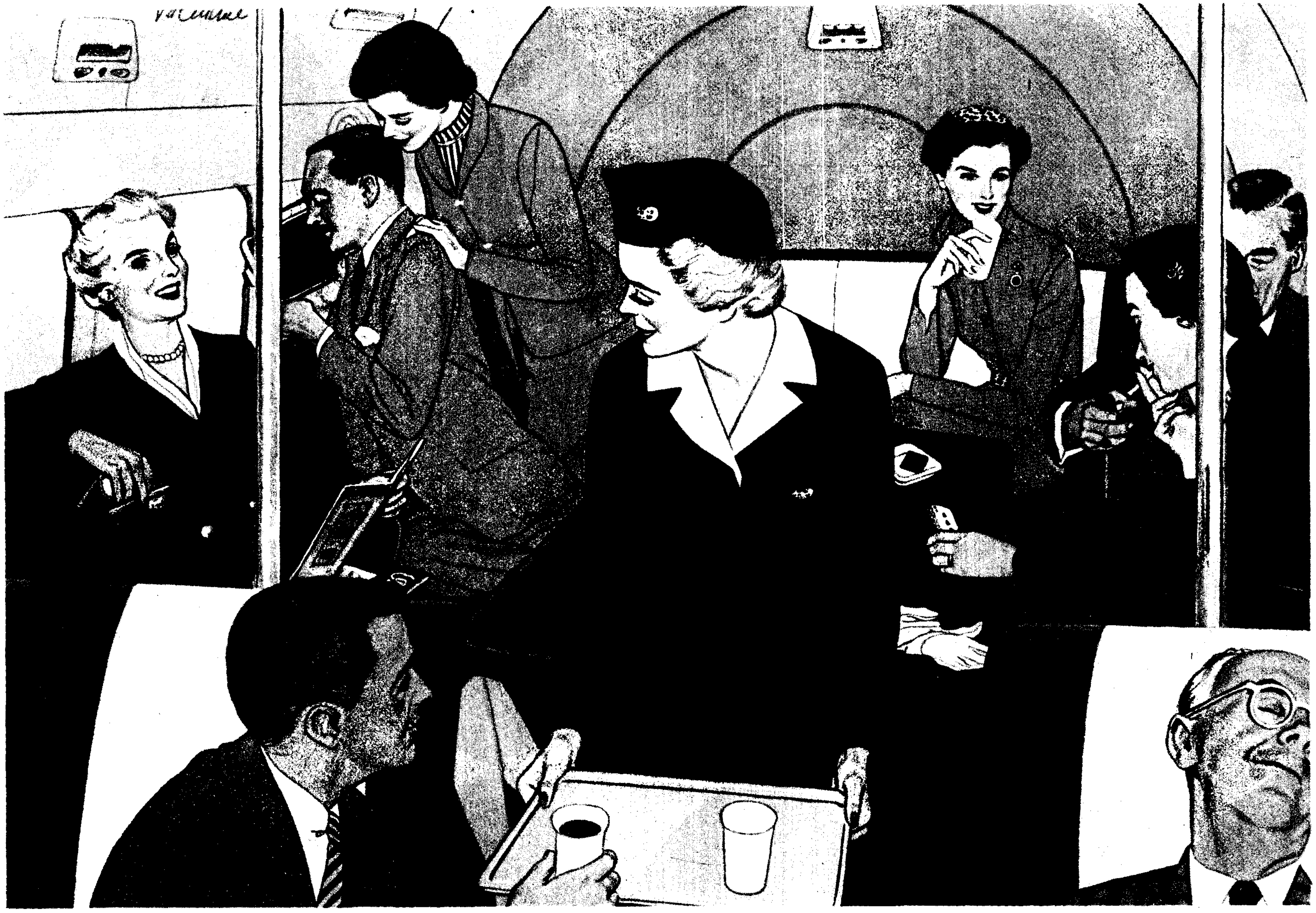
Next in Collier's

December 11 Issue on Sale November 27

64
ALL-AMERICA

Selected by
The American Football Coaches Association

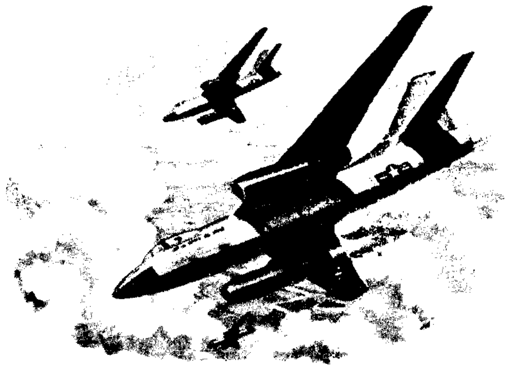
What's doing at Douglas——*WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER OF AIRCRAFT*



"DC" means Douglas . . . builder of the famous DC-3 and DC-4 . . . the big, modern DC-6 and DC-6B . . . the new DC-7. Next time, go by air! Ask for reservations on a dependable *Douglas*

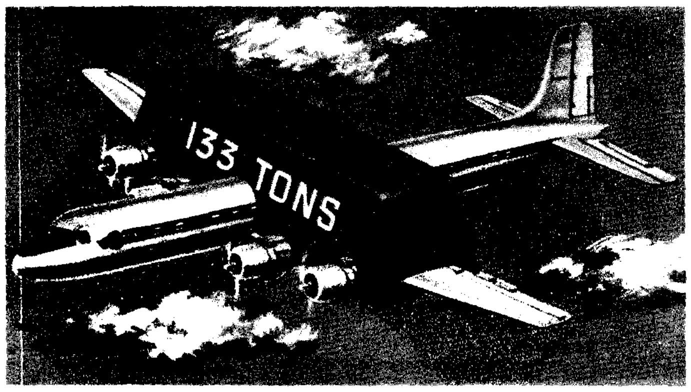
Who'd ever know it was 60° below?

Whether it's 60° below zero outside—or 120° *above*—you're comfortable in a Douglas airliner. The cabin air stays in the pleasant 70's and is perfectly humidified. In summer the new DC-7 cools the air while on the ground, too!



New Douglas twin-jet bomber will carry big load—fast and far! Designed for the Air Force to fly 600-700 m.p.h., the B-66B will operate at tree-top level—or eight miles up. No comparable land-based bomber will match its planned speed, range, bomb load. Today, 88% of Douglas production is military.

Only Douglas builds all four airplane types: piston-engine, turbo-prop, jet, rocket . . . and guided missiles, too.



Its sturdy wings could carry 133 tons—yet a fully loaded DC-6B weighs 53½ tons. Douglas "bridge-girder" wings are amazingly strong . . . yet sleek and streamlined for speeds well over 300 m.p.h.

"Queen of the Fleet" on these leading airlines of the world is the Douglas DC-6, DC-6B or the new DC-7:

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SWISSAIR *Swiss* • TAI *French* • UNITED *U. S.* • WESTERN *U. S.* *Soon

Twice as many people fly ***DOUGLAS***

as all other airplanes combined

...So He Poured the Chocolate Soda int

Some time-tested methods of befuddling and fooling your friends, neighbors and

These samples of the simple and of the elaborate prank were selected from the author's The Compleat Practical Joker, to be published by Doubleday & Co. on Nov. 19th, cover-jacketed by Charles Addams

IT SEEMS clear that the United States of America produces more practical jokers per capita than any other nation on earth. The energy expended on practical jokes exceeds the combined energy that goes into the production of napalm bombs, erasers and hot dogs. Yet an enormous prejudice has grown up against them and against the people who indulge in them. From one point of view, this prejudice is probably justified; from another, it is both ridiculous and, in a sense, hypocritical.

The tendency has been to place all practical jokers in the same category: shallow-headed smart alecks. There are people who are favorably inclined toward swindlers and tax evaders who grow livid at the mere thought of a practical joker. These same people oftentimes, under investigation, turn out to be practical jokers themselves or, at least, they howl with laughter when recounting pranks played by their grandfathers or their friends, or by celebrities past and present.

I want it understood that I am not a practical joker. I have been involved with them, usually as victim, but I'm not a practitioner. The only joke I can remember having played in the last 10 years was offhand. A letter came from a man in the Midwest who had been reading some of my books. He insulted me at the outset by saying he knew I wouldn't even read his letter. My secretary would read it, but I wouldn't. The remainder of his impertinences was addressed to my secretary and, as he warmed to his task, he expressed the hope that she was young and red-haired and beautiful.

I have no secretary and have never had one. But I invented one now. I wrote to this worm. I pretended I was my secretary. I told him he must have possessed psychic powers, for I was truly young and red-haired, and people thought I was not bad to look at. I said he certainly sounded in his letter like a real interesting fellow. The kind of masculine man I (the red-haired secretary) was just dying to meet. Maybe he would be coming to New York someday. If he ever did, please let me know—I'd ask the boss to let me off work for a day *and a night* and meet him in New York and we'd have dinner and go places and *do things*. I signed the letter "Eunice Wagstaff" and mailed it.

Two days later Western Union phoned my house and asked if we had a Eunice Wagstaff around the place. Fortunately I remembered the letter and took the message. My letter had had more than its desired effect. The telegram to Eunice Wagstaff said: LEAVING FOR NEW YORK AND YOU TONIGHT. MEET ME TOMORROW HOTEL B.

I debated with myself about stopping him. Then I decided that he had it coming. Haven't heard another peep out of him to this day.

★ ★ ★

One Sunday afternoon about 25 years ago, a small-town hardware dealer named Fred Hawthorn, who was fond of practical jokes, telephoned the homes of six of his friends. Disguising his voice, he said he was from the service department of the telephone company.

Jim Moran arranged the mask to fit on the back of his head

The professor seemed suddenly to be walking around in his bare feet

His Pocket

---

the public in general

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Horton decided to drink it at home

"I'm calling," he said, "to warn you that sometime this afternoon we are going to clean out the telephone lines. We would advise you to cover your telephone—tie a sheet over it, or put a pillow case over it, or even a large paper bag—because we're going to *blow* out the lines, and if you don't have your instrument covered, there'll be dirt and grease all over the house."

Having made his six calls, Fred waited an hour or so, then started a casual tour of the affected households. He found every telephone covered. Not only that—the folks were staying in the same room with it, keeping their distance, but watching it closely, waiting for the hiss or roar or whatever would come when the lines were blown out. Most of them had had phone calls during the afternoon, but they had forborne answering, excepting Dr. Gerrity. After his phone rang he took off the pillowcase, picked up the receiver and, without asking who was calling, roared into the mouthpiece:

"Good - gosh - don't - call - this - number - don't - you - know - the - phone - company's - blowing - out - the - lines - this - afternoon!"

* * *

Another practical joke revolves around a man named Charles K. M. Porter, who died some 10 years ago. He was a retired businessman, director of the local bank, and owner of one of the finest homes in town. All his life he seemed to be a man of little humor, and even had the reputation of being a grouch. He left his money to his three sons, in a will that contained an unusual clause.

"At the rear of the closet in my bedroom," it read, "will be found a sealed box, marked with the single word, 'Secret.' I command that immediately after my funeral, my three sons, in the company of my lawyers, carry this box unopened to the back yard of my residence. Under no circumstances shall it be opened. A fire shall be kindled and, in the presence of my sons and my lawyers, the box shall be burned until it is completely consumed by the flames."

The three sons and two lawyers returned to the house from the cemetery and got the box from the closet. It was about four feet square, carefully wrapped in heavy paper and sealed with wax. Out of respect for the departed, the five men did not even discuss what mysterious thing or things might be inside it. They proceeded solemnly to the back yard and built a bonfire. When the fire was going good, they placed the box in the middle of it, then stood around, watching the flames do their work. Suddenly all hell let loose. The box was full of firecrackers, skyrockets, Roman candles and pin wheels.

* * *

While there is something about the atmosphere of a small town that seems to encourage horseplay among its citizens, the big city, too, has its share of pranksters. The Walt Disney Studio in Burbank, California, is a particularly fertile field. Once, when a serious young Englishman went to work there, jokers in the shop looked upon him as something sent by Providence and they began scouting for opportunities. The Englishman made a habit of bringing his own lunch to the studio and each noontime he'd

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY P. MILLOT

One prankster tied a string to his ear. No one dared ask why

go to a nearby grocery store and buy a bottle of milk and a can of fruit. The conspirators went to the grocer and made a deal with him. They bought some canned fruit plus some canned vegetables. They took the labels off the fruit cans and put them on the vegetable cans, and they bribed the grocer to use this disguised stock whenever their victim made a purchase from him.

So it came about that the Englishman would return to his desk from the grocer's with, say, a can of peaches. He'd open it and find that it contained string beans, or creamed corn or peas. Then he began finding, instead of fruit, such things as hash or spaghetti. Being a man with little humor, he was not amused; he was filled with wonder. He began telling his associates about it, and asking what he ought to do. They said it was truly a phenomenon, and that he ought to write to Ripley about it. So he sat down and composed a long letter, explaining the matter in great detail. He mailed the letter and then, noting that it was lunchtime, walked to the grocery store to have another try. He bought his bottle of milk and a can of pears. He returned to his office and got out his can opener, wondering what surprise he might find this time. He opened the can. There were no vegetables in it, and no fruit. Inside the can was a small test tube, tightly corked. And inside the test tube was a piece of paper. The Englishman pulled the cork and fished out the paper. It said:

Dear Sir:

I don't believe a damned word of it.

Robert Ripley.

* * *

I know a man named Horton McNeill, a junior executive with a big company that produces plastic articles. One day Horton took a sport jacket to the plant and had one of the side pockets lined with a soft, pliable plastic material. Some days later Horton walked up to the soda fountain in his neighborhood drugstore and ordered a chocolate soda. There were half a dozen people on the stools at the time. The soda jerk fixed the soda and placed it in front of Horton. As he was handed his change, Horton suddenly picked up the soda. "I think I'll drink it at home," he said and poured it into the side pocket of his coat. Then he walked out.

* * *

You have probably heard of Jim Moran. Jim insists that he does not play practical jokes. "I administer," he says, "mental hotfoots." He's the man who went to Alaska, years ago, and actually sold an icebox to an Eskimo. He fed whisky to a hoot owl to test the wisdom in the expression, "Drunk as a hoot owl." He released a bull in a china shop without damage to a single saucer. He searched for and found a needle in a haystack on a street corner in Washington, D.C.

One day in Los Angeles, Moran was invited to a genteel party. When he walked in, he was wearing, in addition to his dinner clothes, an ordinary piece of grocer's twine. It was looped around his right ear and knotted, and ran down his cheek and into the corner of his mouth.

TELLTALE

That frown, that disapproving line,
That eye so cold and bleak,
All constitute a danger sign:
My wife has reached her pique.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

No one could help noticing it, but Jim made no mention of it as he went from group to group, shaking hands and making small talk. He discovered immediately that no person in the room would speak of it, nor would anyone pretend even to notice it. Yet he was well aware that his string was a major attraction. People were whispering about it, speculating about it, and getting nowhere. Jim was his most charming self all through the party, occasionally drinking a cocktail without removing the string from his mouth. And at one point, when he undertook to eat a few *canapés*, he knew that every eye was on him. In the end he departed without a single person having spoken of the string.

Well, now and then Jim had occasion to fly from California to New York and back, and usually these trips were taken alone. He began wearing his string on the planes. He'd manage to get an aisle seat so that a maximum number of passengers could not avoid seeing the string running from his ear to his mouth. He'd sit calmly reading a book or a magazine, well aware of the stir he was creating among his fellow passengers. He enjoyed speculating on the various explanations they were attempting.

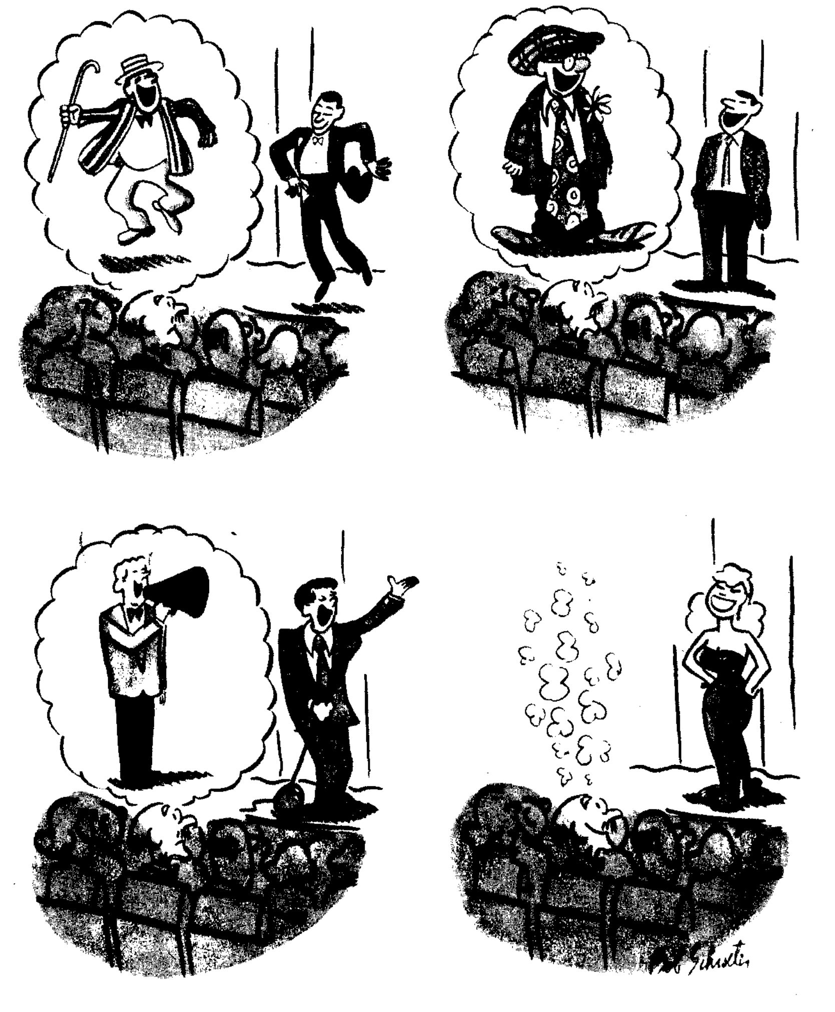
One day, wearing his string, Jim arrived at the Burbank airport to take a plane for New York. A friend came to see him off, a man who had a small fruit ranch in the San Fernando Valley. The friend had a pocketful of kumquats and handed Jim a half dozen of them just before he boarded the plane.

Jim took his aisle seat and opened his book and the plane took off. After a while he became aware that he was attracting considerably more interest than usual. A college football team was on board and its members were buzzing about that string. Finally, the football players decided they had to have the answer. They drew slips of paper out of a hat to determine which boy had to do the asking. The loser was a hulking lad with a Butch haircut and he tried to beg off the unpleasant assignment, but the others shoved him down the aisle. Jim raised his eyes from his book.

"Beg your pardon, sir," the boy said. "We . . . that is, the fellas back here . . . it's none of our business but . . . what is that string for?"

There it was! The first human being to come right out and ask. And Jim wasn't prepared for it. But he has a quick mind. He smiled at the boy.

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS"



COLLIER'S BOB SCHROETER

"Why," he said, "I don't mind telling you at all. If I saw somebody wearing a string like this, I'd be curious too." He was stalling. He shifted in his seat, he put the book down in his lap, he put his hand in his coat pocket and touched the forgotten kumquats.

"It's a very simple matter," he said. "I happen to be a doctor, attached to Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. We of Johns Hopkins call it John the Hop. Well, now, down at John the Hop there are six of us, six doctors, who are engaged in an experiment having to do with diet. We are studying the effects of the various citrus fruits on the gastric juices. Each of us has been assigned a specific fruit and for two weeks we are eating nothing else but that fruit. I'm on kumquats." He paused and reached into his coat pocket. "By the way, they're very good —would you like to have a couple?" The boy accepted two kumquats.

"Now," said Jim, "we come to the string. You note that it's fastened securely to my ear. Let me explain. This string runs down into my stomach. On the end of it is a little gold bucket. Every four hours I pull that little bucket up, and empty it into a small bottle, and when the bottle's full it goes to the lab at John the Hop. So, you see, the explanation is quite simple."

"Gee, thanks," said the football player, and hurried off to inform his colleagues.

That's all there was to it, but Jim still enjoys thinking about the probable consequences of that little encounter. He knows that those boys came from different sections, different towns. He assumes that when each boy went home from college, he told his family about it and figures that eventually, in each case, the family doctor comes in and someone says, "Doc, did you hear about the Johns Hopkins man Bill met on the plane?" And Jim pictures the family doctor saying, "Good Lord! Have those people down at Johns Hopkins gone clean off their rockers?"

* * *

There is, also, the case of the rubber mask. Ten years ago the same Jim Moran got involved in a project which required his driving an automobile all over the United States. He traveled alone and the endless hours of driving began to bore him. One day in a novelty shop he bought a rubber mask with a hideous face painted on it in realistic fashion. He arranged the mask so it would fit on the back of his head, leaving his vision unobstructed. Driving along the highway, Moran would wait until he saw another motorist getting ready to pass him. Then he'd lean out of the window, with the ghastly face looking back.

The effect on the approaching motorist must have been shocking. There was this leering goon, seated at the wheel of a speeding car, but leaning out and staring straight *back* with no regard for the highway ahead.

* * *

When comedian Zero Mostel, who can sometimes give people the impression that he is criminally insane by just sitting still, went to Hollywood in quest of fame and fortune, he was accompanied by a friend, who had him buy a new suit for $125, and who told him to appear in the nicer restaurants, where

Enjoy Brach's Fine Candies

Ava Gardner

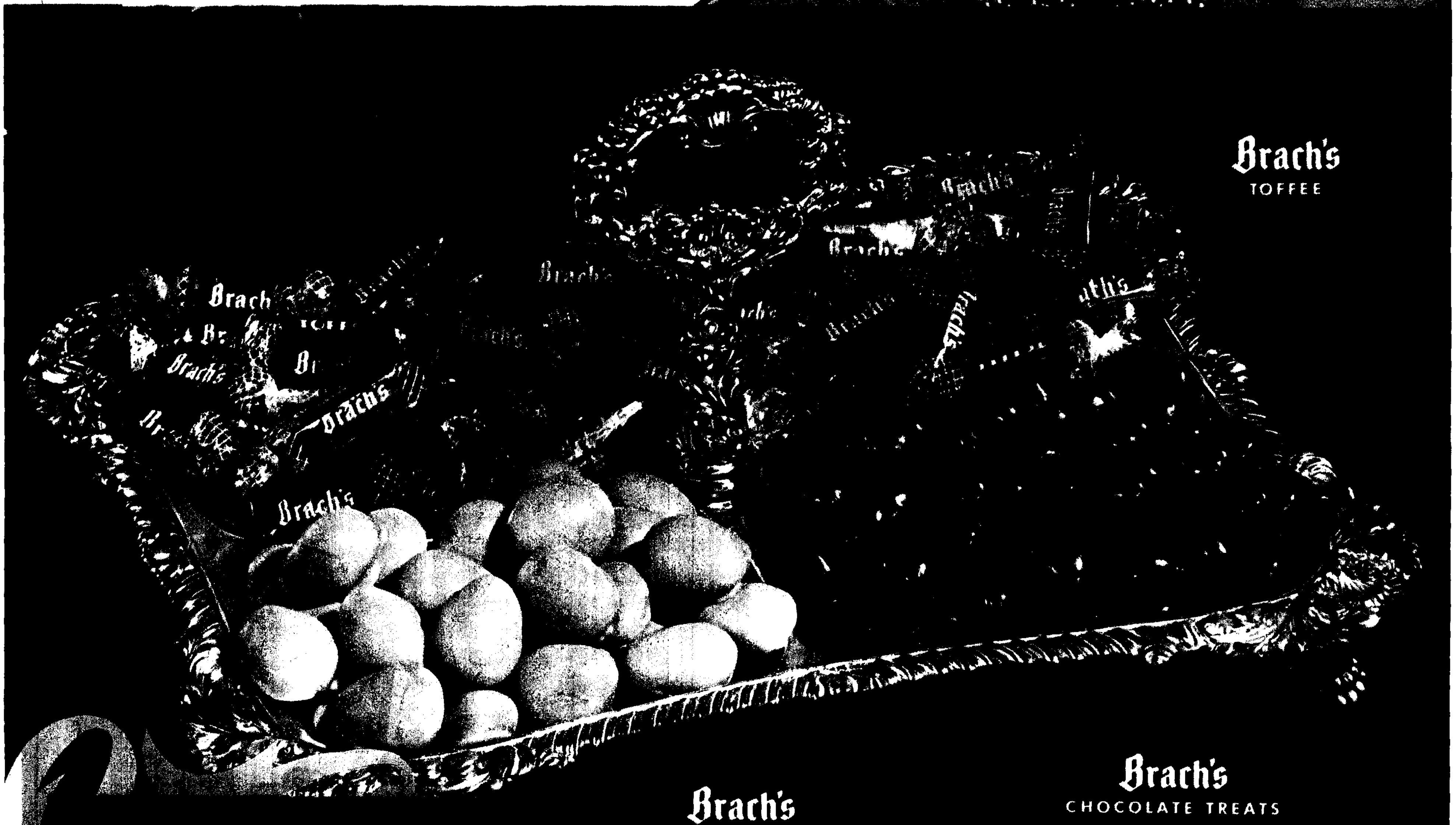
Co-starred in M-G-M's

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

Color by Technicolor

Candy lovers, look at the taste thrills in store for you! A crunchy delight are Brach's Nut Goodies . . . tempting peanut toffee coated with delicious maple-flavored icing. Brach's Chocolate Treats offer an exciting party assortment of chocolate-coated nuts, cremes, malted milks, caramels, marmalades, and raisins. And for top toffee enjoyment, try Brach's Toffee in a choice of coffee, rum butter, vanilla, coconut, chocolate and butterscotch flavors. You'll find dozens of Brach's fine, fresh candies at your favorite candy counter. Buy Brach's today!

Brach's . . . World's Largest Makers of Fine Candies


Brach's
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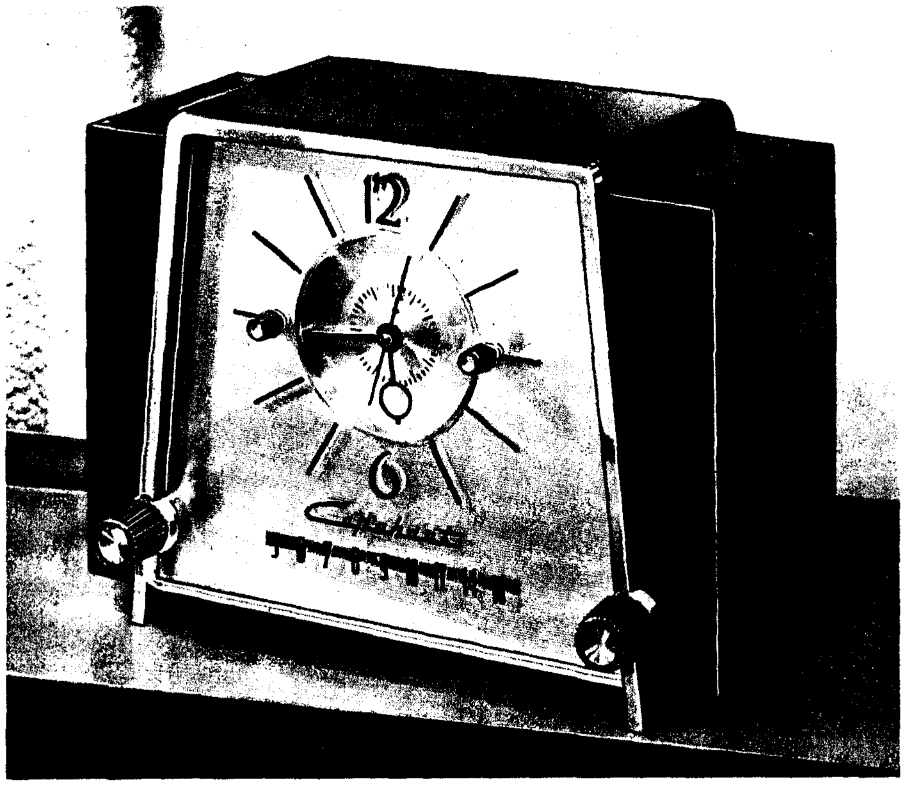

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A rhino on the campus? Impossible

he would be seen by important people. His job at the beginning, the friend said, was to make a good impression on those people. As a starter the friend took Zero to the Mocambo.

They sat down at a table and Mr. Mostel picked up a knife and a piece of bread. He began buttering the bread. Then, at a faster pace, he began buttering his coat sleeve, moving the knife like a man stropping a razor, covering the sleeve with butter clear up to the elbow. Finishing that, he held up his left thumb and began buttering it as if it were a small ear of corn. Then he stuck the thumb in his mouth and licked off the butter. At this point he noticed that a waiter was staring at him.

"Whatta you starin' at?" demanded Mr. Mostel.

"Nothing," said the waiter apologetically.

"Anything unusual about what I'm doin'?" asked Mr. Mostel.

"No, sir. Not a thing, sir."

Mr. Mostel appeared placated. "Well, then," he said, "step lively and bring more butter for my thumb."

★ ★ ★

Hugh Troy is well known to devotees of the practical joke. A successful artist, now living in Washington, Hugh doesn't go in for pranks any more, but he says that he still can't help thinking them up.

Many of Hugh's exploits date back to his undergraduate days at Cornell. He once purloined the rubber overshoes of an absent-minded professor and painted them to resemble naked human feet. Then he hid his handiwork carefully with lampblack. The next time the professor wore them, the rain washed off the lampblack and the good man appeared to be walking about in his bare feet.

The best of all Troy's pranks at Cornell, in my own estimation, was the rhinoceros joke. Visiting one day in the home of the artist Fuertes, Hugh noticed a wastepaper basket fashioned from the foot of a rhinoceros. He borrowed it from Fuertes and then waited for the proper weather conditions. On a night when a couple of inches of snow had fallen, Hugh and one of his friends went out on the campus with the rhinoceros foot, filled it with scrap metal to give it weight, and attached a length of clothesline to either side of it. Then they moved across the campus, each holding an end of the clothesline at a distance of perhaps 30 feet from the rhinoceros foot. Carefully they raised it and lowered it at proper intervals in the snow to make rhinoceros tracks without showing prints of their own.

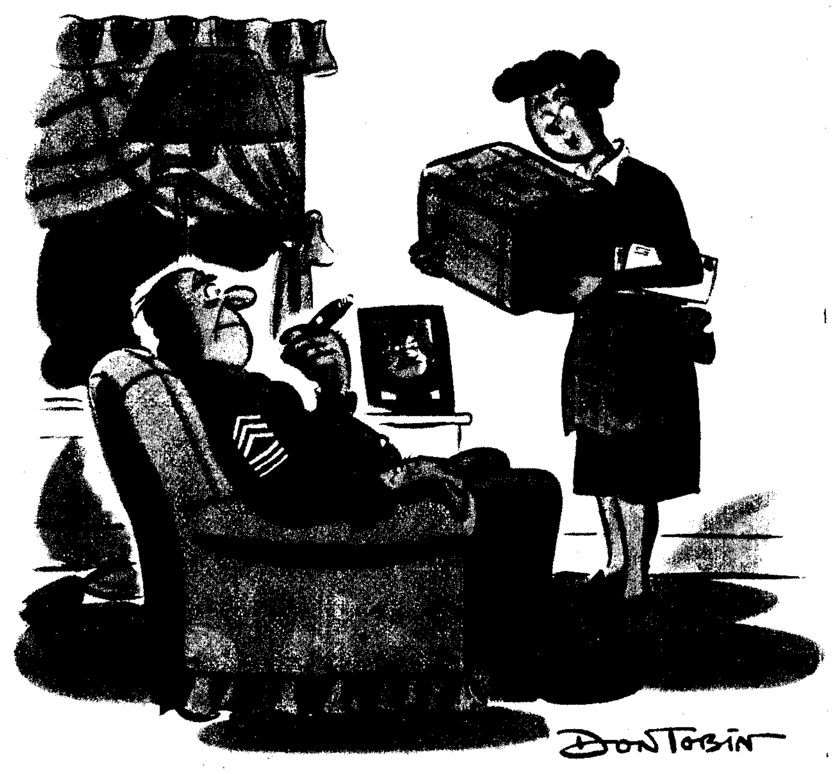
When the campus awoke the next morning, the strange tracks were discovered. Professors who knew about animals were summoned; they inspected the tracks and exclaimed over them. "Gad," they cried, "it's a *rhinoceros!*"

The trail was followed. It led across the campus and down to the shore of Beebe Lake, from which the university gets its water supply. The lake was frozen over, and the rhinoceros tracks led out across the ice to a point about 50 feet from shore, ending at a large gaping hole. Clearly the vagrant rhinoceros had wandered onto the ice too far, and crashed through and drowned.

There wasn't much to be done about it. The local newspapers trumpeted the story, and almost at once half the population of Cornell quit drinking tap water. Those who continued to drink it swore that they could taste rhinoceros in it. After a few days, Hugh Troy let word get out that the whole thing was a joke—without, of course, any clue to the identity of the jokers.

★ ★ ★

Roy Taylor, of Columbus, Ohio, a relative of James Thurber, often chose to drive people frantic. Accompanied by a friend, he would walk into, say, a large barbershop. Ignoring the barbers and the proprietor, Mr. Taylor would

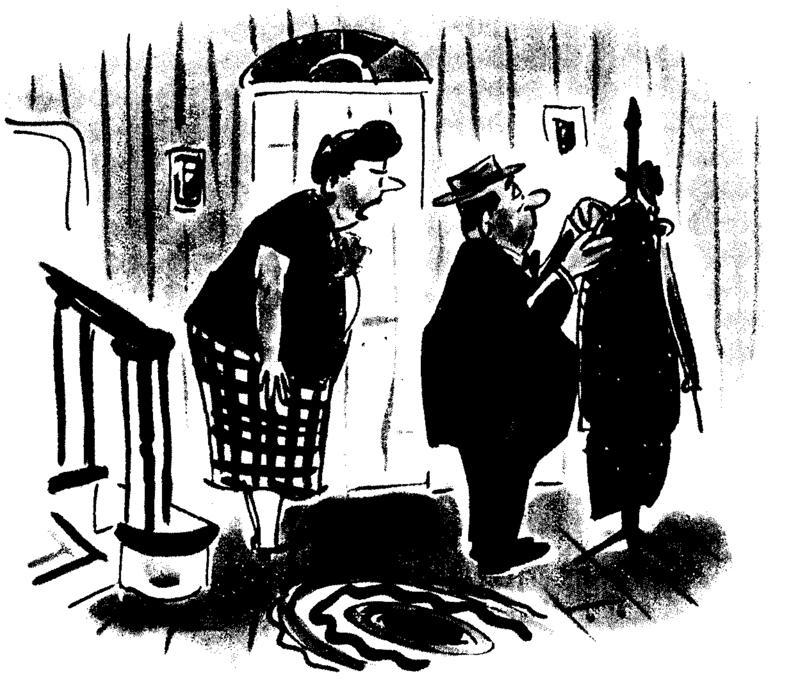


COLLIER'S "It's from all the boys in your platoon. It sounds like a clock" DON TOBIN slip out a tape measure, a notebook and a pencil. He would begin measuring off the whole front section of the shop, jotting down figures, murmuring to himself or addressing his remarks to his friend.

"We'll put the brick partition right through here," he'd say. "By the way, when they deliver the brick, have 'em back the truck across the sidewalk, take out this plate-glass window and dump the stuff right in here. Make it easier. Now, let me see . . ."

By this time the proprietor of the shop would move in, wide-eyed and wondering. "Right across this section," Mr. Taylor would say, "will be the wall closing off the washroom."

"Just a minute," says the proprietor. "What in tarnation's going on here?"



"You never remember my birthday, Joe, but you never forget when it's time to change the oil in the car!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"Don't bother me now," Mr. Taylor would say irritably.

"Don't bother you!" the proprietor would yell. "I'm the boss here—what do you think you're doing, anyhow?"

"I'm simply working from the blueprints," Mr. Taylor would say, "getting the measurements for the alterations."

"*What* alterations?" from the excited proprietor.

"How do I know what alterations?" Mr. Taylor would say. "I'm only an engineer, working from the blueprints, taking the measurements. Now let's see. I think the washbowls ought to go right about here and . . ."

"What about my lease?" the proprietor would roar.

"I wouldn't know nothin' about your lease. I just follow orders and go according to the blueprints. Well, I think that does it. Remember about the bricks—dump 'em right through this window."

And then Mr. Taylor and his friend would walk briskly out of the place, leaving the boss barber so shaky he was compelled to lay down his razor and go next door for a quick one.

* * *

Brian G. Hughes was a paper-box manufacturer in Manhattan who died in 1924 at the age of seventy-five. By all accounts, Hughes's skulduggery occupied more of his time than business matters. He would turn up, for example, in a barroom on a rainy day, have a drink or two, and leave his handsome umbrella hanging on the bar. Then he'd retire to a corner and watch the eventual, inevitable theft. It delighted him to follow the culprit to the street, where the umbrella, on being opened, discharged posters and banners proclaiming: "This Umbrella Stolen from Brian G. Hughes." He distributed banquet tickets for banquets that were never held.

One night Hughes left a kit of burglar tools and a half-dozen empty picture frames lying on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The following morning the museum was in tumult as guards and directors alike raced up and down the corridors, trying to determine which masterpieces had been stolen.

* * *

As I demonstrated earlier, Alexander Graham Bell's invention has been, and will continue to be, the instrument of many a practical joke. For example, suppose you know a Mr. Roland Van Dyck Randolph, who is a stuffed shirt, and you want to bewilder him. If possible, get him on the phone when he has a hang-over. The conversation should go like this:

YOU: "Who is this?"
MR. R: "Mr. Randolph speaking."
YOU: "He's not here at the moment."
MR. R: "*Who's* not there?"
YOU: "Mr. Randolph is not here."
MR. R: "But *I'm* Mr. Randolph."
YOU: "I'm sorry, sir, Mr. Randolph just stepped out. Could I have him call you back?"
MR. R: "Listen, you idiot! I didn't call any Mr. Randolph! I *am* Mr. Randolph, and *you* called *me!*"
YOU: If you'll let me have your number, I'm sure Mr. Randolph will be back any minute. He just went across the street to get a drink." ▲▲▲

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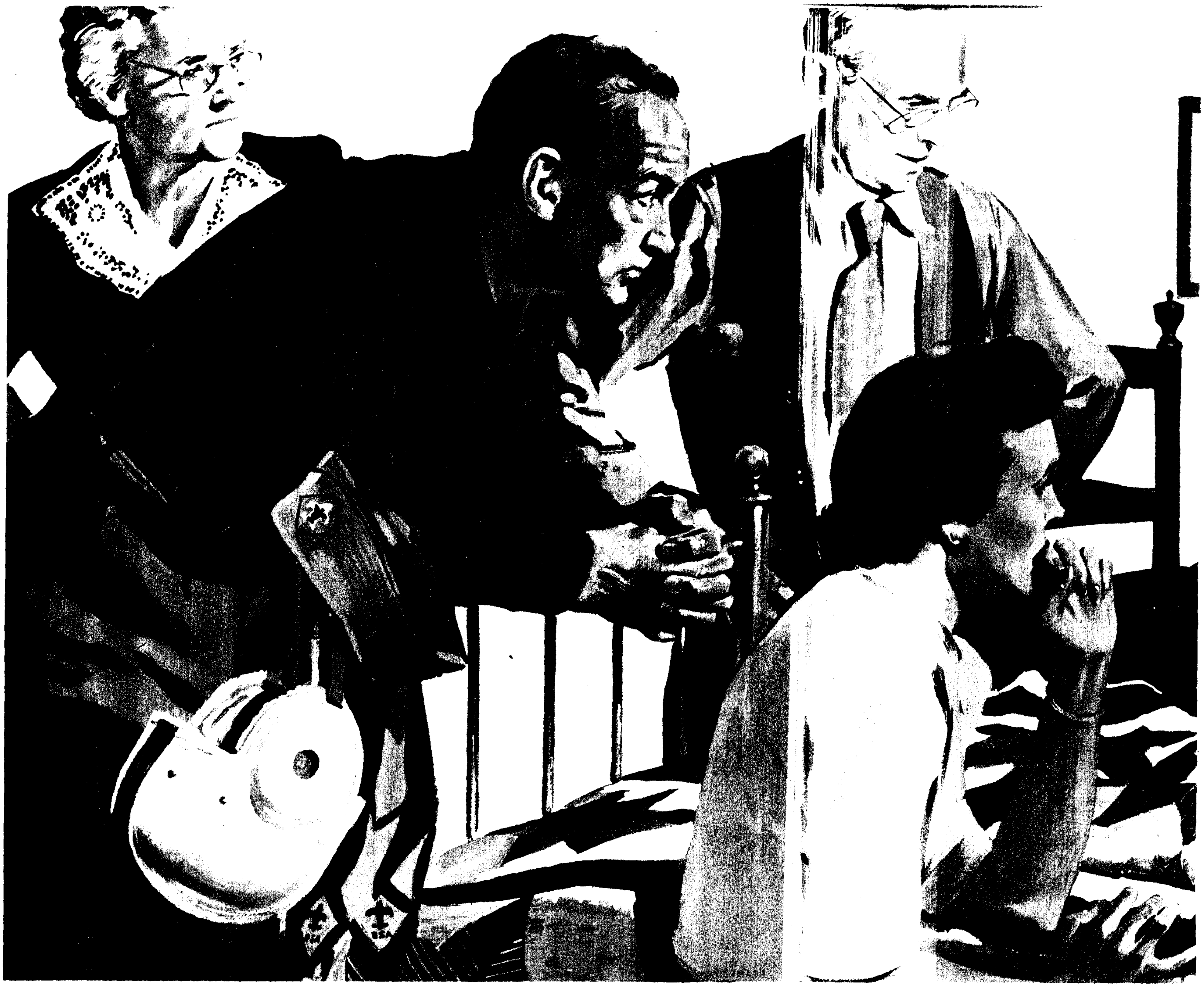


The THANKFUL HEART

By HERBERT A. FRANCIS

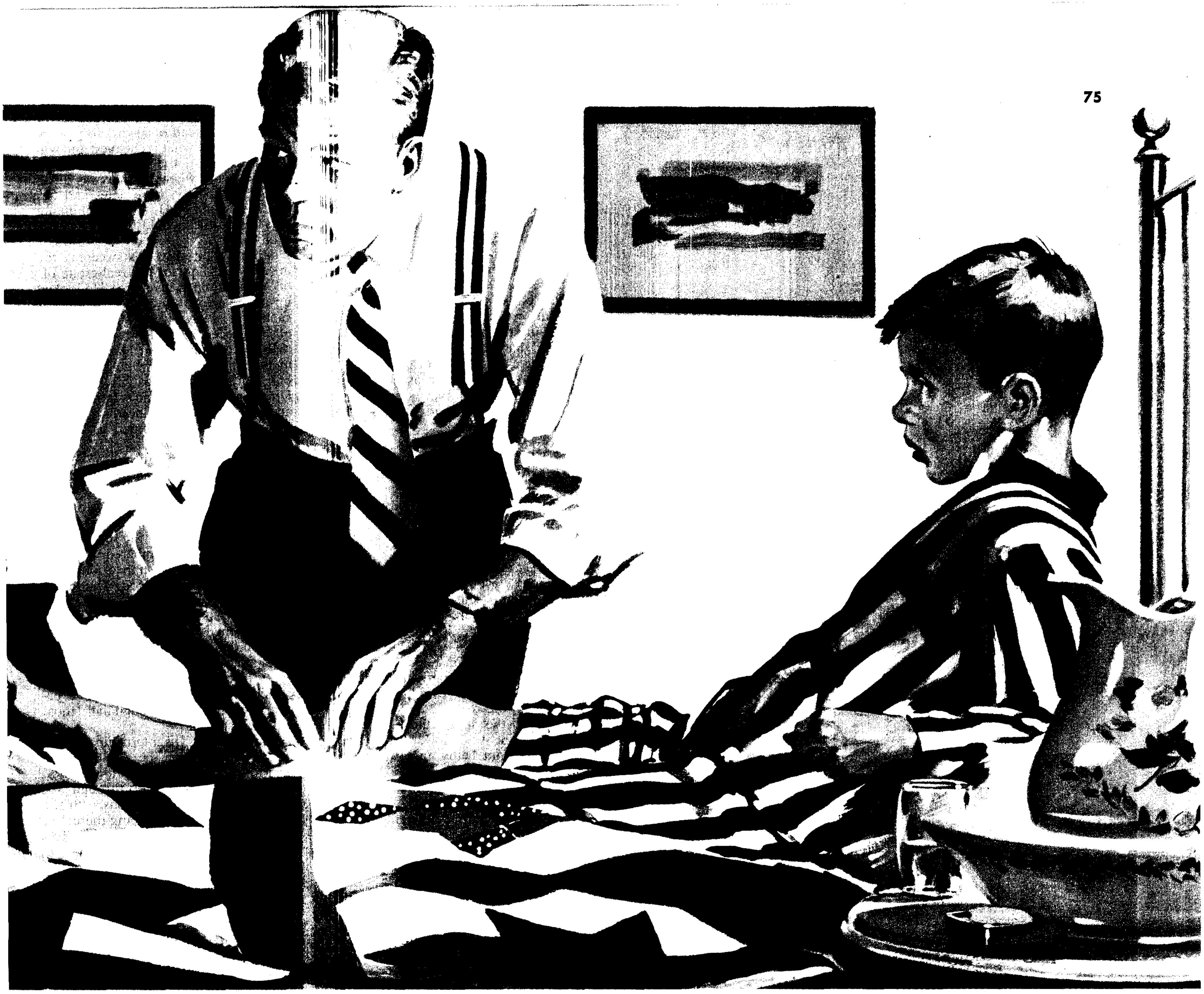
He was an expert doctor, an

DAN turned his car onto the Shore Road, and the nostalgic, familiar smell of the salt marshes rushed in to him. The dampness clung to his face and hands like the returning ghost of his childhood.

He rolled up the car window, shivering. And then he felt his wife's hand on his arm, heard her warm, slightly drowsy voice at his shoulder. "You okay, Dan?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I'm not at all okay. I hate this deal and I wish I didn't have to do it."

Along the roadside, his car lights picked out the holly, the scrub pine, the scraggly cedar trees growing in the sandy New Jersey soil. A lifetime ago—was it only twenty-odd years since he had been a child here?—he had played with the pine cones that fell on this soil, made whistles out of the marsh grass and held the pointed holly leaves between his fingers, blowing them so they'd spin like pin wheels.



"It's not too complicated a fracture," Dan said, but he had a sudden, strange feeling of inadequacy. Their eyes watched every move he made

he whole town knew it. Why was it that nobody—not even his father—trusted him?

But he'd stopped being a child that year he was ten, the year his mother had died of a heart attack —no, he corrected himself, of overwork.

"You could have written to your father," his wife said. "We didn't have to drive all this distance to tell him about selling the house. But you're right, I guess; it seems easier to tell him. Besides, he shouldn't have to be alone on Thanksgiving."

A flurry of dry dead leaves swirled against the car. "My mother used to say," Dan said, "that the simplest things were hardest. She tried to tell my father that. But he was always so easygoing. He'd never send bills to patients who owed him, and then when his own bills piled up, he couldn't pay the rent. . . ."

He broke off, embarrassed at the emotion that had come into his voice. It surprised him that he still felt so strongly, after all these years—so unreconciled and intense, as if it had happened only yesterday. "A doctor has to think of his family as well as his patients," he said, more to himself than to Laura. "The farmers around here don't make much money, it's true. But they'd have gladly paid what they could afford, if Dad had only sent them their bills."

They were fine people, his father's patients. They had loved his mother too. After she died, they had watched his father fade and grow older.

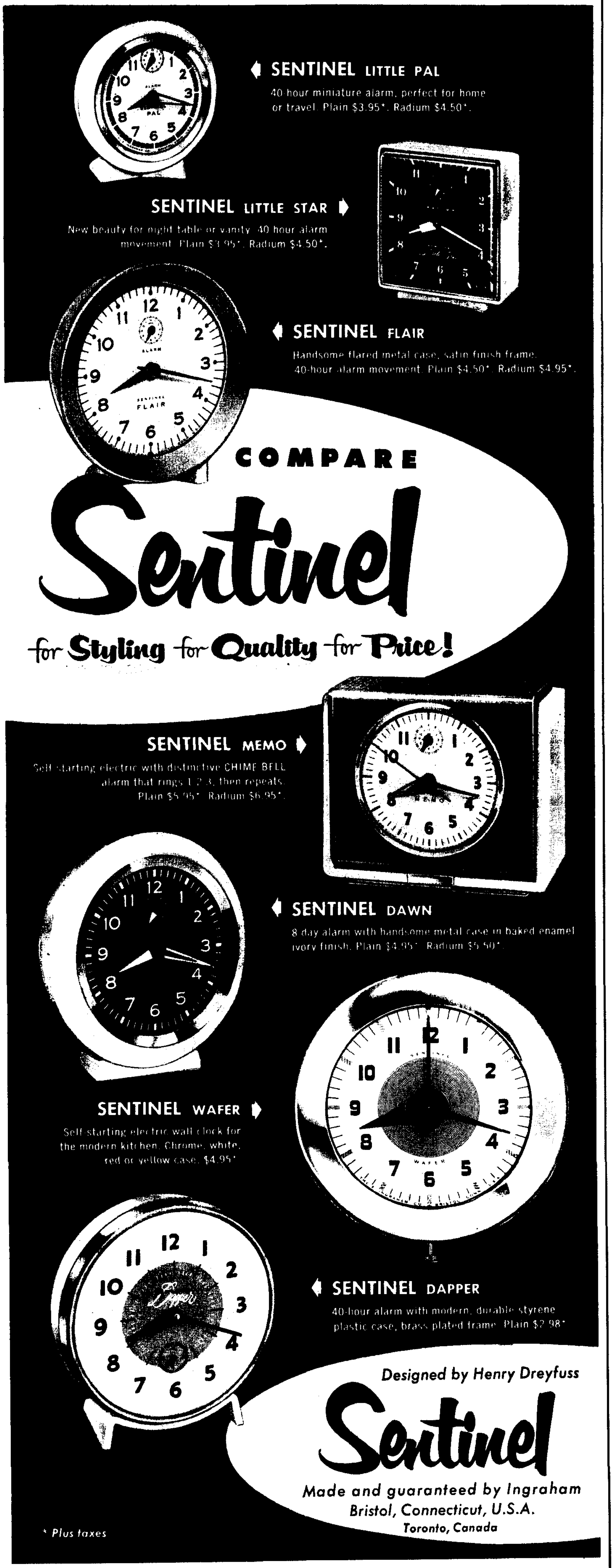
Dan could see her now—a small, delicately boned woman with dark hair and a look of patient understanding, and dark, brilliant eyes that always looked a little too large in her face. "See that she gets more rest," they'd told his father the time she went to the hospital after her first slight heart attack. "More rest and less worry, and someone to help her with her housework."

Dan had tried then, desperately, to be the one who helped her. But when he went to the store to buy groceries, he would come home to find her laundering in the basement, canning fruit for the long winter ahead, repairing something around the house that had escaped his father's notice. And on cold winter nights when his father would come in late from a call to some farmhouse, Dan would hear his mother rushing down the stairs to fix something to eat, if it were one o'clock or four or even dawn.

And then one day, his mother had been out weeding her small salad garden; and they'd found her—Dan and his father—just as his father had been told they would. She couldn't let up, Dan thought. She had to make up for Dad's carelessness, his willingness to let everything go.

At the fork in the road Dan turned left into Mill Harbor. Hiram Whittaker's white frame business building loomed into view on the left, its lights still burning into the crisp November night. The same

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



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rusty sign was still there: *H. Whittaker, General Store, Fine Groceries, Real Estate.*

"Well, I guess we're here," Dan said reluctantly. He stopped the car and reached into his coat pocket for the letter Hiram had written about the offer on the house. A chemical firm wanted to buy the property for a new plant site, and was offering more money than Dan had paid for the house when he'd bought it four years ago. He'd bought it outright then, because his father was always falling behind in the rent and Dan was always having to pay it anyway. Now he figured that with the money he'd get from the sale he could do a lot to take care of his father, who was getting so old he ought to be giving up his practice. The problem was to get his father to see it that way.

HE OPENED the car door, waiting for Laura to get out and come in with him. The wind whipped her tweed coat back against her body, and for a moment she stood looking at Dan. Her eyes, which were blue and candid in the daylight, looked troubled and dark now. "You're worrying over this more than you would over a major operation, Dan," she said. "You're doing the best you can."

He nodded, looking toward the shabby little real-estate office. He had made the decision to sell the house as he had made so many in the operating room, weighing the odds on both sides, trying to be realistic and do what was best in the long run. "No choice, really," he said now. "We can take care of him better in town. No telling what might happen if we just let him keep on living out here alone at his age."

The wind carried the smell of wood smoke now, and it blew the dry, rustling leaves around their feet as they went up the walk to Hiram Whittaker's office and store.

Through the dusty store window, Dan saw the familiar Thanksgiving foods on display inside—pumpkins, Jersey cranberries spilling carelessly from a basket, winter squash and cabbages, and turnips fresh from the sandy soil of the neighboring farms. And he thought with a kind of sad exultation: I could buy that whole windowful of food now, instead of having to pass by everything but what is cheapest and will go the furthest, the way I used to at Thanksgiving when Mother was alive. I could even buy those dates and figs and fancy nuts. He sighed, thinking how his mother would have reveled in such luxury.

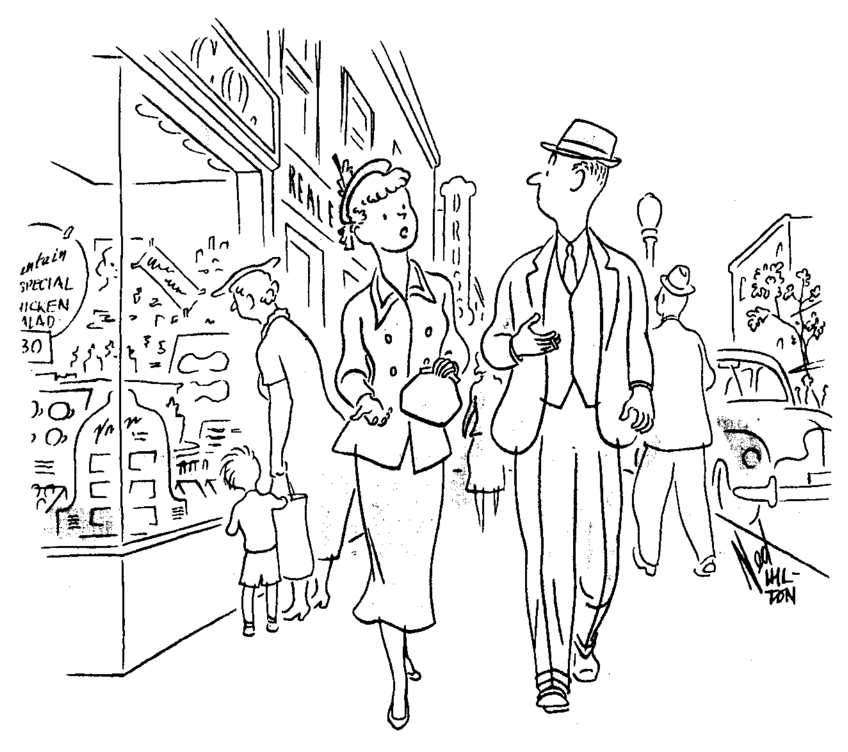
Hiram Whittaker was sweeping the dusty board floor of the real-estate office that adjoined his store. He looked up at them from under the green eyeshade he always wore when he took off his grocer's apron and went into his real-estate department. Dan felt a moment's shock at the white in Hiram's hair and the stoop of his shoulders. Hiram was almost Dan's father's age, and yet when Dan had been a child neither of them had seemed as if they could ever grow old.

"Well, well, Dan Murphy—" Hiram said. "I mean, Dr. Dan. Didn't think you'd make it here tonight, now it's so late. Just about getting ready to close up for the night." He smiled, holding out the hand that had the scar on it—the scar Dan remembered so well. Hiram's hand had slipped one day when he was slicing bacon. Dan could still see the tiny marks where his father had taken stitches, in his painstaking, old-fashioned way.

"You don't get back here often these days, do you, Dan?" Hiram was saying. "Guess they keep you busy in the big city, getting around from one patient to another through all those crowded streets."

Dan nodded. His internship was still recent enough that he could almost hear the wail of the city ambulance, trying to clear a way through the swarming tenement sections. "It's a high-pressure job, practicing there," he said, "but I have a good partner. This is Laura, my wife." He felt that familiar surge of pride in Laura, not just because she was pretty but because she had a way of putting people at ease, liking them at once as much as they liked her.

"This boy's gone a long way from Mill Harbor," Hiram was saying to Laura. "We read about him in the Daily Herald. His father is a doctor,



COLLIER'S — **"Let me have five or ten dollars. I'm going in the five-and-ten"** — NED HILTON

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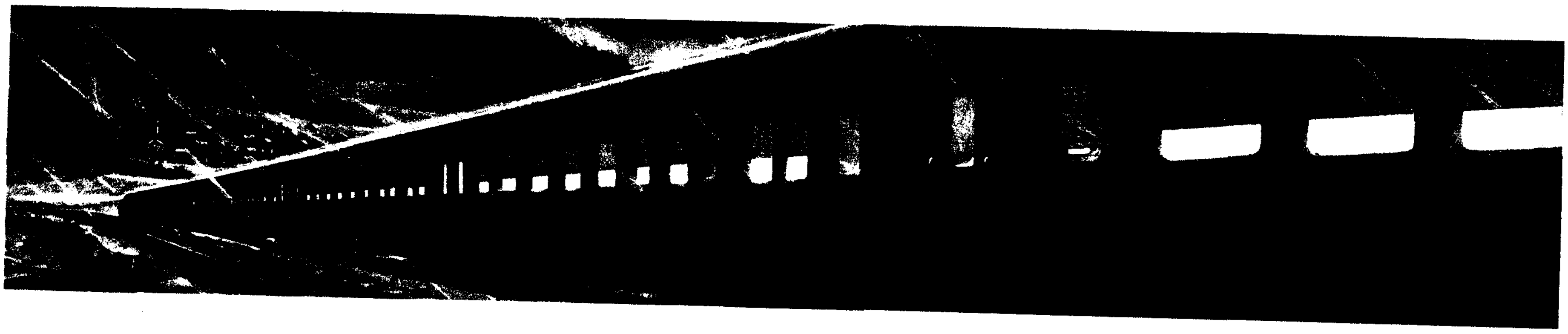

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and his grandfather before him, and they all grew up in Mill Harbor." His gaze moved over Dan, and Dan realized how much he must have changed from the stocky blond kid who used to work for Hiram Whittaker, delivering groceries on his bicycle at five cents a delivery. He still had something of the country boy about his looks, Dan knew—frank gray eyes that often showed too much of what he thought, wheat-colored hair that grew straight and stubborn, and a healthy coloring that even the city summers and long hours in the operating room hadn't paled.

But the city had changed something inside him—and he wasn't quite sure he was glad. It had given him a professional polish, a brisk handshake, a manner that didn't allow patients to impose on too much of his limited time, even while he gave them the best medical care his experience could offer.

"Well, you must want to know what I intend to do about selling the house, Hiram," Dan said. He started to say that he'd already decided to sell, but instead he found himself explaining that he'd always dreamed of setting aside a nest egg for his father, who'd never had the common sense to set one aside for himself.

"You'll be making a good move," Hiram pointed out, "if you close on the deal right now. Your father's getting no younger. Nobody to take care of him out there, except the neighbors. Every man ought to retire sometime. . . ." Hiram was leafing through a stack of papers on his desk.

"That's up to him," Dan said crisply. "The way I figure it, Dad can share my office in town if he wants to. He can come in mornings when he feels up to it, and take it easy on days when he doesn't."

"Sounds good enough to me," Hiram agreed, but his eyes were averted as if he were holding something back. "I've got the chemical people's signature right here," he said, removing the top from his inkwell, "and if you want to sign, we can close the deal now."

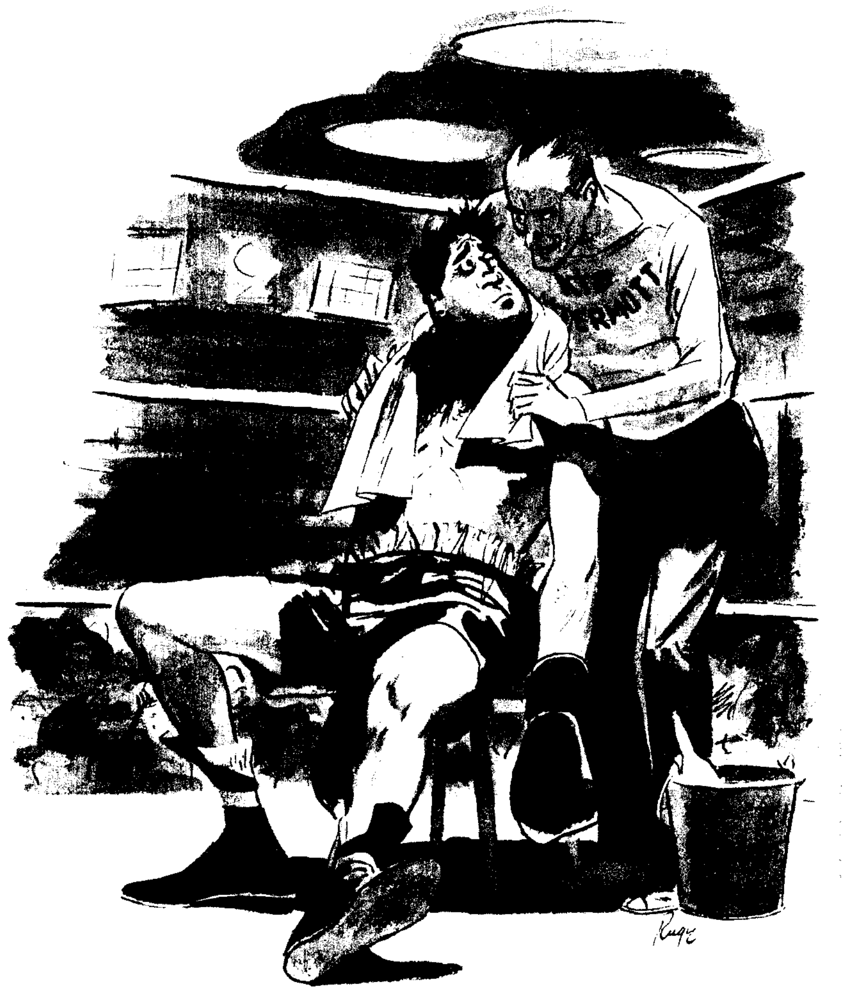
Dan picked up the pen and dipped it. Then, slowly, he laid it aside. "It seems fairer to talk to Dad about it first," he said. "It's the best thing for him, of course, but I've got to make Dad see it that way himself. We'll discuss it tonight and I'll sign the papers tomorrow."

HIS father wasn't at home when they drove up. He had left the door unlocked in that haphazard way he had—never looking behind, but hurrying from case to case as if each patient were his first and last.

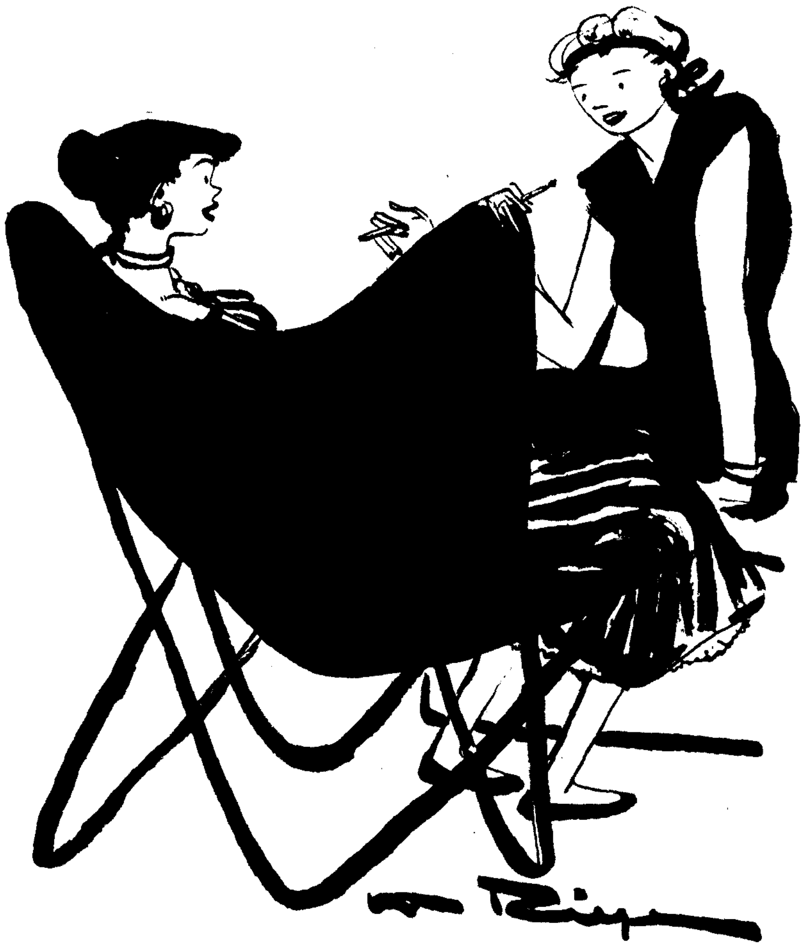
He'd left the garage doors open wide when he'd backed out his old jalopy, and one door sagged dangerously on a broken hinge, banging in the wind. Dan got out to look at it. The place had gone to rack and ruin, the driveway overgrown with weeds, a garage window broken. "This door could fall down on him," he told Laura as he tried to do a temporary repair job on the broken hinge. "He never took any care of himself or of this place. And he won't get better from now on. He'll get worse."

Laura took a deep breath of the crisp country air. She pulled off her hat and shook her red hair loose. "The stars are so clear and bright out here," she said, walking across the yard. "And there's such a lot of air. But it *is* pretty far from this place to the next house. He's alone out here. . . ."

When they opened the kitchen door and stepped inside, the smell of the old house was familiar to Dan, and somehow deeply disturbing—the faint antiseptic odor from his father's office, just off the living room; the pipe tobacco he had always used; the steamy warmth of the old wood stove where the fire



COLLIER'S "Use psychology on him. Fight back" JOHN RUGE



"I always wear something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue . . . just in case some fellow should ask me to elope!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

was burning, keeping his dinner warm.

"Oh, Dan, he didn't eat his dinner," Laura said, "and it's nine o'clock and everything's all dried up." She turned to look at him, and he knew she was thinking of other dinners—dinners that he himself had left untouched. She was probably thinking all doctors were alike in one way or another, unless they had somebody to take care of them.

He frowned, hearing the unmistakable cough of the car that his father was always forgetting to have repaired. Laura had started coffee perking on the stove, and she looked around, listening too.

The car door slammed after a moment, and they heard a familiar off-key whistle and tired but determined footsteps on the walk. Then old Dr. Murphy was in the kitchen with them, shaking hands with Dan, putting a fatherly arm around Laura, dropping his battered satchel in the hall by the umbrella stand.

"Well, well," he said, looking flushed and a little confused, "didn't think you two would make it tonight. I left here about seven to go out on a case in Pleasantville. Farmer with a case of pneumonia out there, wants to get up and get out before he's well. . . ." He took off his steel-rimmed glasses and began wiping them as he discussed the case with Dan. His old eyes were still remarkably blue, but his face looked thin and tired.

"Better sit down," Dan said. "Get a cup of coffee inside you and have your dinner."

For a moment, his father looked as if he hadn't heard. And then he said, "Coffee smells good, Laura, but I think I'll skip dinner. Not hungry right now."

"You waited too long," Dan said. But he wasn't quite sure that was why his father was no longer hungry. He wondered for a moment whether it was excitement at seeing Laura and himself after nearly a year. Or was it something deeper? His father's glance was troubled and almost accusing.

The old man gulped down the coffee Laura set before him, and his weathered hand, which could be so steady when he read a fever thermometer, shook as he set down the cup. I can't tell him about selling the house tonight, Dan thought. I'll tell him tomorrow after he's had a good night's rest.

BUT in the morning, there wasn't time. Dan had forgotten that even on Thanksgiving Day his father kept office hours as usual. Several patients came and went. The neighbors came too, bringing their simple tributes: homemade mince pies, a turkey still warm in its big old-fashioned roasting pan, zucchini cooked Italian style, homemade jams and jellies. Some of the neighbors Dan remembered. Other faces were new. But in all of them, he felt a strange reserve; they spoke to him with a shyness he had not remembered.

It was three by the time they sat down to Thanksgiving dinner. When we've finished, Dan thought, I'll tell him about the house. That will be the time.

They were halfway through dinner when the telephone rang. His father got up to answer it, pushing his chair back with a scrape that was as much a part of meals in this house as grace before eating.

"It's the Quimby boy," his father

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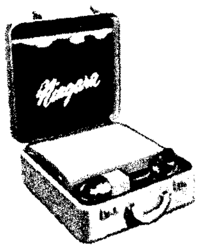

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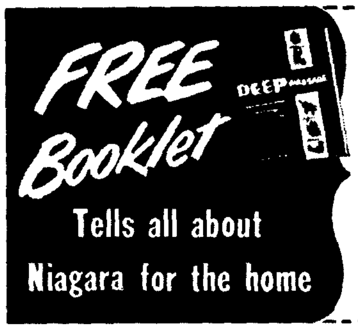

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pix puzzle

1. You know he's "hep" by
a. His Phi Beta Kappa key
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c. Dubonnet he's drinking

DUBONNET
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2. Dubonnet is famous as:
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Dubonnet
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MADE SINCE 1846

Dubonnet

ANSWERS:
1. c—It's the choice of smart sets everywhere.
2. b—Yet according to many, the most satisfying.
3. a,b,c—Anyway you name it, it's the toast of Paris.

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said, coming back into the dining room. "Fell out of the hayloft. Sounds like a compound fracture, from what they could tell me." He glanced at his half-finished meal reluctantly, and then folded his napkin neatly beside his plate and started to walk away.

Dan pushed his own chair back with a scrape that was louder and more determined. "Finish your dinner," he told his father. "I'm taking that call. That sky looks like snow, and I know how far it is out to the Quimbys'."

His father turned back with a wry smile. "So you think you know how to set a compound, do you?" he said. "Do they get fractures on Park Avenue?"

"The patient won't die," Dan said. "I've set a few compound fractures."

For a moment, his father hesitated. Laura went over and put her hand on his arm. "Why don't you let Dan go this one time?" she said. "After all, it's Thanksgiving—"

The old doctor sighed and came slowly back to the table. "That's right," he said, as if he had almost forgotten. "It is Thanksgiving. And I suppose I am tired. You can take over, Dan. . . ."

THE heavy silence of country at Thanksgiving was all around, the silence of the gray sky, the silence of the bare, dark trees.

Dan felt his hands relax a little on the wheel and some of the tenseness went out of him—and yet that uncomfortable feeling that sometimes caught up with him, even in the rush of his city practice, came over him now. It was not depression, exactly, nor fatigue, but a heavy weight inside him.

The Quimby farm was on a small rise of ground near a creek where Dan had gone swimming as a boy. Now there was a film of ice over the creek.

The Quimby house was quiet. Young Mrs. Quimby, a pretty, dark woman, stared at Dan for a moment before she spoke. "Is—is something wrong with the doctor?" she said. "Why couldn't he come?"

Dan pointed to his own doctor's satchel. "I'm Dr. Murphy's son," he said. "Dr. Dan Murphy. Dad had a late call last night and a busy morning. He's tired out, so I came out instead."

In the dim light of the hallway, Mrs. Quimby looked at Dan doubtfully. "Yes, I know who you are now," she said. Then she added with startling directness: "Are you taking over your father's practice here in Mill Harbor?"

"No," he said. "I'm just taking over for today, to help out." And feeling somehow distrusted, he assured her, "I'll take good care of your boy, Mrs. Quimby. I've handled quite a few accident cases." As he followed her into the small bedroom just off the kitchen, where the injured boy lay, Dan wished he could let this anxious woman see the cases he had cared for—patients who had been struck down in every kind of traffic accident that could occur in a fast-moving city. There were few types of injuries he hadn't seen in his daily work, few he didn't feel equipped to handle.

And yet, working over the small boy in the big brass bed, he had a sudden, strange feeling of inadequacy. It wasn't that he didn't know how to set this fracture neatly and quickly. It wasn't the four pairs of eyes—the parents and the grandparents—that watched every move he made, nor even the fact that the boy looked a little frightened and wanted to know where the doctor was.

It was something beyond that—and he knew, suddenly, what it was: in the city, where a good doctor was forced to see too many patients too fast, he had forgotten how to put these quiet, simple people at ease. They didn't understand hurry or rush; they wanted assurance that everything was going to be all right.

"It's not too complicated a fracture the boy has here," he said, a little too heartily. "He'll be up and around in time for Christmas dinner."

There was still no answer and when he turned, the four pairs of eyes were watchful and uncertain. The boy's mother was first to break the silence. "Well, we thank you," she said. She put her hand on her son's arm, then cleared her throat and said, "When will the doctor—I mean, your father—Will he stop in and see my son tomorrow?"

Dan felt the color rise to his cheeks, and yet he realized the terrible effort it had cost this woman to question his ability. "I've used the very latest and best procedure, Mrs. Quimby," he said. "It's—"

The boy's mother interrupted him, embarrassed. "Oh, I know you did all right," she said, and there was a little catch in her voice. "It's just that we've always had the doctor in whenever anything went wrong. Everybody does here in Mill Harbor. You know how it is. . . ."

"There are other doctors around," Dan said almost angrily. "There's a good man over at Plainville—Bill Scanlon, one of the best doctors in the state."

She followed Dan to the door wordlessly, and then at the door she said, "I've heard Dr. Scanlon's good. But there's something—well, when your father comes in, nobody worries any more." She seemed about to bid him good-by but instead turned back as though there were something she had to tell him. "He—well, when Joey was born, it was a bad year for the crops and the doctor never even sent us a bill. It took us three years to pay him, and all during that time he'd come just the same, whenever we needed him."

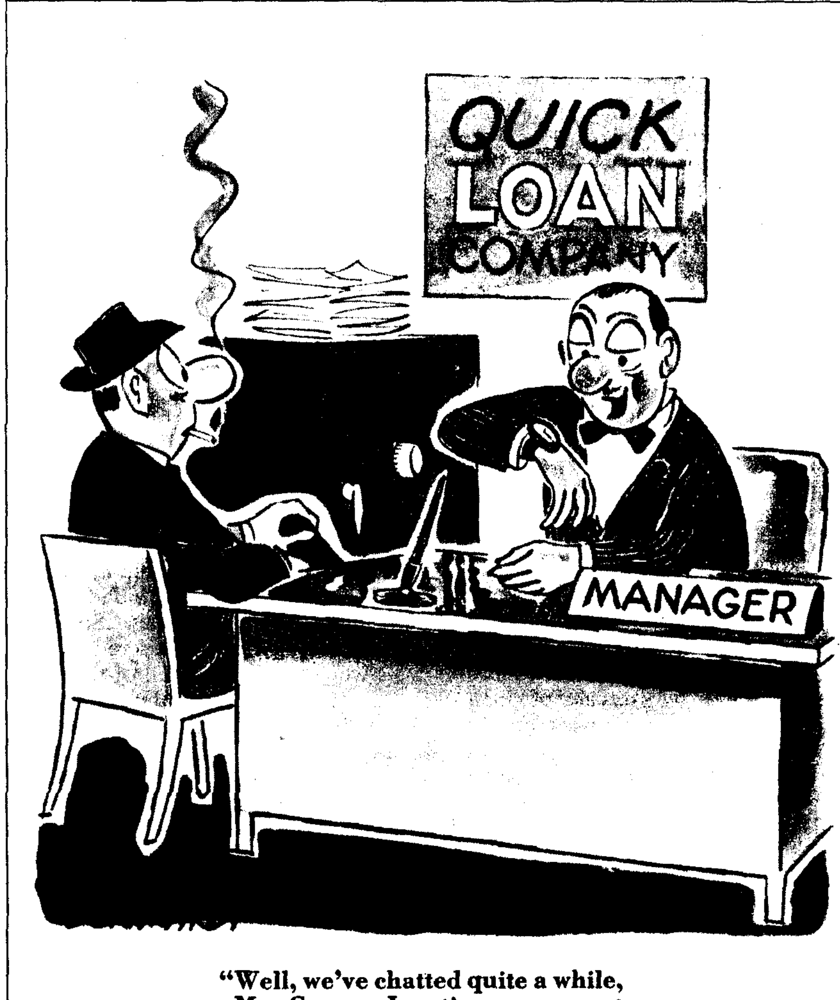
The feeling of inadequacy stayed with Dan as he drove back along the narrow, bumpy road. He told himself that he'd done a good job on the Quimby boy. He had used a procedure that would speed up the healing process and spare the boy several additional days in bed. And yet—

His father's house had something of the same country hush as the Quimbys' when he came back into the darkening parlor. Time's running out, Dan thought, angry at himself. I have to get back to the hospital tomorrow, to the Friday clinic. I came here to get something straightened out. Why can't I go through with it?

He took off his overcoat and hung it in the hall closet where his mother had always kept their outdoor clothes. Then he walked through the high-ceilinged old rooms, looking for his father. He was in the hall when he heard the faint clink of metal against metal, and realized suddenly where his father was.

HE STOOD still for a moment, reluctant to go into his father's office. He had kept away until now. He scarcely knew why. Then, with a heavy sigh, he turned and went in. The waiting room was neat enough, but it no longer glistened the way it had when his mother was alive to dust and polish and work over it. It looked clean and antiseptic, but the horsehair stuffing was coming out of the old leather couch and the rag rug needed mending.

A light was burning back in the inner office and Dan walked to the door. And then he stopped, unable to say anything at all. His father's back was turned, and he was bending stiffly over an ancient trunk that he had somehow brought into the office. Some of the shelves above it were already bare, and his father was carefully wrapping one



COLLIER'S

"Well, we've chatted quite a while, Mr. Crane. I notice a payment is due on that loan already . . ."

GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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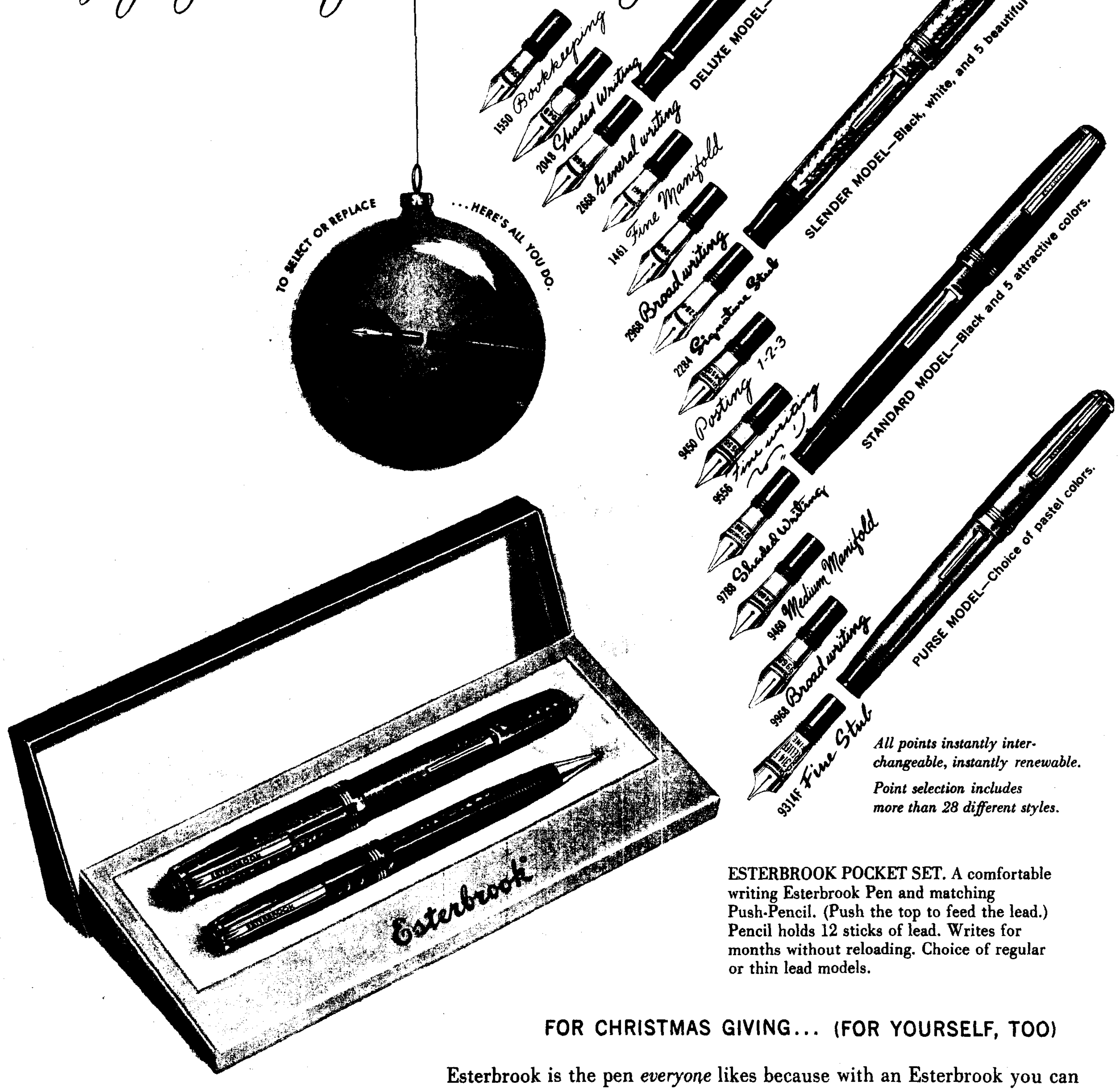
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What Does God's Law Say—
"BETWEEN The Lines?"

Few Christians will deny that the Ten Commandments are God's design for human conduct. Some so-called Christians think they are out-moded.

But how many know what they really mean?

"Thou shalt not steal," for example, obviously forbids robbery, burglary and embezzlement. What many evidently do not realize is that this Commandment also forbids evasion of just debts, bribery to gain political and business advantages, lending money at usurious rates, and other sharp practices which are often dishonestly excused as "smart business."

The Commandments speak only in broad, general terms. Their full meaning can be understood only in the light of the teaching of the New Testament. "I am the Lord, thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me," is taken by some to mean only that they must believe in a Supreme Being. Actually, it obliges us to prayer, gratitude, hope and worship, even though these words are not mentioned.

Most Christians agree that The Lord's Day must be kept holy. Yet there is a wide difference of opinion as to how this should be done... indeed, there is some disagreement as to *when* The Lord's Day should be observed.

When God said "Thou shalt not kill," He was not warning mankind merely against murder due to greed, lust or vengeance. He was telling us plainly that He, Who alone had the power to create human life, was reserving for Himself the right to take it away. And He made no exceptions for deliberate abortion and the so-called "mercy killings" which some Christians seek to justify today.

A wide variance of opinion also prevails as to the meaning of the Commandment: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Some apparently think this is a prohibition only against perjury in a courtroom. Actually, it is a warning against lies of all descriptions and all acts of commission and omission which injure the good name and reputation of another.

You hear people say, with smug assurance: "I keep the Commandments — that's enough." And it would indeed be enough *if they truly understood what the Commandments require. But we must read "between the lines" if we are rightly to understand God's instructions and to live according to His design. If you want to be sure... if you want to refresh your mind on the true and full meaning of God's rules of life... write today for our free Pamphlet No. C-12. It will be sent to you in a plain wrapper, and nobody will call on you.*

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of his much-used instruments and putting it into the trunk beside the others.

When he heard Dan he straightened up, flushing. "Just packing up my things," he said. "Might even need some of them, sometime."

For a long moment Dan stood looking at his father, at this office where so many had come in pain and trouble to seek help—and to seek the comfort Mrs. Quimby had spoken of, the peace of mind that was not to be found in instruments or drugs.

Quite suddenly, Dan leaned over the trunk, lifted out the packed instruments and began putting them back on the glass shelves. It was a long time before he was able to speak with the calm he needed. Finally he said, "Who told you—about the offer on the house, I mean?"

HIS father sat down on the small white chair under the lamp that he'd used to examine countless throats and inspect innumerable cuts, bruises and burns. The glaring light brought out the lines in his face and the tiredness in his eyes. "Hiram Whittaker told me about the offer," he said. "I was the one who told him to write and tell you about it. After all, it's your money in the house. I always wanted to buy it, but I never could get that much together. So it's your house, and I want you to do what's best with it."

"I'm going to," Dan said firmly. "I've decided not to sell it, no matter what they offer. I've decided—they couldn't pay me what it's worth."

His father stood up. He wasn't very tall, but he looked almost tall now. "No," he said. "You can make money out of this, and I won't have you passing it up for my sake."

Dan saw the resolute stubbornness in his father's face, and he started to tell him about the people around here who needed him so deeply in their quiet, desperate way. But his father already knew about their need, and so Dan merely said: "I'm not keeping the house for your sake at all. I'm keeping it for myself. I've decided that Mill Harbor is good for me now and then. A man can get too much of the city, seven days a week. And when I close up my office on Saturdays and Sundays, I need a place to come home to."

Laura called from the dining room, using the familiar words he'd heard so often from her, "Dan, you didn't finish your dinner!"

"Come on," he said briskly, putting his arm around his father's shoulders. "I want to tell you what I did on the Quimby case. It seems they don't trust me, and they want you to see the boy and look over my job tomorrow."

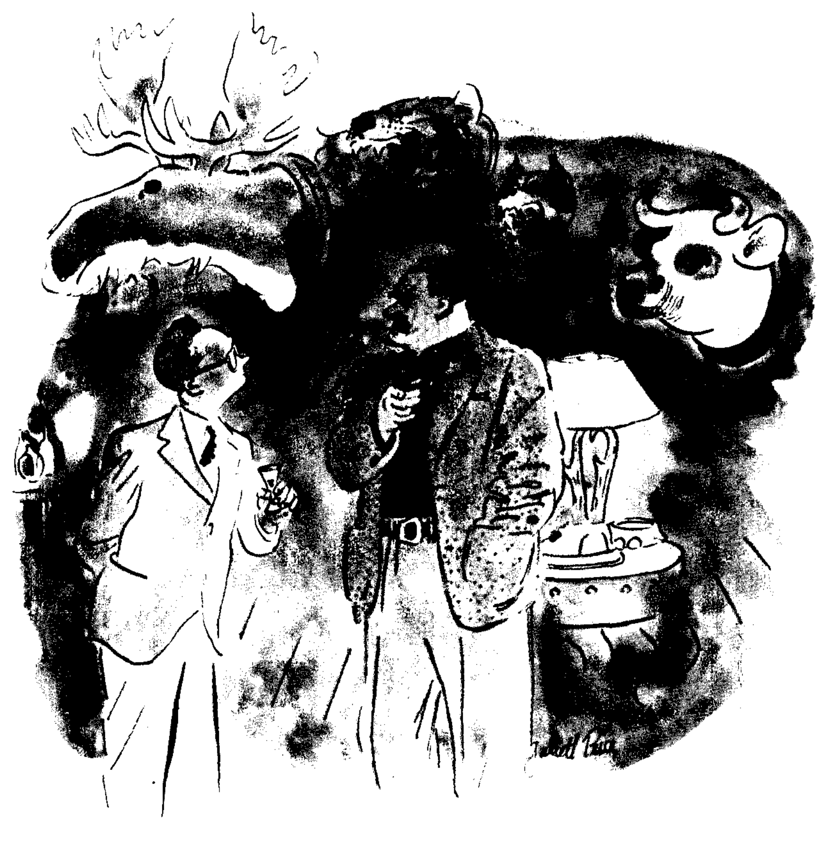
"I guess your job will hold," his father said, smiling. "I don't think I'll have to reset the leg." And as they went through the small waiting room, back into the dining room, Dan thought with a start of surprise that perhaps his mother hadn't really been as poor as he'd always thought. Maybe, in a way that no child could see, his mother had been rich.

"Do we say grace over a second start?" Dan asked, using again the old family joke.

"Yes," his father said gravely. "It's Thanksgiving dinner, and maybe this time we should."

They bowed their heads then and old Dr. Murphy said grace. When he lifted his eyes, Dan was aware of the table before them, richly burdened with the food that had been brought in by his father's grateful patients. I don't need to worry about his being here alone, Dan thought. He's taken care of so many people that they'll all be taking care of him. And after all, to go on living a man needs a purpose—even more than he needs rest.

—HERBERT A. FRANCIS



COLLIER'S "This one turned out to be the most expensive" GARRETT PRICE

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...Faith in Ourselves

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And not in war only: But in peace and in the good, clean work of the farm and factory, we have given of ourselves that our nation might prosper.

Americans have cause to be proud — to have faith in themselves.

Sometimes these days, it seems, some of us forget the proud company we have joined . . . forget the brave names on monuments where bronze blackens with weather . . . forget the great deeds graven in granite.

Haven't we cause to have faith?

Haven't we the duty to have faith in ourselves — *and to let the world know it?*

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The Cruel Sea's Cruelest

A close-up of the head of a large barracuda caught by the author shows his mean eyes, outthrust lower jaw, and sharp, doglike teeth

The barracuda's a cannibal—give him a chance and he'll tear the flesh off your arm. Come stalk the tiger of the reef in an exotic fishing paradise off the Florida coast

THIS slimy cannibalistic evildoer is oceanic Public Enemy No. 1. He is the roughest and most treacherous menace of the reef—a creature of sheer ugliness and cruel and despotic traits. To add to his sinister grimness, pointed rampageous jaws carry conspicuous, extended, doglike incisors . . ."

These bloodcurdling words, excised from a bulletin published by the usually staid Florida Department of Agriculture, are used to describe one of the deadliest deep-sea fish of its size—the barracuda. They were read to me last summer by my friend and fellow fishing enthusiast, Jack Tenzel, of Nashville, Tennessee, who has spent the last few winters in the far Florida tropics.

"You can get some idea of the barracuda's meanness," Jack told me, "by the names he's known by—'tiger of the reef,' 'sea tiger,' 'pirate,' 'murderer.' Some fishermen call the 'cuda 'muskellunge,' too, because he has the same shape and he'll rip the flesh off your hand—just like a musky—if you let him. I've heard of a man who cut himself while swimming and before he could get to shore, a 'cuda took his arm off. But tie into one from a small boat in shoal water and he's one of the most exciting fish you can go after on your own." Fully half the thrill of barracuda fishing, Jack went on, was the sheer beauty of the Barracuda Keys on the edge of the great Florida reef, site of one of the best barracuda fishing grounds in the United States. His description sounded like a prophet singing of Paradise. "The most beautiful country you've ever seen . . . virginal islands . . . anyone can get to them . . . all you need is a boat and a bamboo rod with a star-drag reel and you can rassle the monsters all day."

That was last summer. Now it was fall—and we were seven miles, less than a half-hour run for our modest 13-foot boat, from this fisherman's utopia on the Florida Keys.

At home in Nashville, we had packed our fresh-water boat onto its trailer and towed it behind us through five states all the way down to the tip of Florida. A dozen miles from the end of the spectacular Overseas Highway at Key West, we turned off at the deserted sponge-farming area called Perky, the spot on the highway nearest the Barracuda Keys.

We had scheduled our departure from Perky's crumbling stone and timber jetty to arrive at the grounds when the tide was turning—the best time for fishing. When we pushed off, the sun, already high in the sky, was white-hot on Perky's 10 buildings, dingy and unkempt in their ragged palm grove.

Now Jack was at the outboard and I was up front as we moved into a wide shallow bay. According to the map, the Barracudas lay almost due north; but hemmed in as we were by thick banks of mangroves and buttonwoods, they were still hidden from view. Jack turned the boat sharply into a narrow cut in the high green walls, and we emerged into an expanse of water. The mangrove bank slowly closed out behind us the last view of Perky and the busy highway back to the United States. We were free of the land.

I looked back at Jack, who waved his arm in a comprehensive gesture. "New world ahead!" he cried. As he had predicted, it was the most beautiful country I had ever seen. Before us we could see no sign of human life or human handiwork, only two small emerald islands. Then the Barracudas themselves loomed

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARDEAN MILLER

Critter

By JENNINGS PERRY

in the distance where the horizon should have been. Only today there was no horizon: the sea and the sky blended in a deep blue.

The scene was awash with insistent light and reckless colors. The shimmering waters, predominantly green, were stained with patches of rust, horehound and silver. A huge ray, whose undulating wings looked like elephant's ears, skittered from under us, stirring a trail of white coral mud. Seconds later, a porpoise looped ahead of us, then another and another, six or seven in all.

The water was shallow and mirror-clear. Now the bottom was carpeted with reddish-brown long-stemmed moss, now with a thick-bladed plant called conch grass. The marine growths were interspersed with fields of grayish loggerhead sponges ranging in size from the sum of two fists to that of a washtub.

Shallow Waters Make Barracuda Keys Safe

I was awakened from my leisurely contemplation of the tropical majesty by the propeller's protective rim grazing against an underwater object. The boat winced and ran on. Jack grinned reassuringly. "If anything happened, you could wade ashore." Most of the waters on the great reef between the major keys—like Big Pine, Cudjoe and Sugarloaf—he explained, were seldom more than five feet and usually less than three feet in depth.

"I've been out here," Jack said, "when the storm warnings were up all along the coast and even the charter cruisers at Key West wouldn't leave the harbor. The Barracudas are too shallow to be dangerous."

The key to navigating these sheltered waters, he had found, was the small boat. Drawing only inches, it enabled even the greenest inlander to explore the wilderness of the Lower Keys.

We had just turned into such a wilderness. Somewhat tentatively, at reduced speed, we proceeded along a narrow tongue of water bordered by flats almost completely exposed by the outgoing tide. Patches of these "bares" were snow-white with nations of wintering plovers and lesser numbers of gulls, pelicans, cranes and black cormorants.

Our course was more difficult now. Jack worked through a thread of water winding in the flats. He had to be nimble; at places the channel was scarcely wider than the boat. The channel widened suddenly as we entered a pass and my guide sat back with a sigh of accomplishment. We were at the fishing grounds.

"We made good time," Jack said, looking at his watch. "The tide's due to turn soon." Fishing at the turn of the tide was the best sport, he pointed out. With the water flooding, the fish returned from the deep channels into the shallow flats where they couldn't sound and, in trying to break free, they had to resort to the spectacular leaps which always thrill fishermen. "It won't be long now. Let's drop anchor and break bread."

We had a lunch flavored with expectation. The pass in which our boat idled was some 50 yards wide, perhaps 500 long, and it was the doorway to the barracuda country. Beyond was the dark, infinite sweep of the Gulf of Mexico. We could see beneath us to the white sand on the bottom, scoured clean by the surges of the Gulf tide. An endless procession of snappers swam by. "We could fill the boat with them," Jack said, "or with crevallé jacks and blue runners."

But there was a stronger call on my attention. The boat had begun to swing in the pass and tug at her mooring. The tide was coming in.

Jack had also seen the sign. The lines on our bamboo rods already were armed with hooks the size of a man's forefinger, and he baited the hooks with mullet strips. We advanced through the pass slowly, letting out the lines as we went. From the upper end of the pass, two brown ospreys, sometimes called sea eagles or fish hawks, flew out of the top of a clump of mangroves and whirled over us. The increasing tidal current rippled at the mouth of the pass as we crossed into the channel.

"Now watch yourself," Jack said.

The mullets we were trailing behind us had hardly cleared the channel when I got a strike that nearly pulled my shoulder from its socket. I was wrenched half around on the seat. "Trouble!" I shouted. I heard Jack laugh. The line raced out and I set myself for the fight. I stood up, knees flexed, to take the full shock of the barracuda when the brake in my reel clamped on.

The tip of the rod bowed low. Under my thumb the line payed out rapidly. Twenty yards . . . thirty yards . . . the taut thread cut through the surface of the water. Then, a dozen boat-lengths away, the barracuda made his first fine angry leap. His pikelike

Heading out toward the fishing grounds in the Barracuda Keys (at top), author points out an island marker to Jack Tenzel. Perry hooks a big barracuda (center) who makes a magnificent leap completely out of the water. Now it's Jack's turn to tie into a tiger of the reef. Braced against the 'cuda's pull, he reels him in close enough to the boat so that Perry can swiftly gaff the struggling fish by passing hook under jaw

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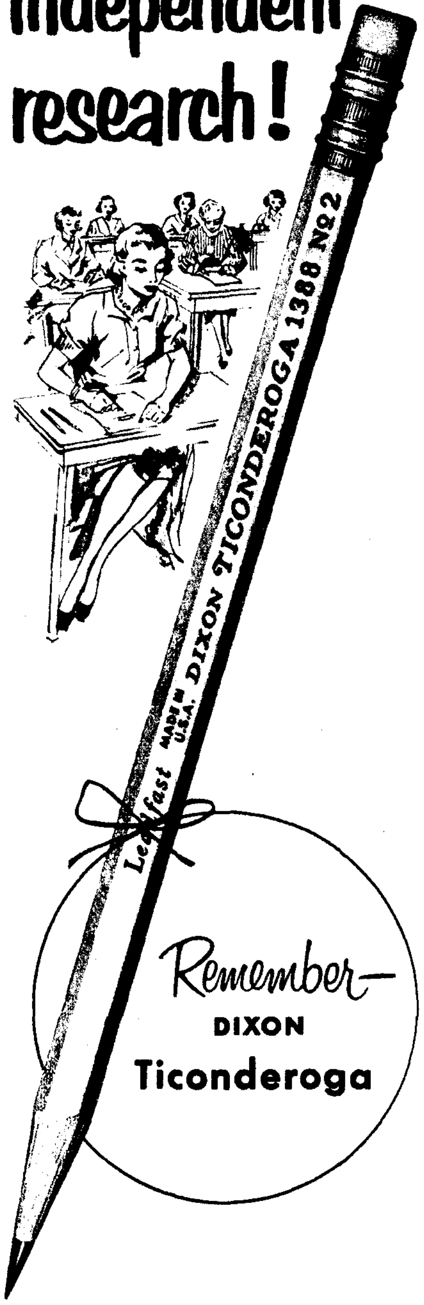

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"Surrounded by 'cudas, our boat rocked wildly"

body neither writhed nor turned in the air but shot out in a true parabola—a glistening, graceful missile five feet long, spraying drops of water that shone like crystal in the sun.

"Trouble!" I repeated happily. I tightened the drag on the reel but my tiger continued to take out line almost at will. I had no idea whether I could hold him, but I shifted my stance to counter his rushes. Twice more he broke into the air, once in another beautiful leap, once in a desperate lunge only half out of the water. He was nearer now, and I could make out his markings: the erect tandem fins on his dark back, his spotted silvery sides and impressive outthrust lower jaw.

"Don't horse him," Jack coached. "He'll come before long." Jack stopped the motor and the fish circled, turning the light boat with him. Inch by inch now I was gaining on him, and soon I could distinguish his dark, menacing shape on the bottom. Then the line began to come in easily.

"You've got him now," Jack said. "A 'cuda knows when he's licked. He's not like a tarpon who'll buck you all the way, and then try to kick in the boat." With a swift dip of the gaff he hooked the fish under his jaw and lifted him half out of the water. The tamed tiger hung straight, halfheartedly pushing with his tail. His round black eyes glared at us malevolently. My left hand, cramped from gripping the plunging rod, was numb. The battle had lasted perhaps 15 minutes.

"Dead" 'Cuda Held with Tongs

My first 'cuda was entirely as good as the Florida Department of Agriculture's description: his "rampageous" jaws, at least eight inches long, were crammed with "conspicuous, extended, doglike incisors." Respectfully, with long-handled iron tongs, Jack worked loose the barbed hook. He held up the 'cuda and guessed he was over 20 pounds.

"Your man-eater," Jack said admiringly. He twisted the gaff and the 'cuda slid back into the water and lay belly up. "Thinks he's dead. Watch." The fish's gills opened and shut feebly, then faster. All at once he whipped over and darted away.

I remembered, then, that Jack had told me the only value to the 'cuda was the thrill in catching him. Still, I must have shown my disappointment.

"Why keep him?" Jack asked. "You wouldn't eat him, though some down here do. He can be smoked, like a mullet or kingfish, but he's not tasty that way, either. If you were thinking of having him mounted, why bother with *him?* There're hundreds of 'cudas out there on the reef as big or bigger than the one you just caught. And it'll cost you a dollar an inch—or more."

If Jack's logic didn't completely remove all my disappointment, the anticipation of catching another 'cuda did. During our fight, the powerful fish had towed the boat a stone's throw from the channel, and we were grounded on the flats. Jack had to push at the bottom with the paddle before we could head back into the meandering channel.

We trolled outward across the gently shelving reef. Jack reeled in a small tubular sand sucker and, without removing it, quickly let out his line.

"Strike!" he announced a moment later. His 'cuda leaped out of the water, and I saw he was not a large one, no more than three feet long. But as Jack brought his fish in close, the strain on his rod suddenly eased; at the same time another blurred form flashed by the boat. He reeled in all that was left of his fish—the severed head. "His brother got him, the cannibal!" Jack said with awe in his voice. "His teeth were so sharp I never felt him."

Four or five times in the next half hour we dealt with 'cudas of varying sizes. None, however, was as impressive as the first I had hooked.

We worked the channel for some distance toward the Gulf, and by the time Jack turned the boat to a new course, the tide was flooding. We trolled over what had been unwatered bares only an hour before. A white dot of a sail moved almost imperceptibly to the north. Otherwise the sea was empty.

"It's always like this," Jack said. "In fifty times out here last year, I never laid eyes on another boat. Suits me—maybe it's the last frontier."

"Or," I said, "the Isles of Desire."

We had come offshore of a key which seemed to have been the victim of a hurricane. The mangroves on its seaward front had been uprooted and driven back, making a windrow of pale tree skeletons against the lush growth remaining.

In front of the smitten shore, a row of weathered rocks punctured the water. We were trolling as close as we dared when a lithe, shining fish darted away from the rocks, skipping on the surface many times. Jack looked alert. "That's a balao—we call him 'ballyhoo.' Now we ought to be in *big*-game country. Look!" He pointed. "Something's on his tail." Slithering after the balao were the long sinister shapes of barracudas—dozens of them.

Before I could reply, I was in trouble—big trouble. From the corner of my eye I saw that Jack's rod, too, was bent double. Somehow he killed the motor, and we both stood up to do battle. As we struggled against the strain on our lines, the boat tipped wildly; and to keep from being flung overboard, we balanced it with our knees.

We had our 'cudas within 20 yards of the boat when our vibrating lines crossed. We groaned prayerfully and they uncrossed. But at that instant, both fish leaped into the air, in opposite directions, literally standing on their tails. It was a magnificent sight. The fish were of a size—and huge. If only we could keep our lines apart—!

A Grim Struggle for Freedom

Luck was with us: both fish made for deeper water. The boat swung with them, stern to. With neither fish leaping again, it was a straight, deadly tug of war. One of us would win in a few inches of line, only to yield it back—and yards more—when the fish really chose to lean against the drag. Turn by turn of the reels, we hauled them back to the boat, or pulled the boat up to them. Finally we were close enough to see them, heads down, struggling side by side in the water.

We saw something else, too. At least four other monstrous 'cudas were following our hooked fish hungrily. Jack's fish suddenly turned to the surface and lunged in a last gesture of defiance. His cannibalistic brothers vanished.

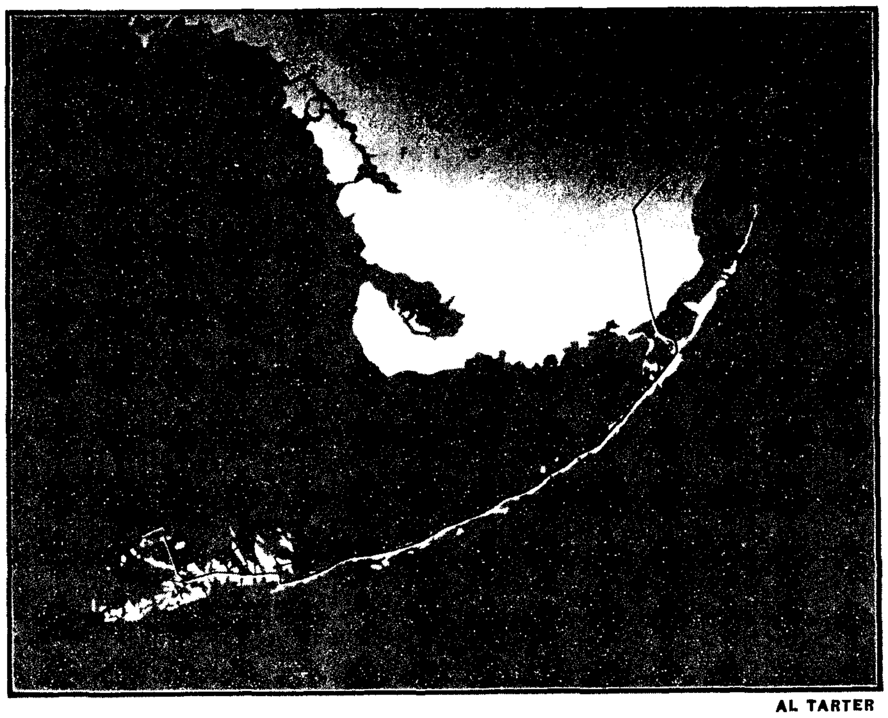
We worked quickly. Jack held his splashing fish while I boated mine. Then he brought in his own.

Both fish were longer than any man's leg. Jack guessed them at 30 to 35 pounds each. The record for the great reef, he recalled, was 59 pounds. With the greatest care, we retrieved our hooks and released the 'cudas.

It was getting on toward evening. Sea and sky were a flaming orange as we turned back through the osprey pass. The tide was full over the flats now. Far off, lighthouses winked over the keys.

"We should have saved those 'cudas for mounting," I said finally.

Jack flipped away his cigarette. "You know the way now," he said, shrugging. "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow they'll be right here for the taking." ▲▲▲



AL TARTER

Fishing area is reached by carrying boat on its trailer down Overseas Highway to Perky and following route indicated to the Barracuda Keys

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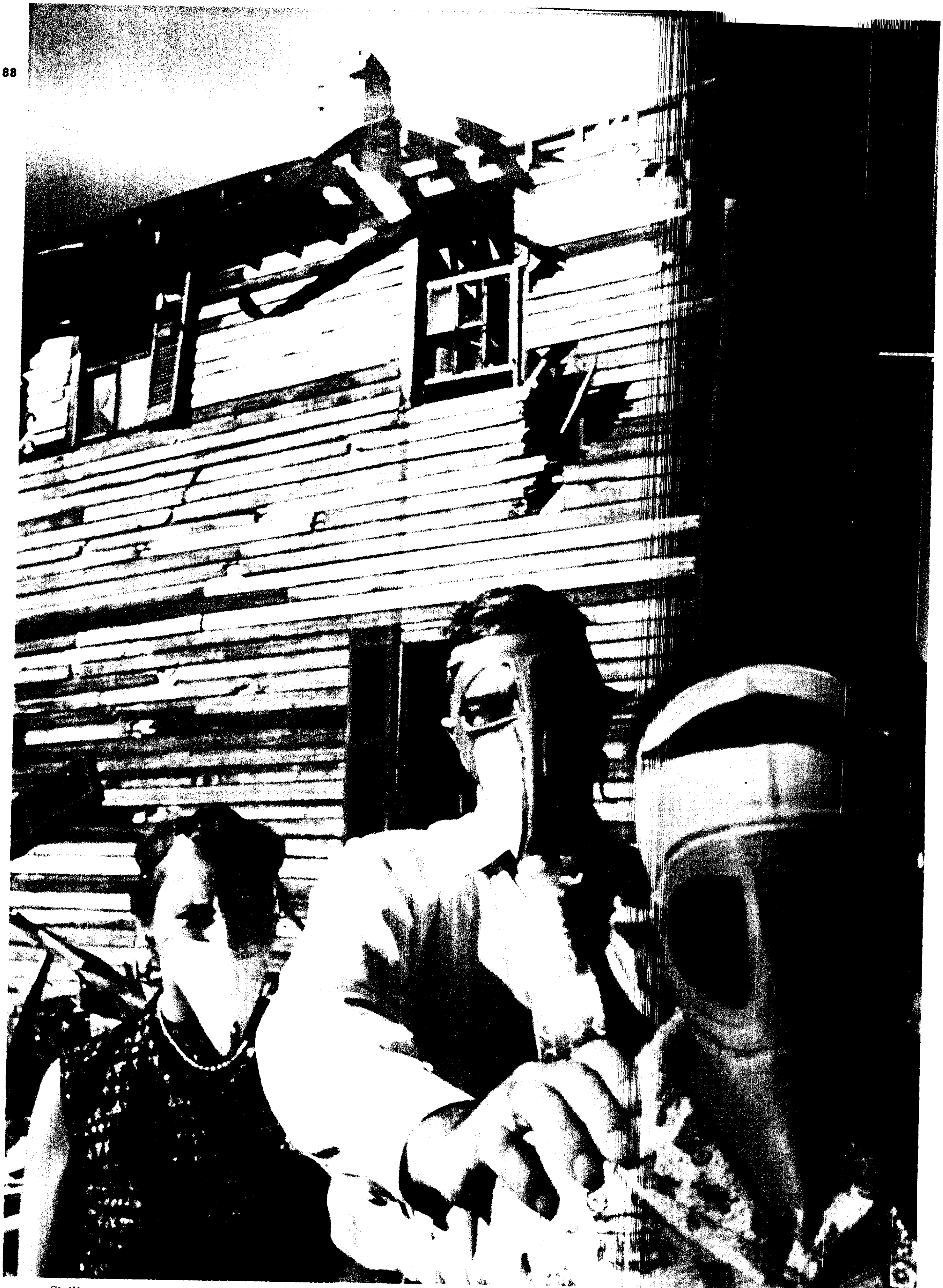


Civilian-type gas masks developed by the Army are modeled against background of wrecked houses at Civil Defense test area, Olney, Maryland

A New Weapon of Chilling Terror G-GAS

WE HAVE IT—SO DOES RUSSIA

By CORNELIUS RYAN

RIGHT now you and your family—all of us—are unprotected against the threat of a terror weapon which could prove more deadly than an atomic bomb. The weapon won't demolish buildings or blast whole areas with the scythelike thoroughness of an A-bomb—it works subtly and more economically. The Army calls it GB; it's an odorless, colorless, tasteless nerve gas designed to destroy people with paralyzing suddenness.

We have it; so do the Russians.

Soviet possession of GB has some of our top authorities worried. There's always a chance that a potential enemy might use it in a surprise Pearl Harbor-type attack. G-gas, as nerve gas is sometimes called, is cheap to produce, a small amount can do the job, and it leaves a nation's industrial plants, utilities and buildings intact for an occupying power.

Russia has at least one nerve-gas factory in full production, and there may be others. Moreover, Russia announced when she ratified the Geneva Protocol outlawing gas warfare in 1928 that she would not be bound by it in any war with a nonratifying state. The United States never ratified the protocol; the State Department regards it as inadequate and ineffective.

You haven't heard much about this terror weapon up to now because Federal Civil Defense Administration authorities deliberately soft-pedaled it; they wanted time to work out a defense. We now have the prototypes of the detection devices, the antidote-filled syringes and the gas masks needed to meet the threat, but it may be years before they are produced in sufficient quantities to protect our civilian population.

Indeed, Val Peterson, Federal Civil Defense Administrator, estimates that if an enemy launched an all-out nerve-gas raid against the United States tomorrow, the death toll could be in the millions. He told me: "Nerve gas used by an enemy with maximum efficiency could be deadlier than an atomic bomb."

But now that we at least know *how* to defend ourselves against nerve gas, Civil Defense officials and the Army Chemical Corps believe the time has come to tell the American people the facts. This account is the first full report on GB, the most toxic nerve gas known to military science today.

As one of a writer-photographer team—the first to be allowed inside the laboratories of the Army Chemical Center at Edgewood, Maryland—I've seen minute amounts of GB kill fruit flies and roaches in seconds and giant white rats in under a minute. I've talked with people who make and test the gas, with men who have accidentally breathed the fumes and are alive today only because of prompt treatment with an antidote. I've visited Washington and interviewed high-ranking generals and Civil Defense officials on the nature of the nerve-gas threat and our unpreparedness to meet it.

I was told that, by conservative estimate, the vapor from as little as three drops of GB would kill a human in four minutes. It would paralyze the nerve centers almost instantly, knocking out the brain in 30 seconds and the lungs a few seconds later. Acute convulsions would develop within a minute, followed by loss of control over body functions, then total paralysis and death from suffocation.

An enemy wouldn't use drops, he'd use tons. Our Chemical Warfare experts estimate that one Russian TU-4 bomber—similar to our B-29—could carry enough GB to the United States to kill everybody within an area of 100 square miles. For a gas raid, a TU-4 probably would be loaded with seven tons of bombs, each containing 50 or more small canisters of the nerve gas. Each bomb would have a time fuse to detonate the casing at a predetermined height and scatter the canisters over a wide area. An explosive charge would shatter each canister as it hit the ground, releasing the gas fumes in an invisible cloud.

The concentration of gas within the miles-square area in which the bombs fell would be so great that every unprotected human being there would die within four minutes. Brigadier General William M. Creasy, who heads the Research and Engineering Command of the Army Chemical Corps and who, in the opinion of Washington authorities, knows more about nerve gas than any other person in the country, says that planeload for planeload, and under the right conditions, GB represents as great a threat to the civilian population as the A-bomb.

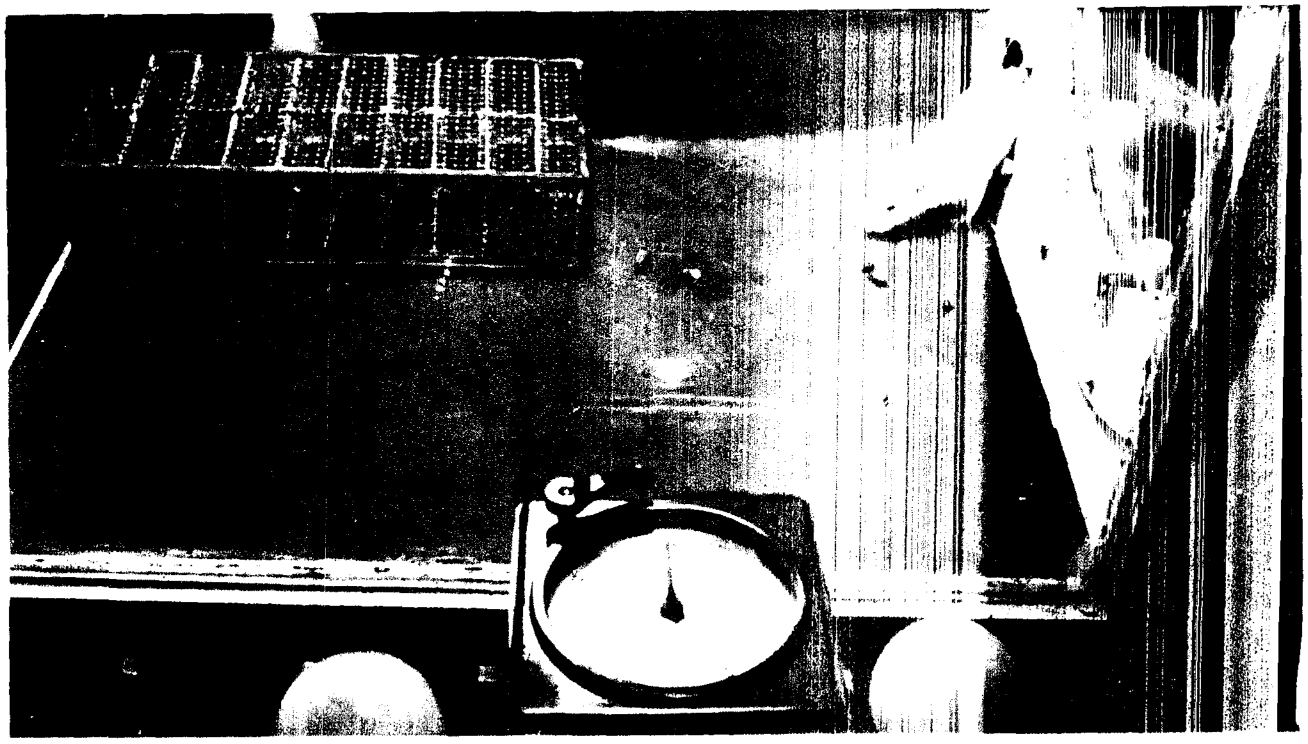
Army Chemical Center's Saul Hormats holds pint-sized beaker stoppered with a syringe containing drops of GB—enough to kill him

What are the "right conditions" mentioned by General Creasy? Well, perhaps you've seen fog or smoke late in the evening hugging the ground as it rolls slowly across the countryside under a mild three- or four-mile-an-hour wind. It's held there by what meteorologists call an "inversion," which develops when the temperature of the ground is lower than that of the air above. "This is the condition required for a perfect nerve-gas attack," says Louis Benjamin, chief of the Army Chemical Center's Test Division, "and it occurs in fair weather with amazing regularity and almost always between dusk and dawn."

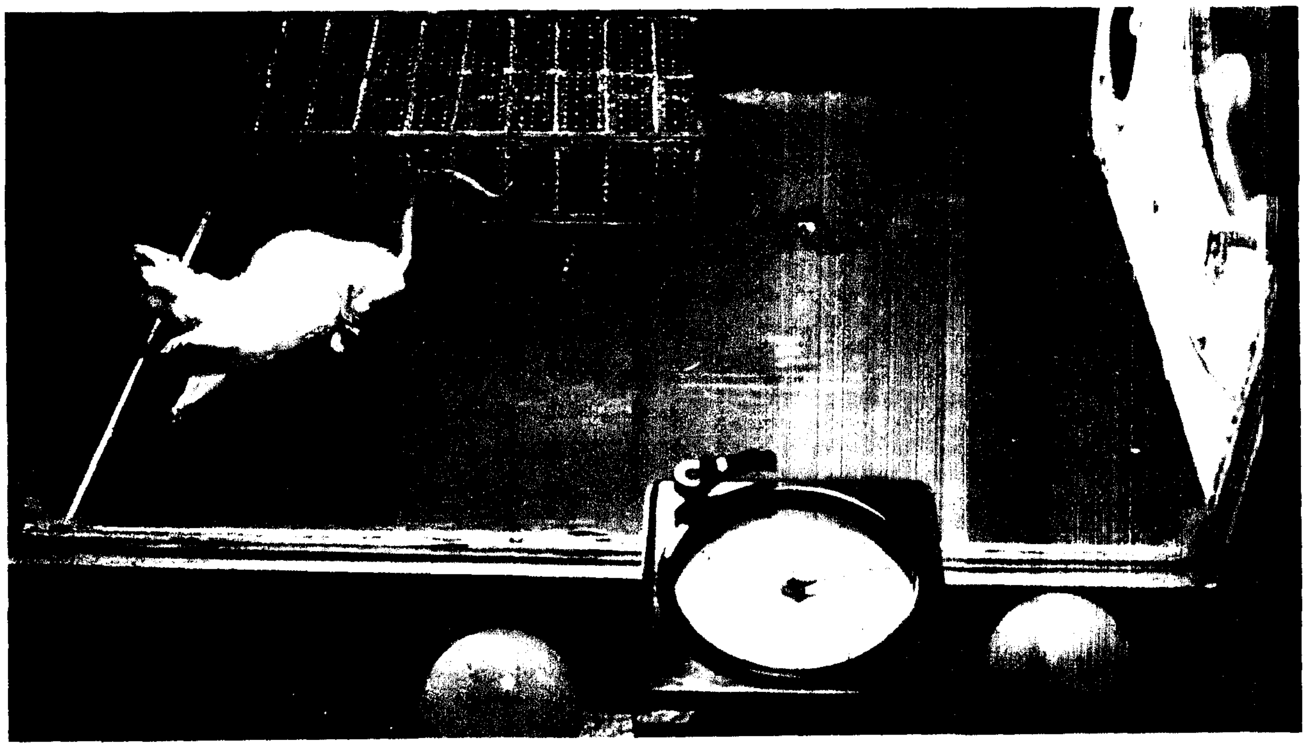
Under an inversion, the gas would drift across the countryside, through city streets or about factory buildings. Even 50 miles from the attacked area, the concentration of gas in the cloud would still be sufficient to kill a man in 15 minutes. Altogether, fumes from seven tons of gas would be wafted by a mild wind over perhaps 100 square miles

One plane could drop enough to kill everyone in 100 square miles. How does it work? What about our defenses? Here's the first full report on a weapon that could prove deadlier than an A-bomb

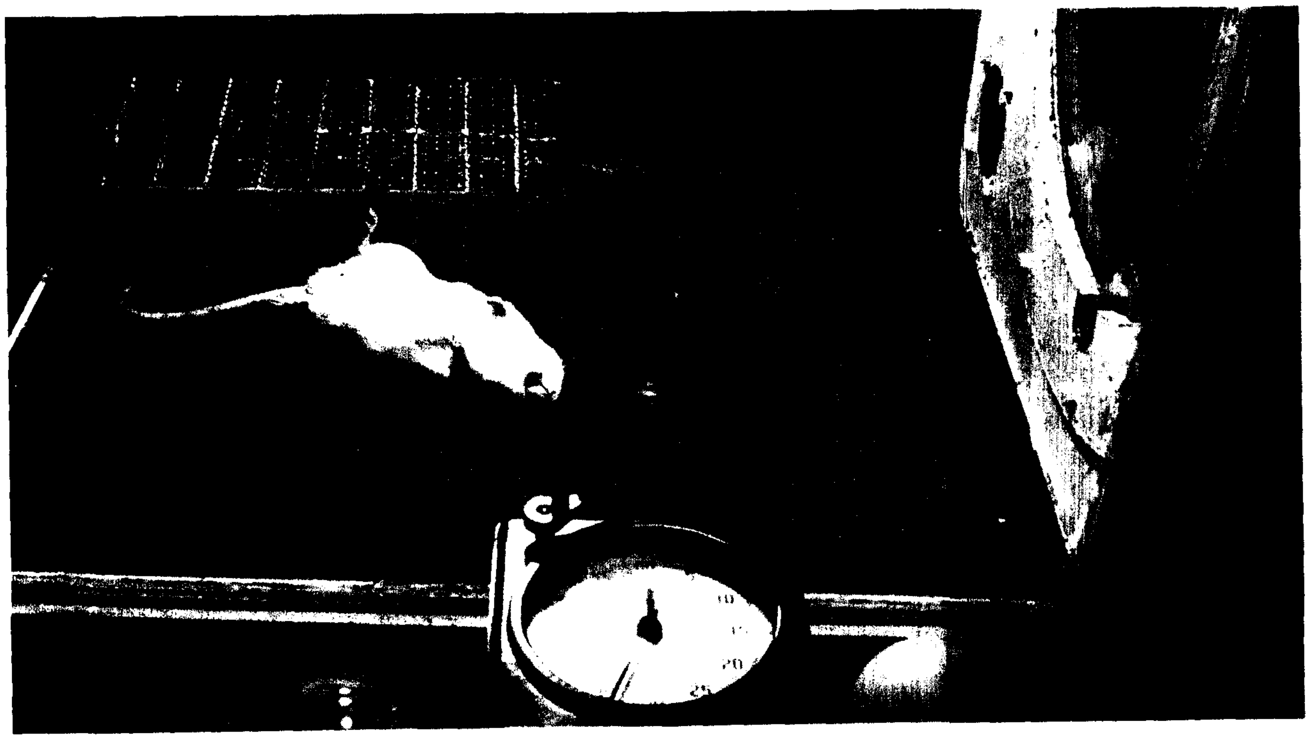
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEROME YULSMAN



ZERO In these exclusive photographs of GB test, white rat enters gas-filled chamber as electric timer records "zero" seconds



12 Seconds Gas paralyzes the nerve centers almost at once, knocking the rat unconscious. Acute convulsions begin within 12 seconds



35 Seconds Rat dies from suffocation 35 seconds after entering chamber. Same amount of gas would kill a human being in four minutes

during a 12-hour period before finally dispersing.

If such ideal conditions did not exist, of course, the gas would be dispersed much sooner and the affected area would be much smaller. But it is unlikely an enemy would attempt a raid unless he felt certain conditions were perfect. Using meteorological devices and charts, he could plot in advance when the weather and climatic conditions at a target area should be ideal. Once over the target, meteorological planes accompanying the gas raider could check actual ground conditions with automatic reporting devices.

Destruction a Saboteur Could Wreak

A *saboteur* also could use nerve gas. Civil Defense authorities recently completed a theoretical study which indicated that GB released from a half-gallon container in the House of Representatives would kill everyone in the chamber. A *saboteur* could spray the gas from an aerosol-type bomb—such as is used for insecticides—into the air-conditioning system, or leave in the chamber a brief case containing a gas-filled time bomb.

Quite apart from the danger posed by the fumes, it's possible that droplets of the liquid gas from a low bomb burst might spray civilians. Liquid GB on the skin is painless; it causes no irritation and doesn't burn or scar. A victim wouldn't know it was there unless he saw it fall. But if he didn't wash it off at once with soap and water or a solution of washing soda, it would be absorbed through the skin into the blood stream and kill him within an hour. How is it absorbed? Doctors don't know. But they have found that ordinary clothing, rubber boots, even gloves and laboratory clothing offer little protection; the liquid gas seeps right through them. Only specially treated decontamination clothing provides protection, and it must be continually washed down.

Just how does the gas kill? It wrecks the nervous system. Our nerve centers function because of two vital chemicals which the body produces. One, acetylcholine, acts as a bridge between the nerve endings and the muscles and is produced when the brain sends an impulse down to the nerve endings. The second, cholinesterase, moderates the activities of acetylcholine. Without it acetylcholine accumulates until it causes excessive and uncontrollable muscle activity and eventually convulsions. Nerve gas knocks out the cholinesterase, and the accumulating acetylcholine soon sends the muscles into convulsive spasms. Paralysis and death follow.

The sensations experienced by a victim were described for me by Dr. Seymour D. Silver, head of the Toxicology Division of the Army Chemical Center. He said: "The first symptom is a feeling of weight on the chest and difficulty in breathing. Then the nose starts to run and everything becomes dark as the pupils of the eyes close up much as a camera lens does. Dizziness and a sharp headache follow. The victim loses his sense of co-ordination and equilibrium. Suddenly he falls to the ground, all his muscles twitching. Convulsions begin. Breathing becomes increasingly difficult and soon ceases, although the heart may continue to beat for another four or five minutes. As death comes, the body may be arched in paralysis, or limp in what is known as flaccid paralysis."

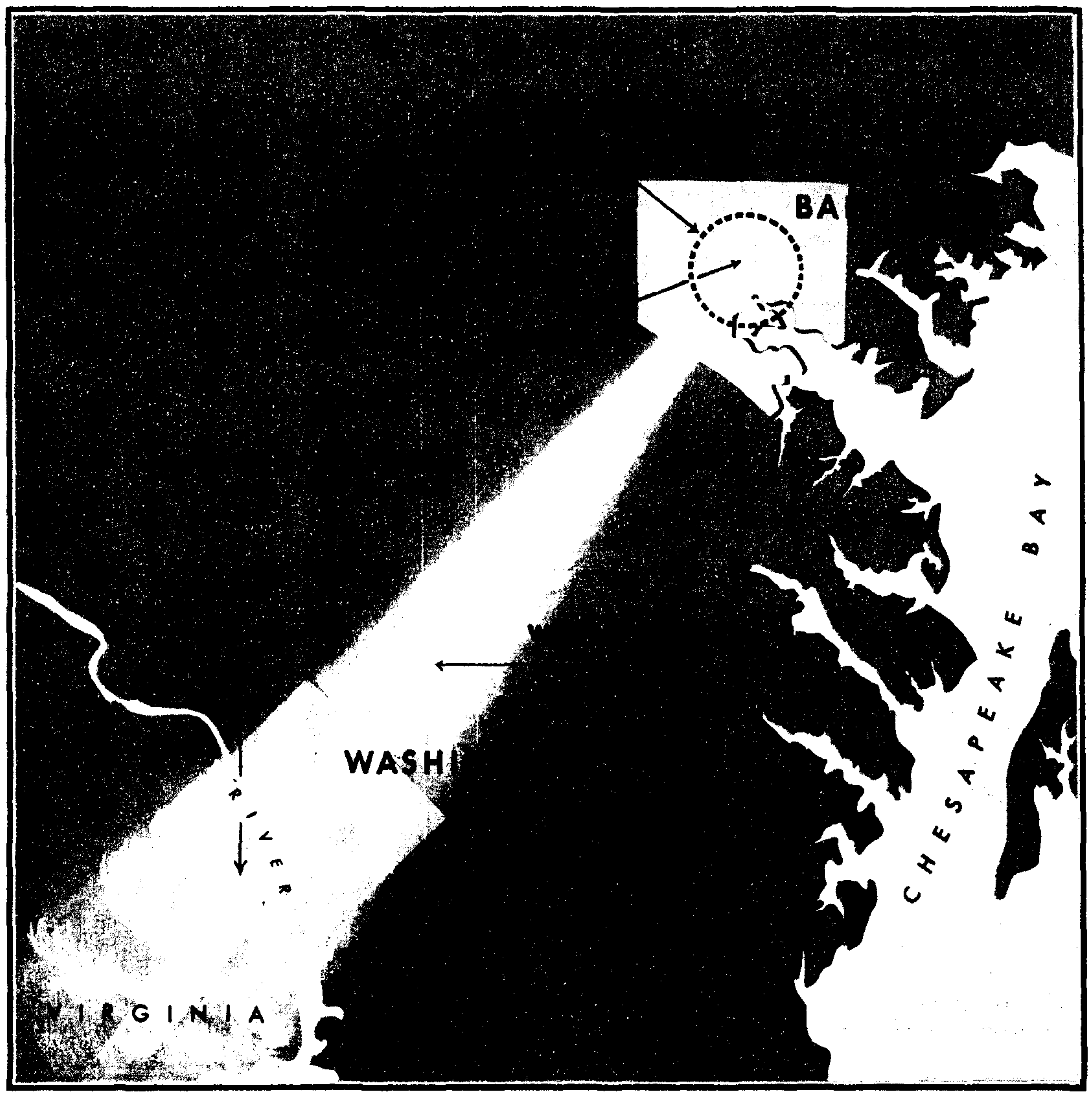
Nerve gas acts on humans in the same way insecticides work on bugs. The parallel is more than a coincidence. In the middle thirties, Dr. Gerhard Schrader of Germany's I. G. Farben Company discovered nerve gas during a search for a new insecticide. The Nazis immediately realized the potentialities of Dr. Schrader's discovery and in 1939 built a plant to produce various nerve gases at Dyhernfurth, near the Polish border. Production got fully under way in 1942, but the Germans didn't use nerve gas during World War II, presumably because the Allies' air superiority gave them the power to retaliate.

After the war, the Russians took over the Dyhernfurth factory and its trained personnel. It's been producing nerve gas for the Soviets ever since.

Possession of the plant gave the Russians a head start over the U.S. in nerve-gas research. But after eight years we're now abreast and may even

Maj. Gen. E. F. Bullene, chief Army chemical officer, says we must be ready to retaliate

Brig. Gen. W. M. Creasy, top GB authority, heads Army Chemical Center, Edgewood, Md.



AL TARTER

Under proper climatic conditions, fumes loosed by seven tons of GB bombs would drift 50 miles, killing everyone in their path. Atom bomb is lethal over only three-mile radius

have passed them—thanks to the work of top scientists, chemists and doctors at the Army Chemical Center. I spent nearly a month at this closely guarded headquarters of the Chemical Corps, whose buildings are scattered over several thousand acres of Maryland countryside. I visited laboratories, engineering shops and gas testing ranges. I watched technicians—many of them GIs, but all possessing at least bachelor of science degrees—working calmly with nerve gas.

I saw one expert, a woman clad in a protective face shield, heavy rubber gown and gloves, coolly discharge liquid GB drop by drop from a syringe onto a piece of cloth in a beaker to test the material's absorptive properties.

Similar Compounds in Insecticides

The most heavily guarded area of all at the center is the pilot plant where GB is actually made. Only the most thoroughly screened officials and technicians are admitted to the building. Obviously no details of the manufacture of the gas can be given, although its ingredients and formula are well known to chemists. In fact, compounds similar to some of those in GB are found in milder forms in the newer insecticides. Although all nations making nerve gas use the same formula for GB, our latest version of the gas is believed to be more potent than that of any other country because of our improved production methods.

The Army Chemical Center does more than just make GB and other gases for possible retaliatory use by our armed forces; it also seeks ways to protect the U.S. against such weapons in the hands of the enemy. It develops and tests detection devices, gas masks and antidotes.

The problems of detecting GB and setting up a warning system for the nation are enormous. Says George H. Milly, chief of the Planning and Evaluation Branch of the Chemical Center: "First of all, you can't see the gas or smell it. Secondly, if you haven't an elaborate detection, warning, tracking and meteorological setup in every major city, you can't tell which way a gas cloud is heading.

"For example, a short time ago we released a small quantity of nerve gas at our Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah under highly protective controlled conditions. The wind was blowing at three to four miles an hour and away from us when the gas was discharged. According to all our pretest planning, the cloud should have continued for a mile or so in that direction until it dissipated.

"You can understand our alarm when our trackers suddenly warned us that the cloud had made a complete circle and was heading straight for us. We were wearing gas masks so it didn't make any difference; in vapor form the gas is dangerous only if inhaled. But imagine the panic if we had been unprotected civilians caught in an enemy gas raid.

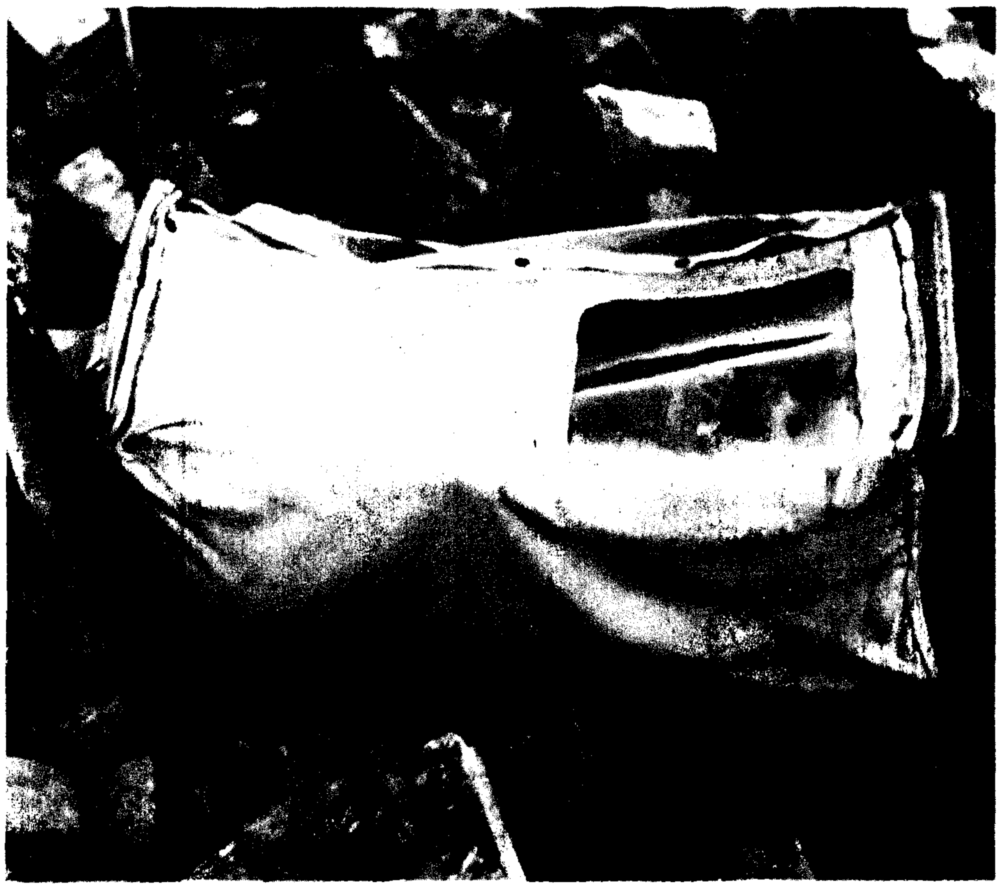
"In the absence of an adequate tracking and detection system, some 7,500 square miles—an area extending up to 50 miles in every direction—would have to be alerted in a real gas raid if casualties were to be kept to a minimum. That area is equal to the size of the state of New Jersey."

The Chemical Center has developed an automatic nerve-gas detector and a number of them have been built. They are about the size of a large room-air-conditioning unit, and the slightest trace of nerve gas instantly triggers a warning. The exact number of detectors in existence cannot be given for security reasons, but there certainly aren't enough to provide even the most primitive warning system for our large cities, let alone the nation as a whole. The Chemical Center hopes to build smaller and cheaper versions of the detectors, about the size of lunch pails or service-type Civil Defense Geiger counters. However, many months of research and development will be needed before even the prototypes are ready.

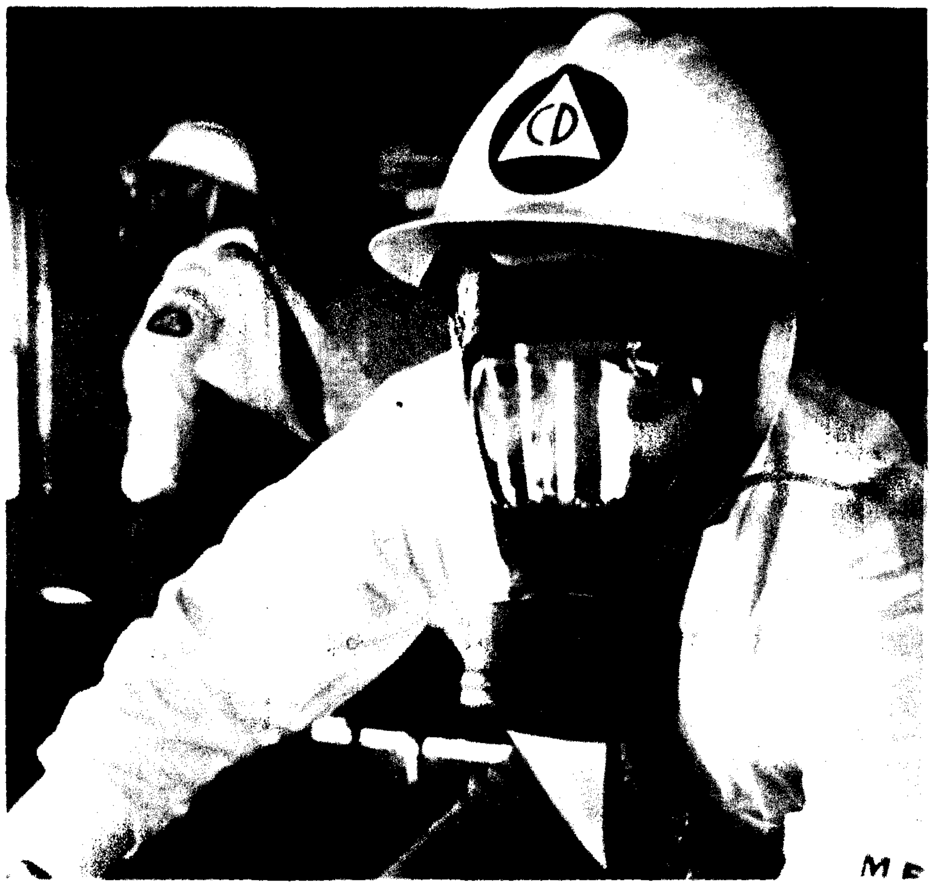
For a complete warning system, many thousands of detectors would be needed. They would have to be placed in and around large cities, towns and industrial plants, and strategically across open country. Only then could Civil Defense authorities keep track of the direction taken by a gas cloud and

Civil Defense Chief Val Peterson wants more money for research on gas-defense measures

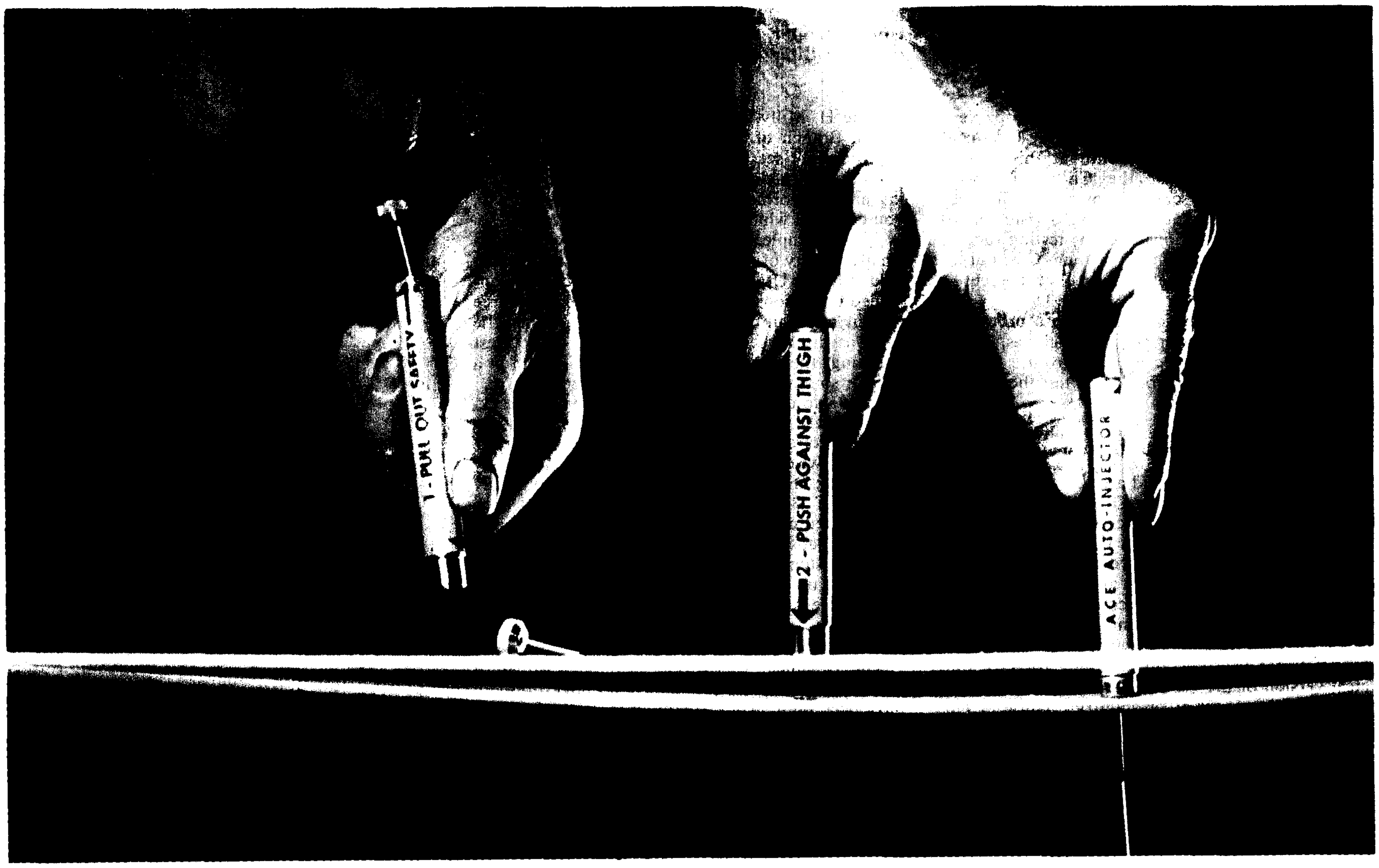
"You could buy a mask right now in stores for a dollar or two if research funds ha



Exclusive photo shows Army-designed gasproof baby carrier, made of canvas stretched over a metal frame. It has a plastic window



Army's Chemical Center developed this service-type gas mask for Civil Defense workers, but lack of funds is delaying final tests



Antidote for nerve gas is atropine. This syringe automatically injects it when safety pin is pulled and barrel is pressed against thigh give warning to the threatened population in time.

But a detection and warning system alone obviously would not be enough to protect our civilian population. After a warning had been given, what then? Far more adequate gas masks than the World War II varieties and an easily administered antidote would be needed. Both have been developed by the Army Chemical Center.

A Drug That Could Save Many Victims

The only known antidote to GB and other nerve gases is a drug of the belladonna group called atropine—used generally by eye doctors to dilate the pupils. An injection of two milligrams of atropine could save a nerve-gas victim's life—provided it was administered within minutes of his exposure to the gas. In a gas raid, atropine could mean the difference between life and death for thousands.

Saul Hormats, chief of the Army Chemical Center's Protective Division, estimates that even if gas masks were available, thousands of people would be overcome because they couldn't get their masks on in time, didn't know how to wear them, or were caught without masks on the edge of the gas cloud where the concentration was less lethal.

"They would need at least one and maybe two or three injections of atropine immediately to survive," Hormats says. "You can estimate that 10 per cent would also require artificial respiration and very thorough medical treatment, probably including treatment with some sort of lightweight automatic breathing device. And even with the most heroic measures, there's no guarantee all of them could be saved."

Atropine acts as a substitute in the body for the chemical cholinesterase and enables the nervous system to resume its normal functions. "If a nerve-gas victim is treated with atropine in time," says Dr. Silver, "he gets well again. He has no scars or burns such as result from blister gases like mustard or lewisite."

Once the antidote had been found, the Chemical Center turned its attention to the problem of developing a method by which anyone—a soldier or a civilian, in the dark or in daylight—could administer atropine to himself. Not the least of the problems to be overcome was the psychological obstacle set up by the long needle on a hypodermic syringe; most people shrink from plunging a needle into themselves.

The Chemical Center asked a number of outside scientists and pharmaceutical houses for help in developing a syringe for civilians. One of them, Dr. Stanley J. Sarnoff, associate professor in the department of physiology at the Harvard School of Public Health, has produced a metal, spring-loaded atropine syringe called the "Ace autoinjector."

All that's needed is to release a safety catch and press the end of the syringe containing a hidden needle against the thigh. The needle instantly plunges into the thigh, even through clothing, and injects the atropine.

Other types of injectors also have been developed, including service units for the Army. However, Civil Defense has so far stockpiled only 500,000 loaded atropine injectors about the country for civilian use. If war should come, Dr. Silver believes every civilian should carry both an atropine injector and a workable gas mask.

Right now there's a shortage of gas masks too. Apart from the Army's supply, the only masks available are World War II models in a few scattered Army retail surplus stores, and the rubber in most of them has so deteriorated that they are no longer effective.

Masks Not Yet Ready for Public Use

After three years of experiments, Army and Civil Defense scientists, chemists and technicians have produced the prototypes of masks that apparently give adequate protection against nerve gas. Examples of these masks are shown on the cover and in the illustrations accompanying this article.

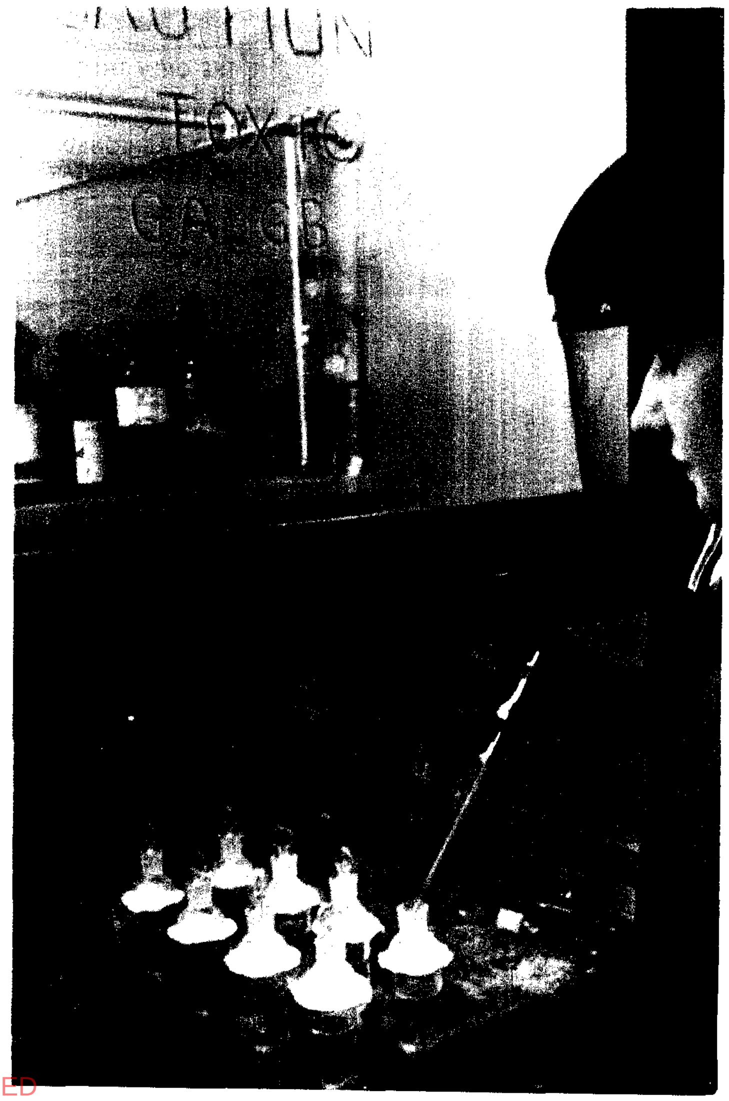
But more tests are needed before the masks can be turned over to industry for mass production. Civil Defense authorities want to be sure that the masks will give protection against not only nerve gas, but all other gases, bacteriological warfare agents and radioactive particles from atomic explosions. "We can't recommend the masks to the American people until they are foolproof," Defense Administrator Peterson says. What is holding up the tests? Lack of funds for research, according to Peterson. He estimates that only a few hundred thousand dollars more is needed.

"You could buy a mask right now in your store for a dollar or two if research funds had been made available earlier," he told me. "Because of the delay in final tests, however, I honestly don't know when they will be ready."

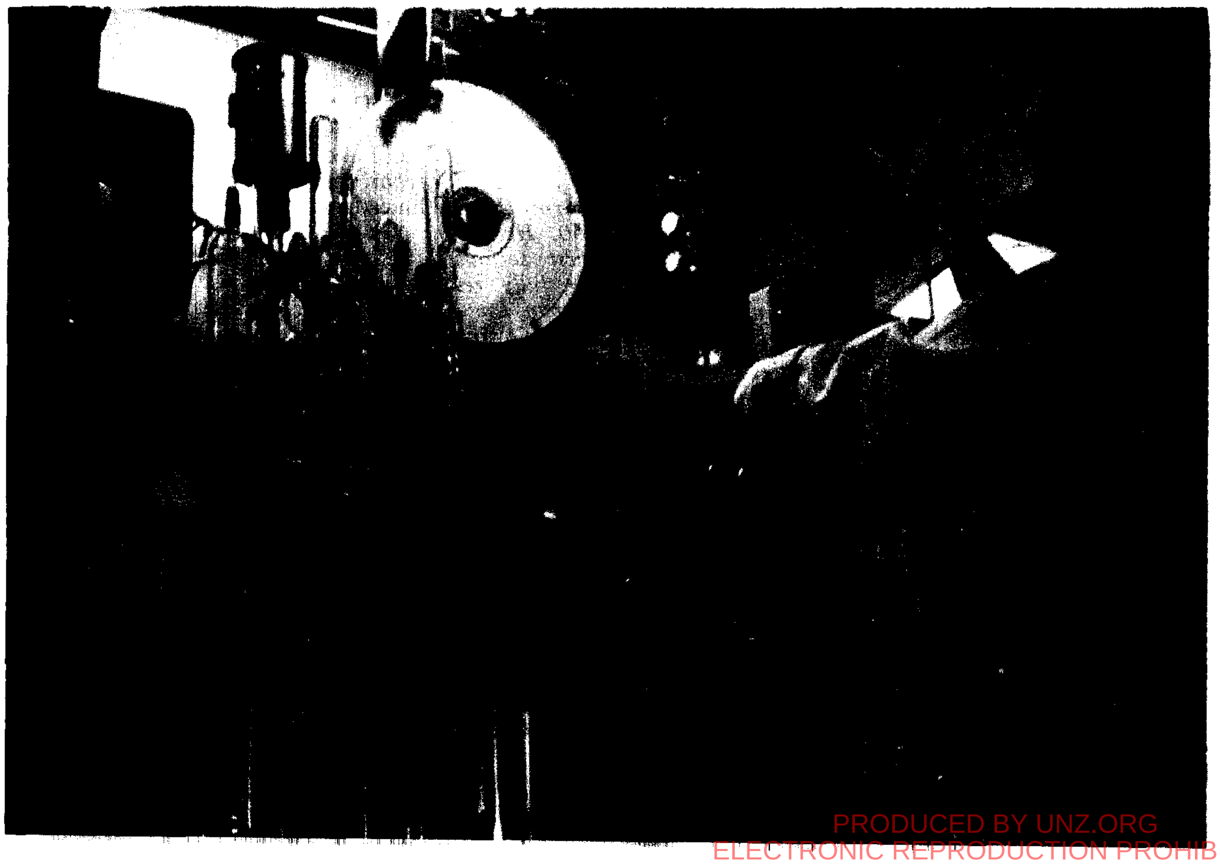
While the American people remain totally unprotected against gas warfare, the inhabitants of

World War II prototype Mickey Mouse mask for children could be adapted for use against GB

Chemical Center technician Josephine Malooly drops nerve gas on flies in beakers for test



Paul B. Dawson, an engineer at Army's Chemical Center, adjusts automatic machine which tests the ability of GB and other gases to penetrate such materials as rubber and cloth



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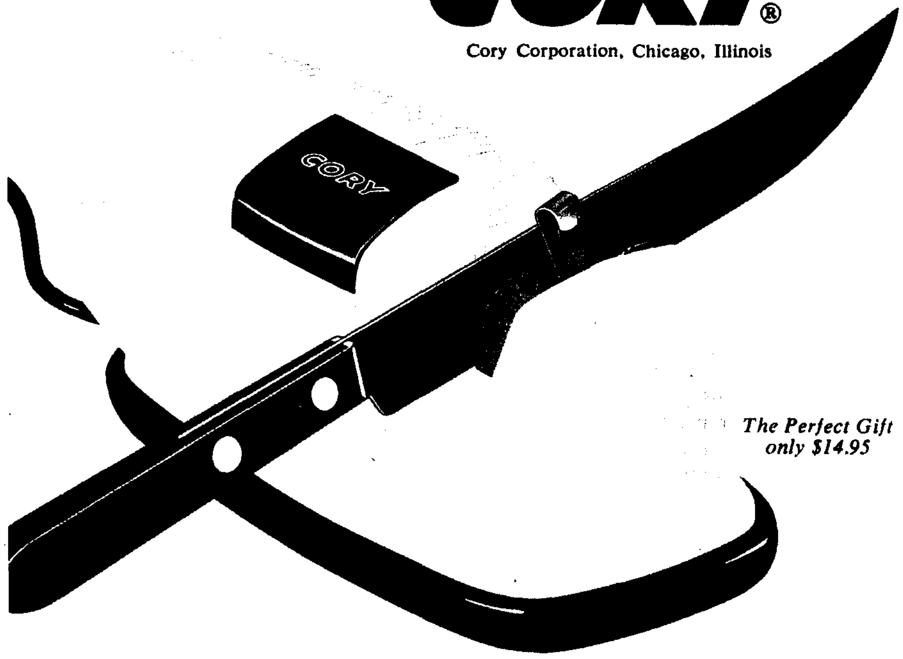

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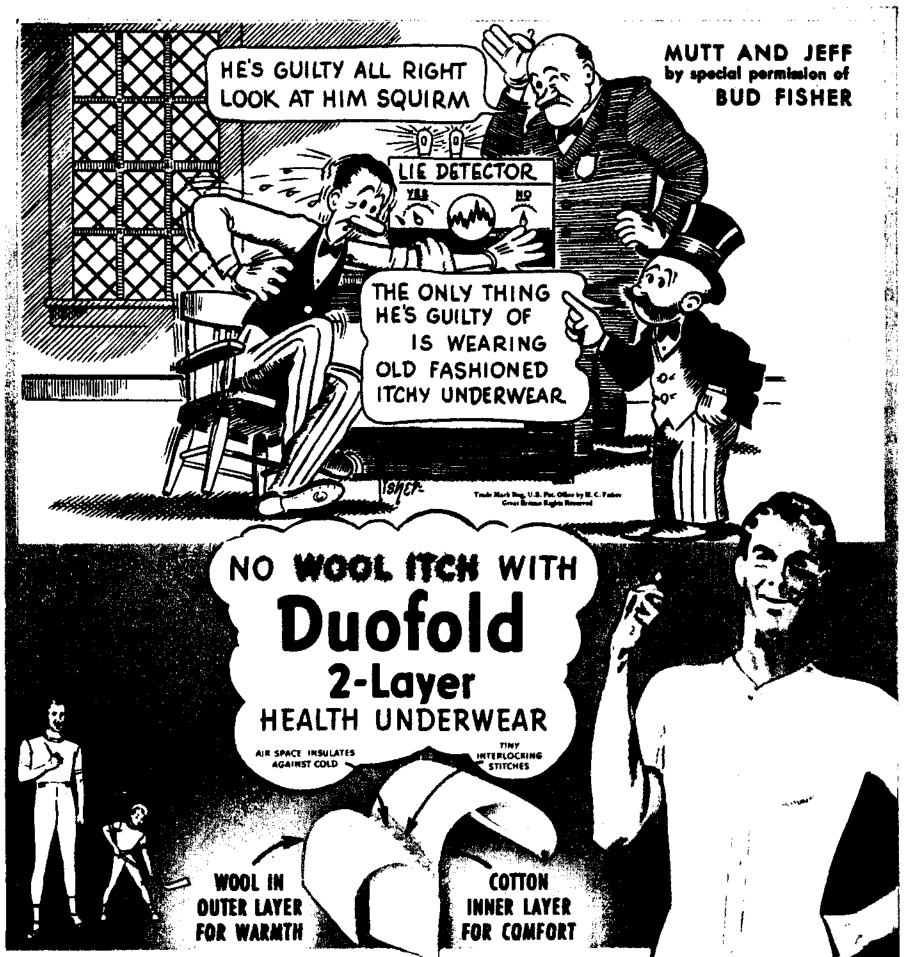

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Britain, Denmark, Sweden and even Russia have at least some protection. Denmark, Sweden and Russia sell masks in retail stores. Britain distributed masks free to its entire population during World War II and in a recent house-to-house survey found at least 30 per cent of the masks still were in perfect condition. Moreover, the British plan to issue free to their citizens a new-type mask, worth $5, to give them more adequate protection.

Men Who Neglected Precautions

In the eight years the Chemical Corps has been working on nerve gas, there have been only two serious accidental exposures and both men involved had failed to follow prescribed safety precautions. Both officers were saved by prompt administration of atropine and artificial respiration, then hospitalization, and neither has suffered any lasting aftereffects.

One of them, Lieutenant Dean M. Dickey, of Berkeley, California—his account of the gassing appears below—had hallucinations within 24 hours of exposure to the gas.

His case was complicated by the fact that prior to being gassed he accidentally had inhaled a small quantity of "tropical bleach," a common chemical-warfare decontaminating substance, and ammonia had been splashed accidentally on his face. Doctors, psychiatrists and psychologists were unable to link the hallucinations directly to the nerve-gas poisoning.

In the second case, the accidental nerve gassing of a naval medical officer, no psychological effects were noted. Moreover, Major General E. F. Bullene, the Army's chief chemical officer, says that nerve gas is definitely not a "madness gas" as it has been sometimes wrongly described.

There have been other minor accidents at the Army Chemical Center despite the most thorough safety precautions. Some technicians have accidentally inhaled minute quantities of the gas. One of them, Paul B. Dawson, of Edgewood, Maryland, a thirty-eight-year-old test engineer, has been exposed many times.

"Even though we work with extremely small quantities of GB—and believe me we respect the stuff—sometimes in the most freakish manner we'll get a mild whiff," he told me. "GB works fast and it changes the old adage about familiarity breeding contempt; nerve gas breeds respect."

Nerve gas as a tactical weapon is viewed with eminent respect by military men the world over, not only because it is so effective, but because it is so cheap to produce and so little is required.

In World War II, it cost between $10,000,000 and $35,000,000 to eradicate people and buildings in one square mile of enemy territory by bombing. The high explosives in the bombs were

I Was Nerve-Gassed

Lieutenant Dickey, a twenty-nine-year-old 253-pound Chemical Warfare officer, is one of the few men in the world to survive nerve-gas poisoning. Dickey, a native of Berkeley, California, was accidentally exposed during experiments at an Army proving ground in Utah in 1950. He was the Chemical Corps' first serious nerve-gas casualty. Now fully recovered and stationed in Japan, Lieutenant Dickey gave the following account of his experience to Collier's Tokyo correspondent.

* * *

I SUPPOSE I'm one of the luckiest men alive. Three years ago I came closer to dying in a nerve-gas experiment in the United States than I ever did from high explosives on Pacific battlefields in World War II.

I was nerve-gassed while taking part in tests on an arid plain in the Skull Valley Indian reservation near the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah, about 100 miles southwest of Salt Lake City. The site was 17 miles from the nearest building and 40 miles from the nearest habitation.

On the morning of November 12, 1950, we put on rubber suits, gloves and gas masks just as we had on every other day of the nearly 10 weeks of experiments. For that morning's test, we sprayed a circular patch of the plain with liquid nerve gas, then covered the patch with gasoline which we set afire with thermite grenades to determine its effectiveness as a deactivating agent. Our rubber clothing was regularly washed off to remove any liquid gas which might have accumulated on it.

I had been working in the gas-soaked area for about four hours the cheapest item—$100,000. The rest went for the building of plants to make the explosives, the planes, the training of crews, the transportation of bombs to the target area and the like. Nerve gas could do the same job for one twentieth the amount and leave the buildings and industrial plants intact for an occupying force to take over.

"Knock out even 20 per cent of your working force," says General Creasy, "and the nation would be crippled." As a major weapon—and in the opinion of many experts it is second only to atomic weapons—nerve gas could be the surprise "secret weapon" of another world war.

U.S. Can Retaliate If Attacked

However, we are at least prepared to retaliate if an enemy uses nerve gas against us. We, like the Russians, are producing the nerve gas in quantity and stockpiling it. We have to, for in the final analysis the size of our stockpile may be the one argument that will deter an enemy from making a gas raid on this country; he will know that we can use the same weapon against him.

"Although gas was not used in World War II," General Bullene told me, "we must not consider it an obsolete weapon. Due partly to the desires of our allies who were bound by treaty not to use gas, we adopted a policy of 'for retaliation only' in that war. Whether the threat of retaliation will stop a possible future enemy from using it or whether our policy will be changed, only time and circumstances will tell. At this time, the only safe course is to be prepared to defend ourselves and ready to use gas in overpowering quantities."

As for Russia's official position, General Creasy puts it this way: "In 1928, when Russia ratified the Geneva Protocol of 1925 restricting the use of gas warfare and bacteriological warfare, she very carefully stated her reservations to the protocol. These reservations released Russia from observing it in the event of its violation by an enemy state, and bound her only with regard to states which ratified the protocol. The United States never has ratified it. Therefore, Russia is under no obligation to abide by the protocol so far as the United States is concerned."

How does the Federal Civil Defense Administration view the situation? A spokesman summed up its attitude this way:

"We must assume, in the event of another war, that nerve gas will be used, but so far as the public is concerned right now, we feel like the man who sees a carload of children on a railway crossing. We can also see a train coming around the bend in the distance. But we can't get to the children in time because we're half a mile away." ▲▲▲

LT. DEAN M. DICKEY with PETER KALISCHER

when I got the first indication something had gone wrong.

I became aware of a severe headache and nausea. I thought at first they might have been caused by some ammonia which had been accidentally splashed in my face earlier in the day.

I also smelled through my mask an odor like that of chewing gum. I never did find out what caused the odor; the gas itself is supposed to be odorless. However, I figured something had gone wrong and began to walk away from the contaminated area.

Suddenly my legs seemed to weigh hundreds of pounds. I could breathe only with tremendous effort. I flagged a decontamination truck, but when it stopped I wasn't strong enough to climb aboard. Someone pulled me up. By this time, I was seeing everything through a sickly yellow haze. I was taken to a first-aid station, but I don't remember the trip.

All I recollect of the first-aid station is asking the medical officer to check my eyes—to see if they were pinpointed, one of the first visible symptoms of nerve-gas poisoning. From then on, I remember nothing clearly of what happened until I woke up two weeks later in Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

However, Army medical reports say I was rushed from the area in an ambulance. Three times the ambulance stopped so that a doctor could inject atropine and check my breathing and pulse; he couldn't record either. He didn't think I had a chance to survive.

I was told I regained consciousness later in the day, but the whole episode is a blank to me. The medical reports say that I complained of feeling feverish and weak, that I was disoriented, my speech rambled and I laughed without reason. I had hallucinations—I thought I saw crawling ants, mice and an owl.

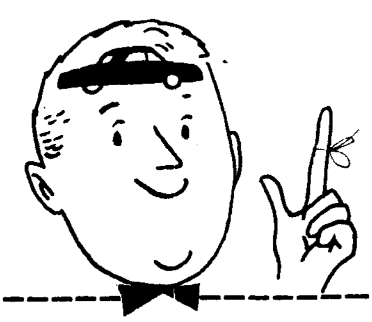
The following day I was flown to Johns Hopkins, where the hallucinations continued. I complained of seeing squirrels, rats, snakes and huge men. I thought I was climbing ladders, parachute jumping—even fighting the Japanese all over again.

At times I was so violent that four men had to hold me down. Yet a few minutes later, I was so weak I couldn't lift a sheet of paper. I was conscious one minute, unconscious the next; I couldn't sit up in bed without help and couldn't count beyond three.

Atropine injections, oxygen and artificial respiration during the first 48 hours undoubtedly saved my life. But three months of specialized treatment was needed to restore me to active duty.

What caused the accident? I think the gas must have seeped through my mask and through a rent in one of my boots.

I'm in great shape today; I coach an Army service football team and play quarterback on it. As I said, I suppose I'm one of the luckiest men alive. ▲▲▲



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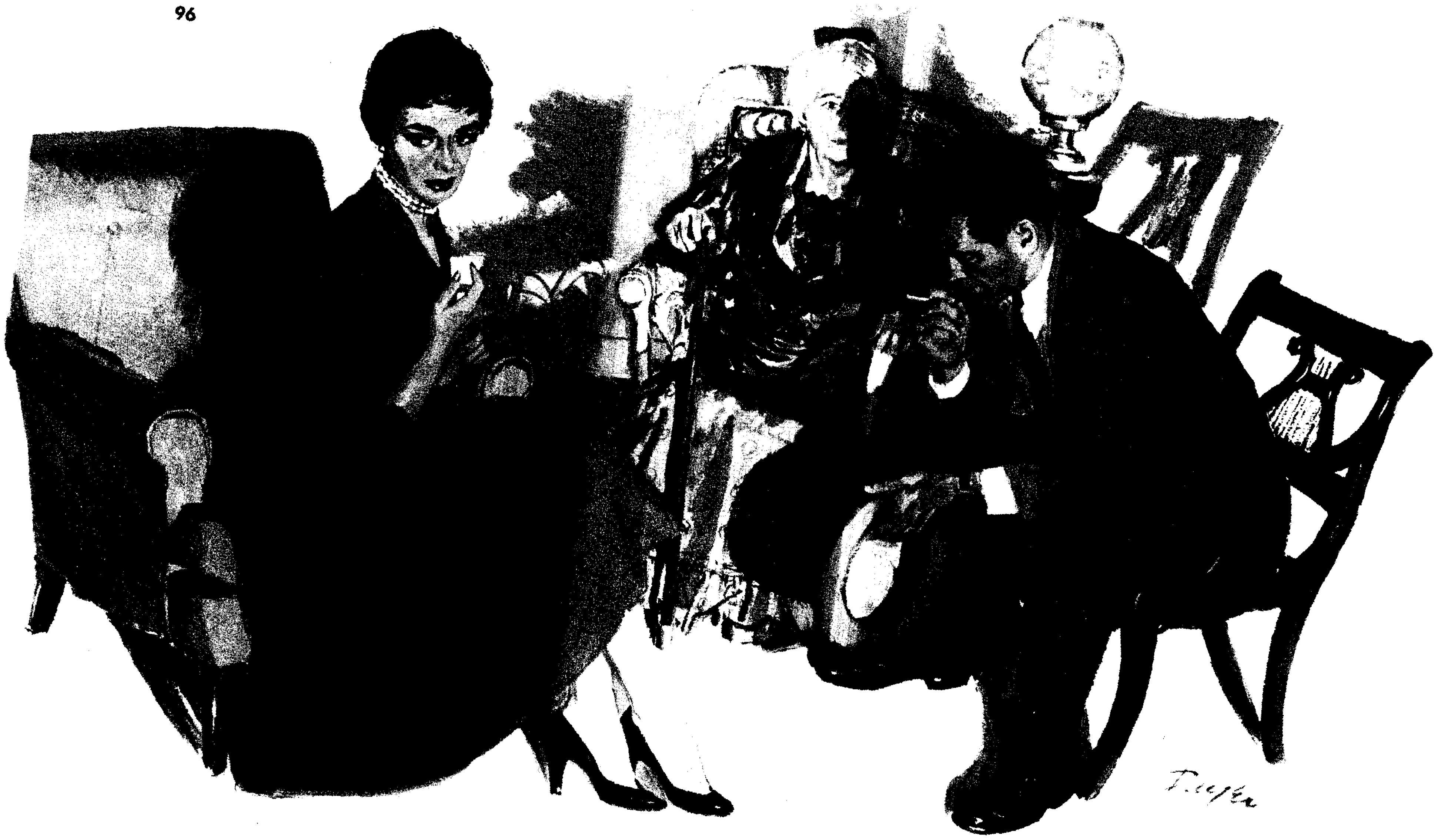

"You can't do this to Beverly," Vicky said. "She might be telling the truth"

the Shadows of THE IMAGES

Tom could not serve two masters: he must either expose Beverly—or betray himself

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

Author of the best-selling novel The Left Hand of God

The Story: PAUL LOGAN, young law student and devout Catholic, loved BEVERLY COLTER, spoiled rich girl, even though she ridiculed his religious beliefs. He was shocked when she bought a compelling wooden carving of the devil and displayed it in her room. FATHER JOHN BRENNAN, parish priest, saw Beverly buy the image and was equally appalled at the evil it seemed to personify. Eventually Paul gave up the Church for Beverly. He wanted to marry her but she refused, and he left town for the summer, not knowing she was to have his child. Beverly devised a scheme which she mistakenly believed would entitle her to an operation that would end her pregnancy legally: she accused three known rapists, TONY PELADO and the two GARRY brothers, of attacking her. The three men were tried, convicted and sent to prison—largely because of the work of Paul's brother, TOM LOGAN, a police detective. Only one person did not believe Beverly's story: VICKY LEIGHTON, Tom's fiancée. But Tom ignored her arguments, and their engagement was broken. Beverly, unable to avoid having the baby, married Paul; he did not know of her scheming and was devoted to her. Meantime, Tom, who had been only a nominal Catholic, began to return to the Church. He and Vicky were reconciled and planned to marry. Paul, still working toward his law degree, took a job with Beverly's father, THEODORE COLTER, though he refused to accept an allowance in addition to his salary. Beverly, however, was unhappy in their small, dingy apartment, and when her father called Paul to Chicago on business, Beverly wanted desperately to go along. But Paul went alone, and when he had not returned on the morning of Memorial Day, Beverly's anger mounted. The day was unbearably hot; she hated being alone; the baby was peevish. The image of Lucifer was a mocking reminder of the days when she had been carefree. Then Paul telephoned from Chicago, saying he had been delayed. The call woke the baby, and as the child cried and cried, Beverly's anger became wild hysteria. Tom was at home that morning when Beverly called him, saying she had accidentally dropped the baby. Tom rushed over, but after talking with Beverly he was convinced the child's death was not accidental. He called the homicide squad.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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CONCLUSION

THE report on the questioning of Beverly Colter Logan reached Tom Logan's desk at 3:20 P.M. It was sent to him as a courtesy, not as a matter of routine. This was still Memorial Day, still his day off; and officially his part in the case was over the moment he had called the homicide squad.

Tom stared out the window, trying to avoid the thought of the report lying on his desk, trying not to think of Beverly, of what he'd found in the apartment that morning, and the differences between what he'd seen and what was in the report.

She's a liar, he thought. She killed that baby in a fit of temper.

It was a thought he couldn't bear long. He sat down to read the report again, hoping to find something he'd overlooked the first time, some little point to upset his own conviction, something that would help him believe Beverly was innocent.

The statue of Lucifer, still wrapped in tissue paper, was lying on his desk. Beverly had asked him to get rid of it for her—and he hadn't the slightest

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idea what to do with it. He brushed it aside uneasily and picked up the report from the homicide detectives.

It was apparent from the first page that Beverly had learned from him the weakness of her story. She had revised it for the two homicide detectives.

She had had a telephone call from her husband, she said, and the telephone had waked the baby, who had been fretful and crying most of the morning because of the heat. She had finally succeeded in putting him to sleep after bathing him and giving him a second bottle. His bottle hadn't been due, she explained, but he hadn't taken much of the first bottle.

She had been so worried, she said, that she hardly understood what her husband was saying over the telephone, and the call had been very confused. As soon as she hung up, she hurried into the other room to the baby. He was crying so hard that she thought it might have been a mistake to give him the second bottle so soon after the first. She hadn't had much experience with babies, and she got panicky.

She picked him up out of the crib, she told the detectives, and he got sick. She never knew what to do when the baby got sick, and it always upset her own stomach. She held him away from her, and then she knew that wasn't good for him, so she wanted to get to someplace where she could sit down with him. She held him a little bit away from her and hurried across the room. Then she tripped.

AT THIS point her direct statement ended, and the police asked her questions—considerate questions, Tom noted. She did not know what tripped her, she said. It might have been that she turned her ankle. Sometimes when she tried to hurry in her floppy slippers, they tripped her. Anyway, she fell face forward, but she thought that she could have held onto the baby if she hadn't crashed into the chair. When she hit it, the baby seemed to go out of her hands and straight up in the air. She was dazed and breathless, and she did not realize immediately what had happened except that she was on the floor. The baby didn't make a sound. She didn't know where he was. She was frightened and half crazy. Then she found him behind the chair on the floor, and from the way he looked she knew he was dead. There wasn't anything she could do, and she was feeling faint. She was afraid she might pass out, so she called her brother-in-law, Detective Logan, and asked him to help her.

She didn't want to say anything about Detective Logan because he was related to her by marriage, but she didn't think he'd been any help to her, or that he'd even tried to help. She didn't know what was the matter with him. He'd just seemed hostile.

One of the detectives asked her about the stain on the wall. She said that had happened earlier. She had changed so many diapers—she never liked changing them anyway—and as soon as she put a fresh one on the baby, he wet it. So she had to change him again, and she got angry. She threw the diaper across the room, and it hit the wall. Afterward, she worried about the stain, so she got a towel and some warm water and tried to mop it off. The towel was in the bathroom, if they wanted to look at it.

She said then that she knew she didn't have to talk to them without an attorney present. Her husband had studied law, and she knew a lot about it from him. But she didn't care about that because she didn't have anything to conceal, and she was willing to answer any questions they could think up. Nothing could be more cruel than to say she had dropped her baby deliberately. She loved her baby. She was crazy about him. She and her husband called him Champ . . .

TOM LOGAN looked up from the typewritten report. It was a good story. With Beverly to tell it, it was a very good story. If she'd had that story when he'd seen her, it would have convinced him. He wished to God she'd had it. He'd give anything to be able to believe her; he had to face Paul.

The detectives who questioned her had obviously accepted her story; they'd made no attempt to break it down. It was a voluntary statement, and Beverly had agreed to sign it. So far as the homicide squad was concerned, the matter now rested in the hands of the district attorney and the coroner's jury.

Tom Logan had no vital testimony to offer. When he called in the homicide squad and assured them that everything in the room was as he'd found it, the case and the evidence became theirs. It was not his duty or his responsibility to pass judgment on Beverly's guilt or innocence.

He tossed the pages of her statement onto the desk and stood up. Tom Logan as Paul Logan's brother, and Tom Logan as a lieutenant of detectives could not be kept separate; reading the report again confirmed the same grim fact. She's a liar, he thought again.

He stood looking out the window—seeing nothing but Beverly, the apartment, the baby.

He had found Beverly sitting on the stairs outside the apartment, smoking a cigarette. It was not the way one would expect to find a worried mother who had dropped her baby, but a man could explain that away if he had to. Not everyone reacted alike to tragedy.

Then he had seen the baby. Beverly could not have walked with that baby to the spot where he lay, and dropped him there, because there were too many obstacles in the way. The child could not have been broken, as this one was broken, if he were merely dropped—though perhaps his injuries could have come from being flung into the air by the force of his mother's fall and her collision with the chair. Beverly's second story at least introduced that reasonable doubt; but she had told a different story to Tom.

Every act and every word of Beverly's, from the moment the baby died, had convinced him it hadn't been an accident. Beverly's concern had been only for herself. She had been thinking, planning, calculating—not frantic, worried, panicky. She had revised her story where it had failed with Tom, and it was now almost foolproof.

He felt the oppressive weight of his conviction. He was going to have to face Paul. Paul wouldn't understand why he had not stayed with Beverly, made things easy for her. He was not going to be satisfied with neutrality.

He had to talk to somebody, somebody who could point out the flaws in what he'd built up. Then he thought of Vicky. She could help.

He picked up his hat and started toward the door when he remembered the statue of Lucifer. He picked it up and stuck it in the pocket of his suit coat and then went out and walked through the bull pen and the corridor without speaking to anyone. He went hurriedly across town and turned north on Winchester. The street was very quiet, almost empty.

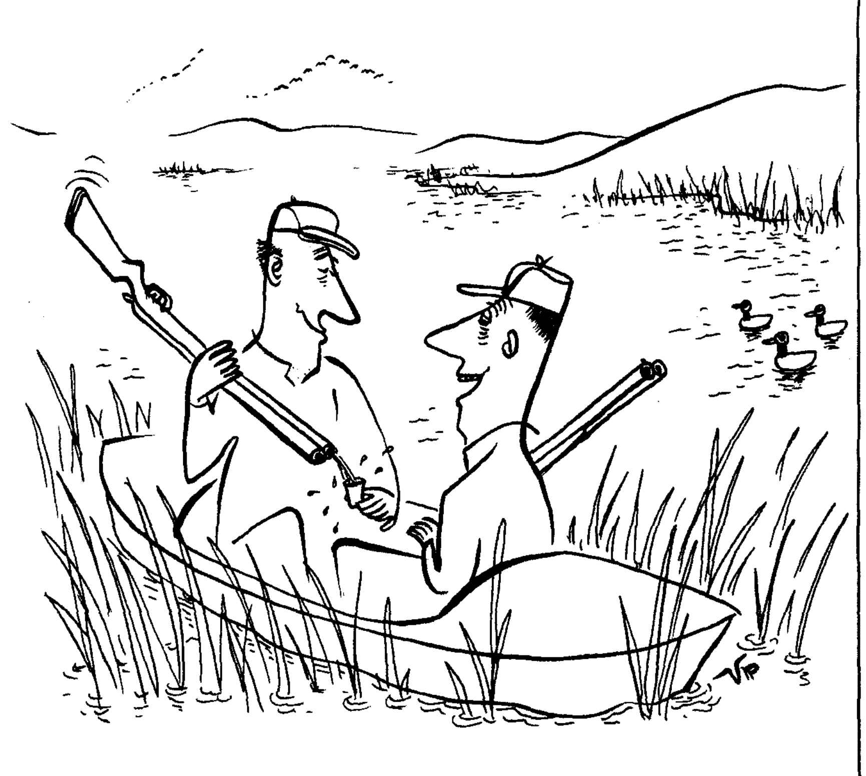
VICKY opened the door for him. His heart skipped a beat, looking at her. Even at a time like this he could feel thankful he was no longer alone, that Vicky was his again, that their wedding day was not far away. He drew her to him and kissed her. "I expected you hours ago," she said.

"Things came up."

"On your day off? I thought you weren't going near the station house today. Or even near a telephone."

"That's what I thought too."

They went inside. Vicky's grandmother, Elizabeth, was sitting in her rocking chair. She tapped the floor



COLLIER'S "I've been *wondering* just why you had a cork in that barrel" VIRGIL PARTCH

6 MONTHS
12 MONTHS
18 MONTHS
3 YEARS
6 YEARS
?

Did Rheumatic Fever write a tragic ending to this picture story?

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So, complete rest in bed under careful observation was ordered until all the symptoms of the disease disappeared. This not only lessened the possibility of damage to the heart, but also helped build the child's resistance against recurring attacks of rheumatic fever.

Fortunately, this child's convalescence was rapid *. . . and largely because a wise mother was alert to the tell-tale symptoms of rheumatic fever and sought prompt treatment.*

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* * *

Medical science is making steady gains against rheumatic fever owing to the research studies sponsored by the American Council on Rheumatic Fever and Congenital Heart Disease of the American Heart Association, the National Heart Institute, and many other public and private agencies. Today, in an increasing number of cases, rheumatic fever is being beaten—because it is being recognized and treated in time.

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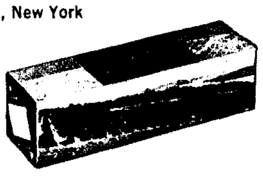

TAYLOR'S
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FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

lightly with her cane. "You'll be only a mite better than no husband at all—you and your hours!" she said. "I don't know what Vicky sees in you."

Tom crossed the room and kissed her on the cheek. "If you were younger," he said, "I wouldn't give Vicky a second look."

"Oh, wouldn't you now?" Elizabeth said. There was a lively sparkle in her eyes. Tom had been planning to make his visit to Elizabeth brief so that he could take Vicky out in the car and talk to her. Now he revised that plan.

"I need you, Elizabeth," he said gravely. "You're my family. I want you and Vicky to listen to a story."

It was a nice, relaxed feeling, Tom thought, to sit in this high-ceilinged, comfortable room and feel welcome, but he had to bring up what was foremost in his mind. He presented it to them as a hypothetical case, not because he would be betraying any confidences—the names would be made public at the inquest—but because he wanted them to look at it objectively. He told them about it step by step: Beverly's actions and the two different stories.

At each step, he asked how they would have behaved if they had dropped a baby, and if they knew of reasons why a woman would act as this one had. Their responses were the same as his had been. The way Beverly had behaved had been all wrong.

"I'm asking all these questions," Tom said, "because the psychological pattern is important to me. The impression a detective gets in a case like this usually points the direction of his thinking. Little things that aren't evidence in themselves often make it hard for him to accept the real evidence."

Vicky looked at him gravely. "I know what you're thinking," she said, "and it's a terrible thing to think. I'm sorry I answered your questions. My answers were mere generalities—they have to be. I'd have to know the girl and even then . . ."

"You do know her, Vicky," Tom said. "It's Beverly."

Elizabeth leaned forward, and her chair creaked. Vicky's eyes widened. "Oh, no!" she said. "Poor Paul."

THE two women sat staring at him. Tom lighted a cigarette just to delay talking for a few moments. His hand trembled slightly, and he shook the match, impatient at his show of emotion. "Paul is flying home from Chicago," he said then. "I haven't seen him yet, of course, and I want to feel differently about Beverly before I do see him . . ."

"And we haven't helped you, Tom," Vicky said. "I'm so sorry for Paul. He—" Vicky's voice trailed off, and then she spoke again: "You can't make trouble for Beverly, Tom, no matter what you think. It isn't right or human. You can't do it to Paul." She drew her breath in sharply. "You have no reason to believe she isn't telling the truth," she said. "She dropped the baby. No woman knows how she'd act in an emergency she hasn't faced. Elizabeth and I were theorizing."

"I know; so was I. It isn't my case, Vicky. I don't have to do anything about Beverly, but I'm trying to feel right about her. I'm her brother-in-law. I want to believe her."

"You're thinking that she killed her child," Elizabeth said slowly, "because she didn't act as a mother would. And she wouldn't be the first woman who lost control for a moment and threw her child across the room."

spot DIABETES be tested

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She tapped the floor with her cane again. "But it could be that she dropped him," she said, "even if she didn't go near him afterward. You forgot to take note of one fact, Tom."

Tom's nerves tightened. "What?" he said quickly.

"A woman who loved her child would act as you expected," Elizabeth said. "But it might be that a woman would not love a child that was forced on her—as that one was."

"What do you mean?"

"It was in May of last year—the evening of my birthday, remember?—when she was attacked by those three hoodlums. You say that the baby was born in December?"

"It was premature," Tom said, "but it was Paul's child. No doubting that."

Elizabeth looked straight at him, but her eyes were without expression. "It was late last June when they were married, as I recall," she said. "So the child could not possibly have been his. Not unless . . ."

The "unless" seemed to hang suspended in mid-air. Tom got up slowly, pushing his chair back, aware of Vicky's wide, dark eyes fixed on his face. "What is it, Tom?" she said. "What's wrong?"

"Give me a few minutes," he said. "I'll be on the porch." He went outside and sat on the porch swing. The truth about Beverly, whole and entire, was coming into his mind.

LAST year, when Beverly claimed she had been attacked, she was already going to have a child—Paul's child. She'd thought up that story, he realized now, because she thought it was a way out. She was wrong, but she'd tried it—and he had believed her. He'd refused to listen when Vicky said he didn't have an open mind about the case, and he'd let Vicky walk out of the police station, and out of his life, for a year. He'd sent three men to the penitentiary, and he'd broken the jaw of one of the men Beverly had accused.

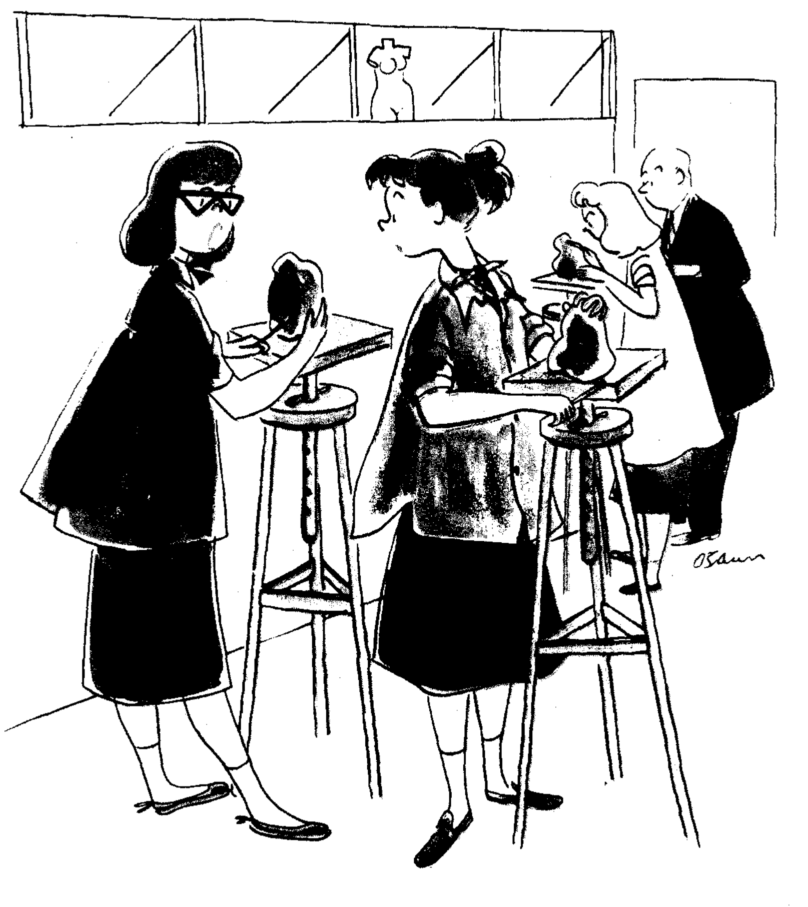
"It can't be," he said aloud. "God wouldn't do that to a soul in hell!"

He opened and closed his hands, thinking of how he'd believed Beverly. He'd gone blindly along, believing in her and ignoring the false factors, the psychological flaws in the case. Every year a certain number of girls accused men of having attacked them to explain an embarrassing pregnancy, or in the vain hope that they could get legal operations. Very few of them, if any, got away with it.

It was a clear and recognizable pattern and, he could see now, Beverly had followed the pattern.

She had not been worried about the right things. Girls who had been attacked scattered their emphasis over a

TIZZY



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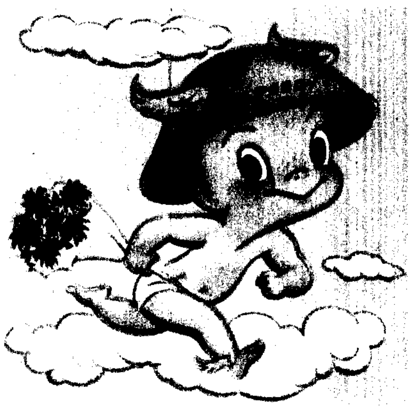

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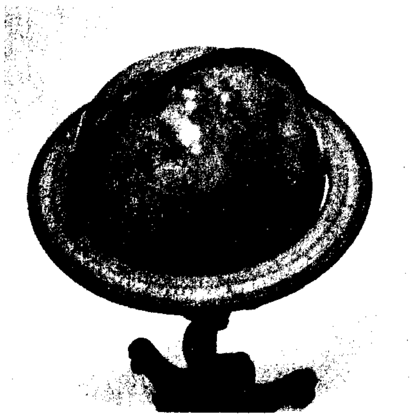

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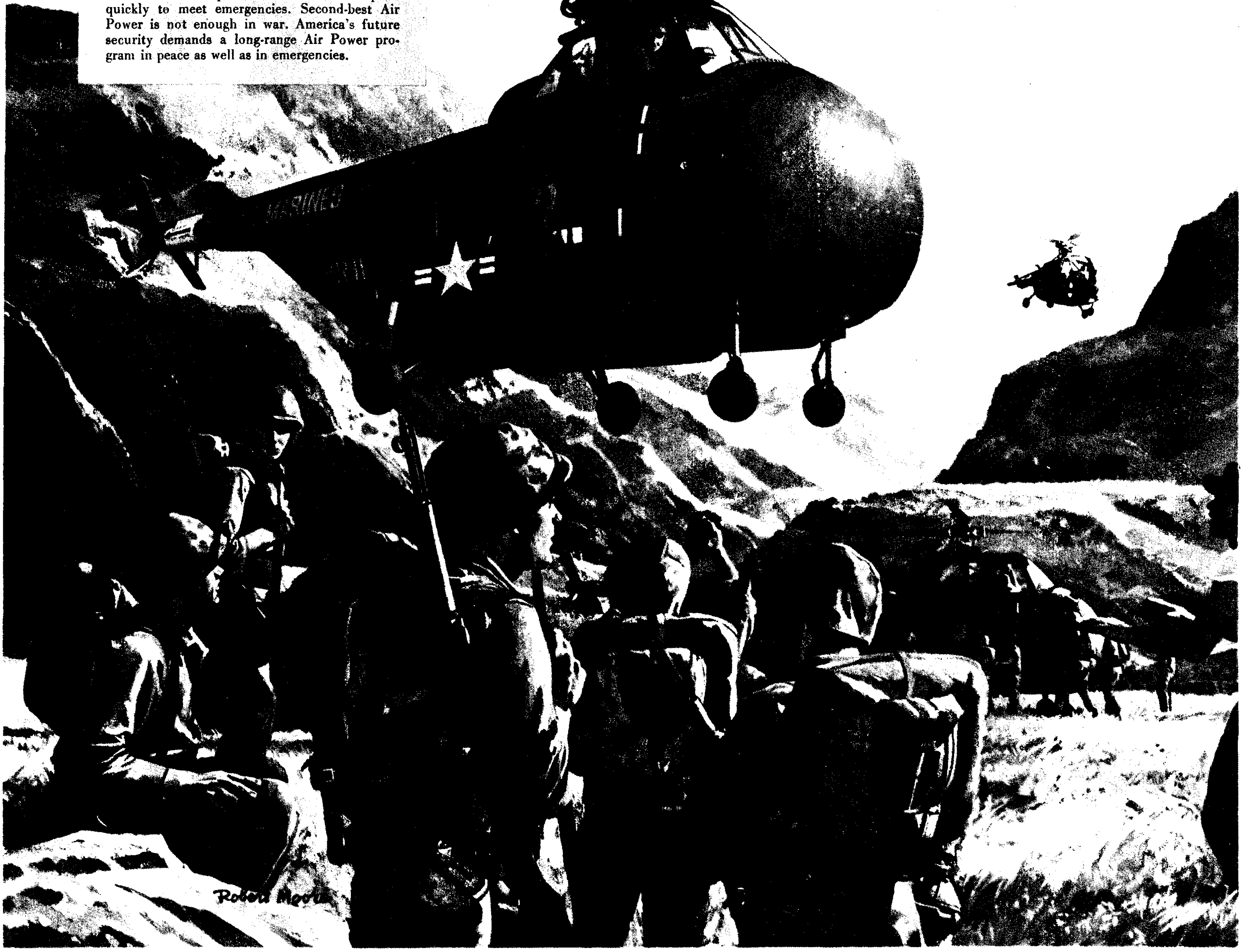

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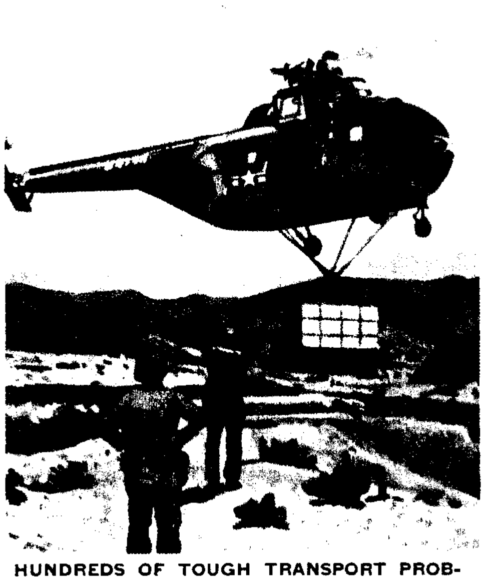
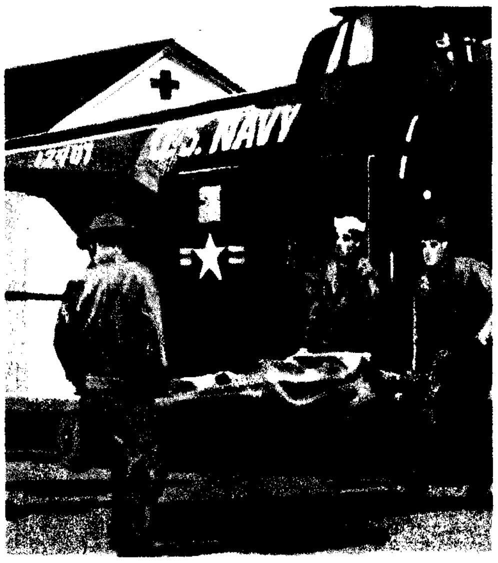
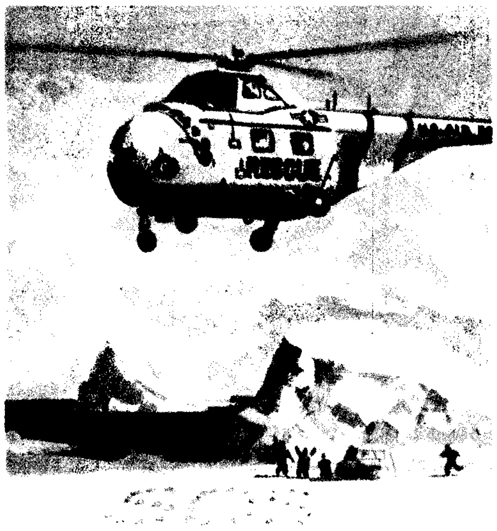


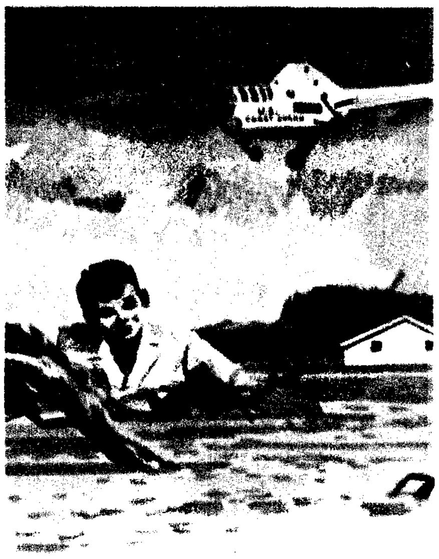
HUNDREDS OF TOUGH TRANSPORT PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED BY ARMY HELICOPTERS.



NAVY SIKORSKY HELICOPTERS HELPED SAVE THOUSANDS OF WOUNDED MEN IN KOREA.



AIR FORCE RESCUE SQUADRONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FLY BIG SIKORSKY H-19S.



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JOBS FOR U. S. COAST GUARD SIKORSKY

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BUT 5 TIMES HARDER TO BUILD

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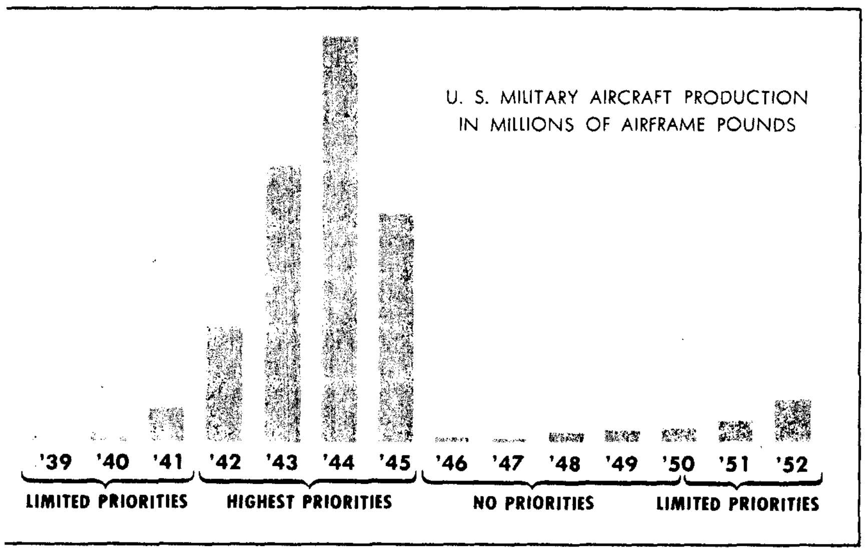
ı war and peace, helicopters have proved man's most versatile vehicle.

Since 1939, when Igor Sikorsky successfully produced America's first ·actical helicopter, the industry has advanced with giant strides. Today, ıly 14 years later, helicopters have a vital place with every branch of our ilitary service, and a growing job in civil aviation. They have given a new mension to airpower, and a new mobility to the battlefield. They have ıpplied armies, carried troops and arms to battle, brought hope and com- ›rt to the wounded, and made rescue flights routine.

But bringing these aircraft to their present stage of development has ›en a long, hard job.

America's first successful helicopter, Sikorsky's VS-300, was designed ıd built by 12 men. It could lift only one man. Eleven years later, at the ıtbreak of hostilities in Korea, Sikorsky Aircraft was able to deliver 4-place 51 helicopters in quantity—thanks to years of research and develop- ent and the work of hundreds of skilled men. Next, after many months engineering effort, came Sikorsky's *10-place*, 3½-ton S-55, today's most idely used large helicopter. And still larger types are under development.

This nation can well be proud of its helicopters and of the job they are ›ing. It can be grateful that civilian and military leaders authorized their ·oduction . . . and that the aircraft industry had the skill and capability design, develop and build them. For today your Armed Forces have ·licopters with 4 times the payload and 4 times the range of the early pes used briefly in World War II. And in spite of the problems involved advancing the design and production of helicopters, and other modern pes of aircraft, the American aviation industry has increased its produc- ›n rate 5 times since the Korean emergency of June, 1950.



; YOU CAN SEE by the above graph, even with war raging, it took 5 years from 1939 reach peak production of 96,369 planes. In 1946 output was cut to less than 2% peak, and America's productive capacity was allowed to deteriorate. No one ad- cates all-out production in peace, but it is apparent that if the nation is to meet ıergencies such as occurred in 1941 and 1950, it must have a sustained airpower program.

SINCE 1942, well over 1000 helicopters have rolled from Sikorsky Aircraft division's big plant in Connecticut. In 10 years Sikorsky production has outweighed that of all other helicopter manufacturers combined. The big S-55 type pictured here is made for every U. S. military service, including the Coast Guard. Much larger, greatly-advanced twin-engined S-56 assault helicopters will soon be in production.

A LOAD CAPACITY of more than a ton has made big Sikorsky helicopters invaluable time-savers on construction projects where rugged terrain makes supply by truck impossible. The dependable S-55 pictured here served mountain construction crews on an Aluminum Company of Canada project in British Columbia. Industries in the United States, too, are using helicopters for a variety of jobs no other vehicles can do.

IN SIX YEARS the pioneering Los Angeles Airways, Inc., has flown Sikorsky helicopters more than 1,780,000 miles and carried over 22,800,000 pounds of mail in serving almost 50 southern California cities. Elsewhere, Sikorsky S-55's are now regularly carrying passengers. New York Airways operates a service connecting 3 metropolitan airports and Sabena Belgian Air Lines has opened international routes in Europe.

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half-dozen or more fears and humiliations. Beverly had worried only about having a child, and she had wanted only one thing—the assurance that someone would take steps to prevent it. It wasn't until she'd learned she couldn't have an operation that she'd wanted to marry Paul.

She knew she was going to have Paul's child, Tom thought grimly. She framed the whole story as a way out.

He saw what this was going to do to Paul, and to himself, and he tried to close his mind to it. If only he'd seen the pattern before. But Beverly had been uniquely convincing, and she had tied her charge to three known rapists, describing them and their actions so precisely that a veteran cop had said at the time, "She couldn't have described them better with a camera."

One faint hope glowed briefly in Tom's mind. Her identification of the three men had been the clincher from the beginning. She couldn't have invented descriptions of three men she'd never seen, and she had described them in minute detail.

The hope was bright for a moment, but then, relentlessly, his mind brought up another memory. He had once talked with Paul about a case he was working on: the State *vs.* Pelado, Garry and Garry. The complaining witness had been Teresita Rojas. Then, the day after the trial, he had started to tell Paul that the jury had acquitted the three men—and Paul had interrupted.

"I know," Paul had said. "Bev and I were there. I thought maybe she'd understand how I feel about criminal law if she actually saw a trial. Lord, I didn't know we'd be hearing a rape case!"

It was a remark that hadn't impressed Tom at the time, an incident he'd completely forgotten until this moment. But Beverly had seen the three men whom she later had described so accurately; she had heard Teresita Rojas describe what they had done. And he, because he had believed Beverly's story, had broken a man's jaw and framed three men into prison.

THE door behind him opened, and Vicky came out. "Is there anything I can do, Tom?" she said.

He didn't look at her. "Yes," he said. "You can sit down and listen to an apology."

He told her the whole story then, sparing himself nothing until he came to the one memory from which he recoiled. He'd been talking to Campion, the detective who'd taken Beverly's statement, just before he went up to see Beverly in the hospital. "I want evidence, and I want everything connected up," he had said. "I don't want any holes left for a sharp lawyer."

Campion was an old-timer. "She said the money they took from her had nail polish spilled on it," he'd said.

Tom had looked into the old detective's eyes, read the question there, and nodded his head. "Okay," he had said. "That ought to wrap it up."

When the money taken from Pelado and the Garry brothers was offered in evidence, there were red nail-polish stains on it.

Tom remembered thinking at the time that he would never be sure whether or not Campion had planted the marked money. There was no doubt any more. Beverly never had had any money stolen; there never had been any money streaked with nail polish. It was just another clever detail in her whole story; and he had been party to faking evidence.

He did not tell Vicky that, but he told her all the rest. She was holding his hand before he finished, and her face was white. "What are you going to do, Tom?" she said.

"There's only one thing I can do—get those thugs out of the pen."

"They won't release them. Never. No matter what you say."

He stared dazedly at the peeling paint of the porch railing. "I'll go to the governor-elect, Martin Kemp," he said. "He was district attorney at the time of the trial and helped get those men convicted. When he takes over as governor he'll either release them through pardon or the parole board or I'll reopen the investigation of the case."

"No, Tom, they'd only get into trouble again. You'd have to arrest them and put them right back."

"Probably, but that doesn't change anything. The law isn't something I should be able to twist around. I can't leave those men in there."

He looked down at her face and knew that she understood how he felt, because she fought for principles herself. She had not changed, but she was afraid for him. "I was a fool, Vicky," he said flatly, "a blind, stupid fool."

THE holiday was almost over. Darkness had settled over State City, and the people who had not gone away to the mountains were beginning to stir out in the cooler air of evening.

Tom Logan walked across 14th Street. He'd been lucky that the men he had to see hadn't been out of town today; but now that he'd seen them, there was a hard, tight knot of anger in him. He'd just left Captain Frank Serani, and it had been obvious that his superior knew all about his earlier visit to Martin Kemp. In Kemp, Tom had run up against a hard stone wall. He could see that Kemp would want to leave the district attorney's office with no loose strings and would want to enter the governor's office under no clouds—but Tom thought it was the Colter name that made the idea of reopening the case embarrassing to him.

He remembered having talked to Kemp last year, the day after Beverly had made her charge against Pelado and the Garrys. Kemp had said, "I've just seen the girl's father, Theodore Colter. He's a very important citizen. He wants these thugs to get all that's coming to them, and so do I." Later, Tom remembered, Theodore Colter had backed Kemp for governor. Today, Kemp had been cold and brusque in his refusal to listen to Tom.

Captain Serani had not been cold or brusque. He hadn't even presented much of an argument. He'd merely pointed out that, so far as he was concerned, the three men were guilty and he wasn't going to have a scandal in his precinct just because Tom had some crazy hunches not even based on evidence. As a final clincher, he'd ordered Tom to see the police doctor. Tom had an idea he'd be put on the sick list until this all blew over.

A big airliner flew overhead, its four engines loud in the evening quiet. He glanced at his watch—it was nine ten—and wondered if Paul had landed yet. He wasn't ready to face Paul; he might never be ready.

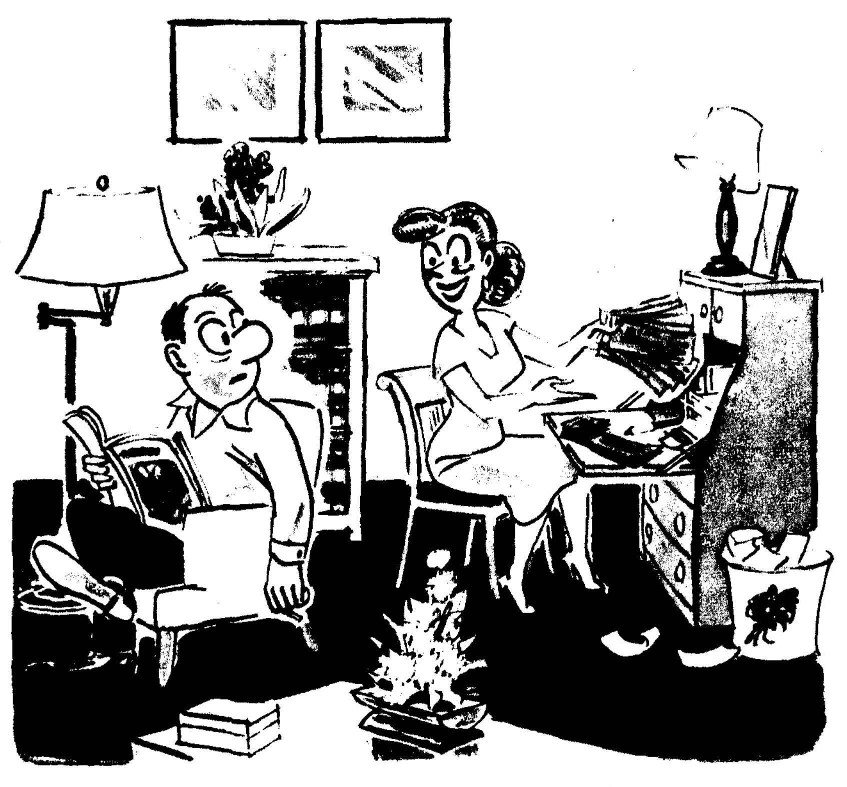
He reached the corner of 14th and Winchester and stopped. He wasn't ready to talk to Vicky yet, either. Now that he'd failed with Kemp and Serani, he had only two alternatives left—neither of them honorable. He wanted to decide what he was going to do next before he saw Vicky.

The ornamental lights were on before St. Edmund's. He stood staring at the church, frowning slightly, as an incredibly ancient and decrepit car came up Winchester Street and stopped in front of the rectory. Father John Brennan opened the car door and got out. He was middle-aged, unimpressive, growing slightly heavy. He closed the door with a gentleness that seemed absurd, considering the condition of the car. Maybe it would fall off if he slammed it, Tom thought.

He felt some of the tension leaving him as he watched, and he knew then that he was going to talk to Father Brennan. He crossed the street as the priest, about to step up on the curb, looked around. "Good evening, Lieutenant," he said.

"Good evening, Father. Could you spare me a few minutes?"

"As many as you like."



COLLIER'S "Well, I paid all the bills. Now all you have to do is put some money in our account" GLENN R. BERNHARDT

In the hall of the rectory Father Brennan turned toward the parlor. Tom said, "It's a pretty confidential matter, Father."

The priest smiled. To surprise him, Tom thought, I would probably have to bring him something that wasn't confidential. "We can talk in my room if you prefer it," the priest said. He led the way up the stairs.

Father Brennan's room was narrow and high-ceilinged. And, when he turned the switch of the lamp beside the roll-top desk, Tom saw it was a very plain room. Father Brennan walked over to the straight chair beside a narrow iron bed and waved to the more comfortable chair beside the desk. "Sit down, Tom," he said gently. "What can I do for you?"

It was difficult to begin. Tom Logan was not at ease with priests. He could never be natural with them, and his speech sounded artificial even to his own ears. "I've had a disillusioning day, Father," he said finally. "I want to find out if religion can do anything for me, if the Church can."

"Disillusionment happens inside of us as a rule," Father Brennan said slowly. "It is not imposed from without. And it is not the purpose of religion to serve you, Tom. The Church is dedicated to the service of God, not man. The Church will help you to serve God's ends." He smiled as though to remove the implication of a rebuke from his words. "Suppose you tell me what's on your mind, and we'll see what we can do with it," he said.

Tom still felt awkward. He groped for words. "I sent three men to the penitentiary," he said. "I helped load the evidence against them. Now I have reason to believe they didn't commit the crime for which they were convicted."

The priest sat quietly and let Tom talk. It came easier once he started. He omitted no detail, telling about the blow that broke Tony Pelado's jaw, about the nail-polish stain on the money. When he came to the baby's death he hesitated, wondering whether he should tell about that too. Then he decided against it: it had no direct bearing on Pelado and the Garrys.

"Something happened today that made me doubt the girl was telling the truth," he said. "Even a brief run-through of the evidence, this time with a doubt in my mind, makes me believe those men were falsely convicted."

HE TOLD the story of his evening's work—of Martin Kemp's refusal even to consider a re-examination of the evidence, of Frank Serani's unwillingness to reopen investigation of the case. He leaned forward. "There it is, Father," he said. "What should I do?"

Father Brennan studied him. "Are you sure those men are innocent of the crime?" he asked.

"No. I couldn't be sure without checking back through the evidence very carefully and talking to the witnesses."

Father Brennan nodded. "But these are not innocent men in your eyes," he said. "You believed them guilty of other similar crimes. How strong was your belief in their previous guilt?"

"Belief isn't the way to put it. I was positive of their guilt in the case of Teresita Rojas, the closest parallel to this case. We had station-house confessions from two of them, which they later repudiated, and overwhelming evidence. But they weren't tried this last time for the attack on Teresita Rojas; they were tried for an attack on

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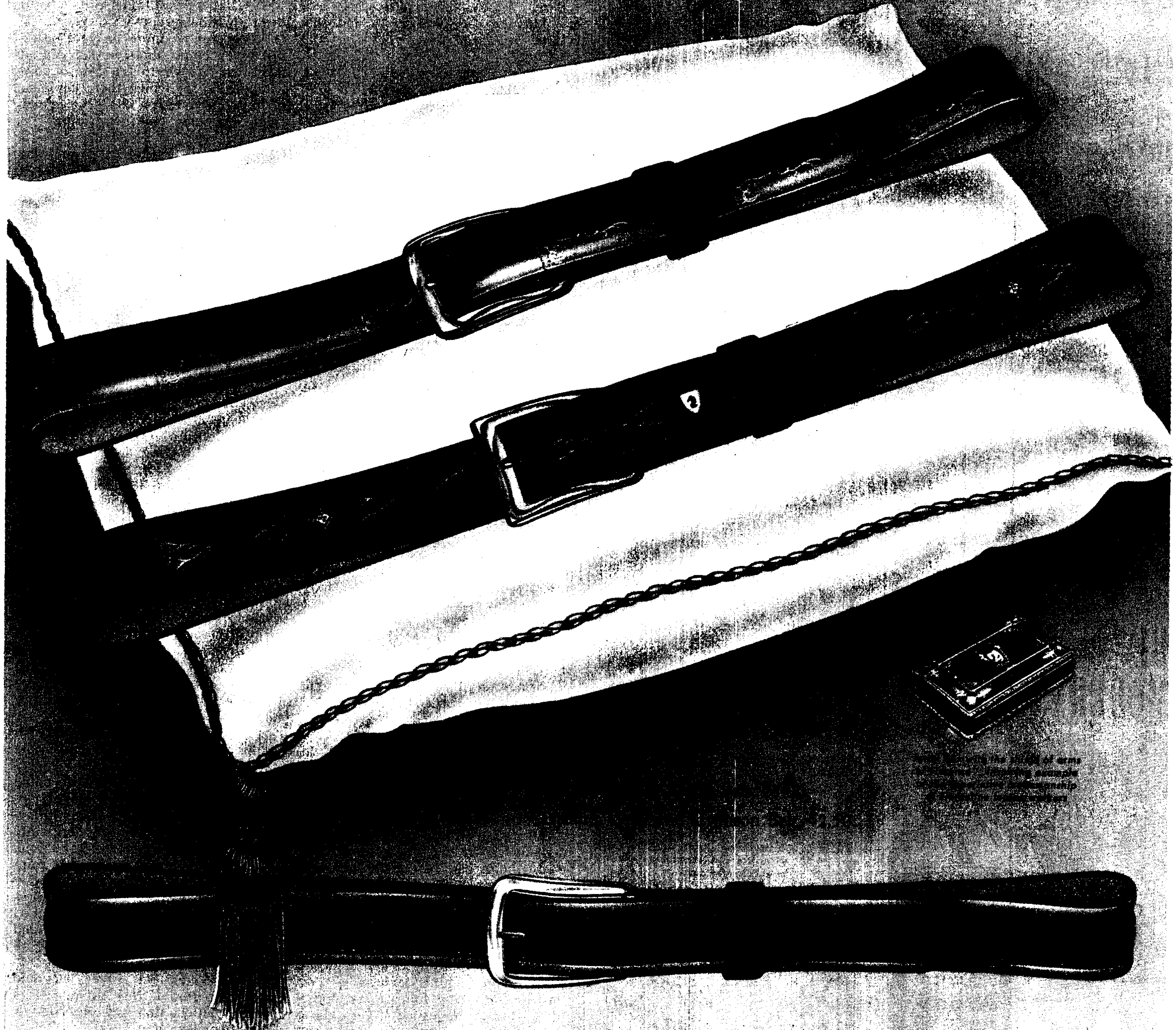

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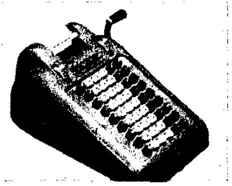

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Beverly Colter, which I don't believe ever happened."

"Yes, I know that," the priest said. "But why, with your certainty of their guilt in the Rojas case, did you fail to have them convicted and sent to prison that time?"

"The prosecuting attorney was inexperienced," Tom explained. "The jury was not convinced."

"That is, you arrested them but had nothing to do with the verdict?"

"That's right. But I had a lot to do with the verdict in this last case, because I loaded the evidence."

"But the jury convicted, and the court sentenced."

"Yes."

Father Brennan sighed. "I don't have to tell you," he said, "that you did a great wrong in tampering with the evidence. You did a wrong for which you owed restitution. You had to do what you did this evening in talking with the two men who could help you make amends. At whatever cost to yourself, you had to do your best to undo that evil you wrought."

"I didn't succeed."

"Is there anything else you can do?"

"Not honorably. That's my problem. Now that I've found my superiors won't listen to me, I suppose I could make a sensational story out of it for a newspaper that's hostile to the police department; the other paper, I know, wouldn't touch it. And I could enlist the help of people who would be more interested in embarrassing the police department and the courts than in the fates of the three men in prison.

"Both these measures are extreme, though," Tom continued, "and either way I'd hurt a lot of people—better people than the three men who are in prison. And I might destroy respect for the law. The use made of this case would be as unjust as the conviction of those men. I can't convince myself that I wouldn't be doing a worse thing in trying to correct a wrong that way than if I left it as it is. But I can't leave it as it is!"

FATHER BRENNAN asked, "That brings us to the question of guilt and innocence, doesn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Guilt in the eyes of Almighty God is not a matter of date, Tom. Mortal sin brings punishment inevitably in its wake, whether the sin is in January or in June. These were not innocent men. I didn't know the Rojas girl, but I knew another of their victims—little Felipa Galleta—very well. She did not make a convincing case before the jury, and the men were acquitted. I considered it an outrage that they were released; they were notorious characters."

"I know. They're rapists and thugs. That doesn't change . . ."

"But it does. The fact that evidence was tampered with is deplorable. You did right in facing your own responsibility. But in the justice of God, those men are being punished only as the guilty men they are. Their release would not be a triumph for justice, merely a triumph for legality."

Tom Logan sat irresolute. Two phrases rang in his mind: "Guilt in the eyes of Almighty God is not a matter of date," and "Not a triumph for justice, merely a triumph for legality."

"The weakness is," he said, "that if this could happen to men like these, it might also happen to innocent men."

"Yes," the priest said. "An innocent man could not prove his innocence if the police produced false evidence. Does it happen often?"

"It doesn't happen. We're scrupulous about it. It's difficult to explain, but we're objective. We have a complicated routine for piling up evidence in a case. Many men participate. None of them has anything to prove personally, except that he knows how to do the job assigned to him. In this case—it was my sister-in-law," he said. "I hated those particular thugs. Whenever I thought of them, I remembered the Rojas girl. She was a victim of injustice too. I hadn't been able to do anything for her."

"So," the priest said softly, "your determination to convict these men at all costs was no more on your sister-in-law's account than on account of this other girl who suffered injustice—an injustice for which there could be no correction or redress. For which crime, I wonder, are they paying?"

TOM got up and walked around the room. "Do you mind?" he said. "I want to think about this."

"Go ahead! Stop and say a prayer before my small shrine there while you're about it. I'm a very humble instrument—go to the Source."

Tom Logan looked up at a portrait of Christ and dropped his eyes to a statue of the Virgin Mary below it. "I'll wait a while," he said. "I've discovered I can pray. That's not my difficulty."

"Your difficulty is priests, I take it?"

"How did you know?" Tom asked.

"It so often is. Catholics who fall away usually have a good word to say for the faith, but they pin their difficulty on priests, or on one priest."

"I guess I always expected too much, something more impressive than I found. The Church claims so much that a man expects no less than miracles. He expects to be awed when he meets a priest."

Father Brennan's eyes twinkled. "We suffer too, at times," he said, "walking around on our feet of clay. But the quality of inspiring awe belongs to Almighty God. It would not be good if people feared to approach us. No man is worthy to be a priest; we start from that fact and do the best we can. As for miracles? God deliver me! No more dreadful responsibility could be laid upon a man."

Tom rocked slowly back and forth on his feet. He did not know quite how it had happened, but his perspective had changed since he'd come into this room. He found himself approaching thought from a new direction. He no longer had the desperate feeling that he was running in a circle, or thinking in one. That, he told himself, was merely a matter of mood—a matter of a quiet room, an atmosphere of prayer, a man who talked casually but not at random. He decided in that moment that he was going all the way with Father Brennan.

"The trouble with me," he said slowly, "is that I can't rid myself of the conviction that my sister-in-law killed her own child."

The priest tilted his chair back and crossed one leg over the other. "Tell me about it," he said.

Tom found it was easier to talk now, a relief to share his other burden of doubt. He told all the essential facts without emotional coloring, though he had difficulty keeping his voice steady when he told how he had found the baby. He also told the priest about finding the statue of Lucifer, and how Beverly had asked him to get rid of it and said she never wanted to see it again. Then he took the wrapped figure out of his suit-coat pocket and set it on the desk. He asked the priest to dispose of it somehow.

Father Brennan merely nodded, his face expressionless.

Tom finished his outline of the facts, and raised his eyes to meet Father Brennan's. "I have to face my brother," he said. "He probably feels already that I've failed him because I've done nothing for Beverly."

"Have you any duty to perform as a policeman in this case?"

"None."

Father Brennan nodded slowly and said, "If she were a stranger, you wouldn't be involved any further, I take it. There would be investigations by other agencies, and some court action or decision—but you would have no role in these. If she were a stranger, would you try in any way to influence the investigations or the court decision?"

"Not at all. I couldn't."

"You would abide by whatever decision might ultimately be reached?"

Thanksgiving

My heart is full of thankfulness
This season of the year:
Bathing suits are dry at last,
Halloween is safely past,
And even though it's coming fast,
Christmas isn't here.

—JOYCE CARLILE

"I'd be indifferent to it. It wouldn't be my problem."

"I see. But the fact that this young woman is your brother's wife complicates the matter for you."

"It certainly does."

"Let me ask this: If by some extraordinary procedure you were put on the stand and asked to declare under oath whether this girl was guilty, or not guilty, of murder, or if this was murder or accident—what would you answer?"

Tom strained forward, tensely. "I couldn't answer," he said.

"Why not?"

"I didn't investigate all the evidence. I removed myself from the case."

"Other men investigated more thoroughly than you did, then?" Father Brennan asked.

"Yes. But they don't know Beverly, and I do. She's a liar. She lies by instinct."

"But suppose you didn't know her at all—any better than the men who did the investigating? Would you trust their judgment then?"

"Yes. But I don't get the point of all this, Father."

"I believe you do. You're distressed by the fact that in your mind you're convinced she's guilty; but that conviction isn't strong enough for you to support professionally. She is in the hands of the law."

Father Brennan paused. Then his words came slowly, thoughtfully: "Remember, Tom," he said, "that though people talk about our laws evolving out of the old English common law, the real source of much of our criminal law, as well as other laws, is God's law. Our legal system recognizes that, just as man's limitations in judging other men are recognized. There is reason for the rules of evidence, the fact that there are twelve men on a jury; and that phrase 'beyond a shadow of a doubt' is not used lightly.

"Behind all these safeguards against man's fallibilities," the priest continued, "stands the assurance that even if the guilty should escape immediate legal punishment, from our courts, they must face a Higher Authority, divine law. No man can go against divine law and escape; eventually he must pay the consequences—and that precisely constitutes his punishment.

"You have neither the responsibility for judging this girl, Tom, nor the right to do so," the priest said. "That judging is in other hands, and ultimately in the hands of Almighty God."

"I'm not judging her, Father," Tom said. "I question her in my mind."

"Other people will question her too. She will have questions enough herself. Guilty or innocent, she will suffer for that baby because he was hers and he is dead. You can't look into the years and measure that suffering. She is facing ordeals that we cannot even imagine."

Tom moistened his lips. "What should I do?"

The priest said, "Give her what it is in your power to give her, what few will give her. Pray for her."

Tom was staggered. He had anticipated almost anything but that. "Pray for what?" he asked. "For her acquittal? Her freedom? Her happiness?"

Father Brennan shook his head. "We leave such matters to God," he said. "Pray simply that God will give her the grace to meet what lies ahead of her, the grace to understand and to grow and to walk in the way of His will. That's not too much to do for another human being, is it?"

"No."

Father Brennan got up. "I want you to think about that," he said softly. "You will never have an enduring problem with your brother when you are praying sincerely for his wife."

Tom stood up and reached for his hat. He could think of nothing to say. The priest touched his arm. "So far as the first problem—freeing those men from prison—is concerned," he said, "you've done all you can."

THEY walked down the stairs together, and at the foot of the stairs Father Brennan hesitated. "It's the most difficult thing in the world to fix individual blame or guilt, Tom," he said softly. He paused, as though embarrassed that he had talked so much. "God bless you, Tom," he said, "and thank you for coming by."

Father Brennan saw Tom to the door, and then turned and climbed the stairs to his room. He wondered if he'd been able to help Tom Logan.

He went to his desk and unwrapped the image of Lucifer. He turned the figure over in his hands, looking at it. It was a good many months since he had first seen this figure in the shop of Julius Weinstein. He had often wondered about the girl who bought it that day to shock the boy who was a Catholic. Now he knew about the girl, and about the boy who had married her.

The lamps on the counter of Julius Weinstein's shop had dramatized the figure, giving it warmth and yet lining it with sinister shadows. Here, on the desk of a priest, in a small narrow room, there were no shadings of light to give it glory. Like the evil it symbolized, the image had only such power

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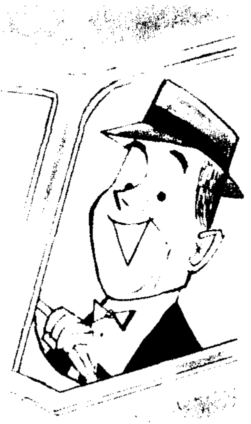

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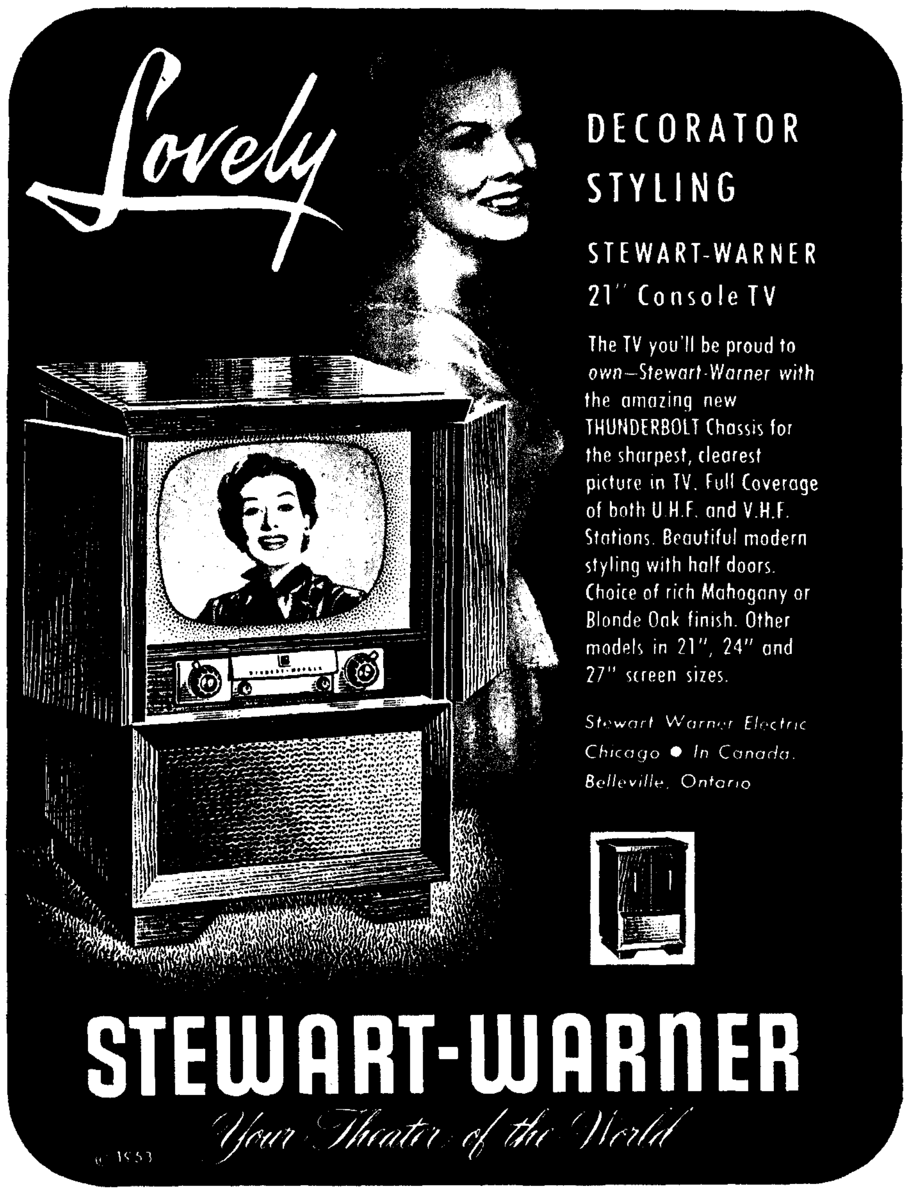
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and force as it borrowed from stage settings or the human imagination. Man had to consent to Lucifer's power in order for it to exist.

Father Brennan put the image back on the desk. Since it was his to dispose of, he would give it to a museum. As a specimen of sculpture, it deserved the place it would be given. People did not come to museums to worship. Lucifer in a museum would be a curiosity among curiosities, and it was better so.

DOWNSTAIRS, Tom Logan still stood on the rectory porch. Martin Kemp could have put Pelado and the Garrys away for the attack on Teresita Rojas, he thought. If he had, Beverly would not have been able to charge them with the same crime, whether that charge was true or false. Would the chain reaction have gone on until a baby died, if Martin Kemp had stopped it when it reached him? Would it have gone on until today, if he, Tom Logan, had done his duty honestly and without prejudice when those men were charged again—by Beverly? How many people had had the opportunity of stopping that chain reaction before Paul Logan, Jr., died? People did not go on trial for serving evil though; they went on trial for committing crimes. Crime was a word that belonged to man—and evil was a word that belonged to God.

Tom went slowly down the rectory steps, feeling strangely at peace despite his bewilderment. It was an odd thought that he should pray for Beverly, but there was no answer to the question Father Brennan had put to him: "That's not too much to do for another human being, is it?"

He reached the gate and half turned to the right to visit the church, to pray as best he could for Beverly. Then he saw Paul crossing the street toward him, and the moment he had dreaded all day was at hand.

Paul walked with a broken, jerky stride, and his face was bleak and strained. "I've been waiting for you on Vicky's porch," he said hoarsely. "I knew you'd show up there eventually. I couldn't reach you anyplace else."

"I didn't know where to find you, Paul. I . . ."

"You'd have known if you'd stayed with Bev, if you'd tried to help her."

"I helped her more than you realize. I'm damn' sorry, Paul."

"The devil you're sorry!" Paul said harshly. His face looked broken, lined. "She called you when she was in the worst trouble of her life. And what happened?"

Paul's voice was bitter and mocking. "You couldn't forget about being a cop," he went on. "You had a kid half out of her mind with grief and shock, but you had to posture and pose and go scientific. It's so many feet from here to there, so this or that *couldn't* have happened! She's my wife. That was my son. You didn't even have time for a kind word . . ."

His voice broke, but his tense challenging attitude did not change. Tom stood facing him, motionless. He had to wait, to let Paul say all the words that were bottled up inside him.

"She called you as a brother, not as a cop," Paul said. Tom had to fight the perverse reaction in his own mind that urged him to say: "The devil she did! She knew what she was doing. She called a cop who was her brother-in-law." But he didn't say it.

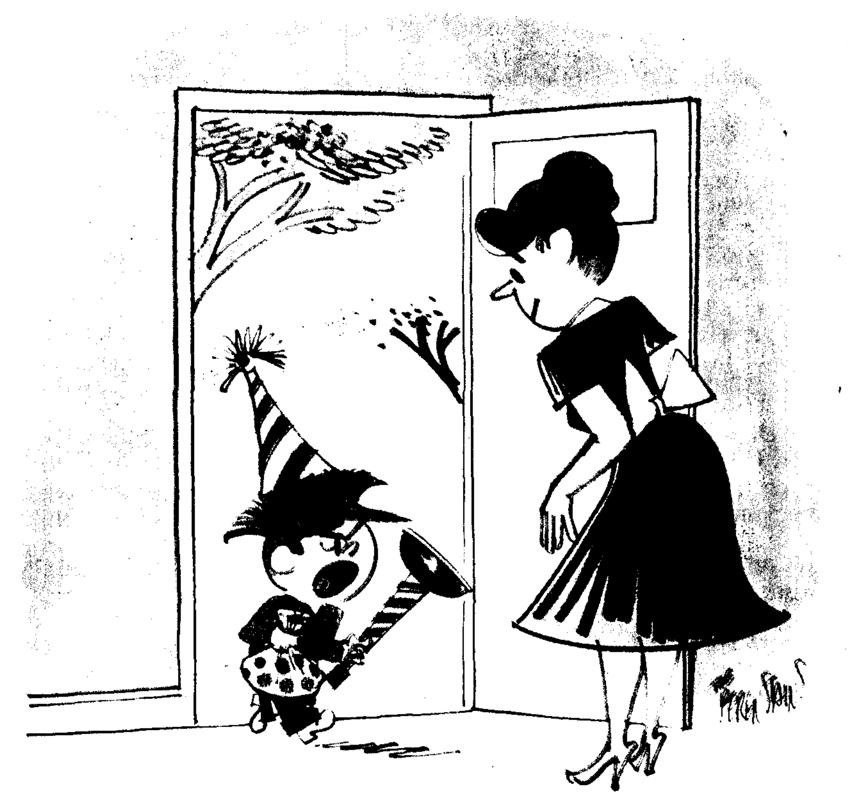
"She was all alone," Paul said, "and you threw her to your pals downtown. Then you walked out. The only person she had in this town walked out on her, the only family she had! They took her downtown for questioning and—and they took Champ too—to the morgue. And where were you?"

"I could have prejudiced other police against her, Paul," Tom said, "but I couldn't have cleared her."

"She didn't need clearing! That's the point." Paul stepped closer to him, his eyes blazing. "The worst thing that could happen to Bev happened when she dropped the Champ," he said. "She needed help, and you talk about 'clearing.' Clearing what?"

"Paul, I did what I had to do. There was bound to be an investigation. I couldn't have stopped that."

"You could have made it easier for her. You didn't." Paul stepped back.



COLLIER'S "The whole party was fixed. Everybody won a prize in every game" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"Nobody could have made me believe it of you," he said. "Nobody. But Vicky said once that she couldn't live in your world. She was right. Nobody could."

"I have to live in it."

Their eyes met. Tom tried to reach across the great distance between them, feeling it widen even as he reached. "I was going to the church to pray for Beverly, Paul," he said. "Will you go with me?"

For a moment something inside Paul threatened to give way. His shoulders slumped, and his lids narrowed over his reddened eyes; then he pulled himself erect. "No," he said. "Go pray for yourself. You need prayer more than Bev does."

He turned on his heel then and walked away, his stride still broken, his weary legs seemingly driven only by will. Tom took two steps after him and stopped. He had failed when he had the chance, and he could not do any better if he overtook Paul and started all over again.

It was going to be difficult to pray now, more difficult than it would have been earlier. He turned back to the church slowly. It was something he had to do, the only thing left. His quota was doubled now. He had to pray for Beverly—and for Paul.

Paul was probably right. He needed prayers himself. He would have to leave that to Vicky.

THE Picardy was not the largest of State City's hotels, but it was quiet and expensive. Theodore Colter had checked into Suite 1180 that evening, after doing all he could about the problems confronting him. He was asleep before eleven thirty.

In Suite 917, Paul Logan sat in the dark with his arm around Beverly. She had cried when she first saw him, and she had cried at intervals since.

"Paul," she said once, "help me to feel something! I'm all numb. Nothing is real to me. I should be feeling something, Paul!"

"You've felt enough," he said gently. "Relax a little. Go to sleep."

She shuddered then. "No. I never want to sleep again," she said. "I'm afraid, Paul. I don't want to be alone."

They sat in darkness, on a divan facing the window. The mountains were heavy blotches of shadow on the horizon, shapeless until one concentrated upon them for a while. The room was cool, luxuriously furnished. The sound of dance music came very faintly, from far away.

Beverly stirred in his arms. "I wouldn't hurt our baby, Paul," she said. "I wouldn't let anybody hurt him. I loved him."

His throat tightened, and he bent his head to her, kissing her hair. "I know, darling," he said. "Don't think about it."

"I can't help it."

"I know."

She sighed. "You're so wonderful to me," she said.

"I'm not. I should be. You belong in places like this, Bev. I was selfish. I shouldn't ever have tried to take you away from them."

She drew closer to him, her hand squeezing his and said softly, "It was so awful, Paul."

She was referring to the apartment, he knew. It was pretty bad. He'd always known it was. He'd tried to see it through her eyes, but he hadn't been able to, of course. He was a Logan who had once lived on Buffalo Street. As a child he had learned he could accept clutter and bleak surroundings so long as he kept a vision before him of what he meant to have in the future. Beverly could not do that because she had never lived on Buffalo Street or any place remotely like it.

Paul thought of what her father had said on the plane from Chicago: "I made a mistake. As my daughter, she has acquired the habit of money. I should have known better than to take away an addict's dope abruptly."

Paul had been startled. "Dope?"

"Money is dope to some people—a habit, a means of escape."

Paul had nodded. "That's right," he'd said. "With Beverly though, it was more my fault than yours. My pride, probably. I wanted to be the one to buy her things. I thought if we could weather it a while . . ."

Theodore Colter had looked at him steadily. "You were right," he had said.

Now Paul was thinking he hadn't been right. He held Beverly tighter. "I wasn't good for you, Bev," he said. "You shouldn't have ever met me."

"I think I should have. I liked meeting you. I liked marrying you. If I hadn't wanted to marry you, I wouldn't have." She sighed again. "You were so queer about money," she said.

It came back to that, and Paul had no answers. They were very close, he felt, in the suffering they shared tonight, in their dry, aching grief. He felt tender and protective toward Beverly because she had been hurt worse than he and had had to suffer alone.

"I never wanted to do anything for anybody before I met you," Beverly said. "But I wanted to do things for you, Paul."

"I know. And you did, sweet. An awful lot."

His throat was aching again, remembering all the difficult things she had tried, difficult things for her. Nobody else in the world knew Beverly as he knew her, knew her bewilderments, her strange compulsions, her willingness to learn what she didn't want to know.

He remembered how afraid she had been of the Champ at first, afraid to touch him or pick him up. She had forced herself to learn, to bathe him and change him and do things for him. He had lived through it with her, teaching her when he was only a little less ignorant than she, reassuring her, doing things with her until she lost her fear. They had been clumsy partners in a big adventure, he and Bev; and the Champ had had to put up with them.

Paul stared out the window. The sense of his loss swept over him: the Champ was gone.

BEVERLY stirred in his arms again. "Paul," she said, "I haven't got Lucifer any more. I knew you didn't like him, so I told Tom to throw him away or burn him or something."

Paul stiffened slightly. "You told Tom what?" he said.

"I told Tom to take the image away. I didn't care what he did with it. It was bad luck, I guess."

"When did you tell him? Where?"

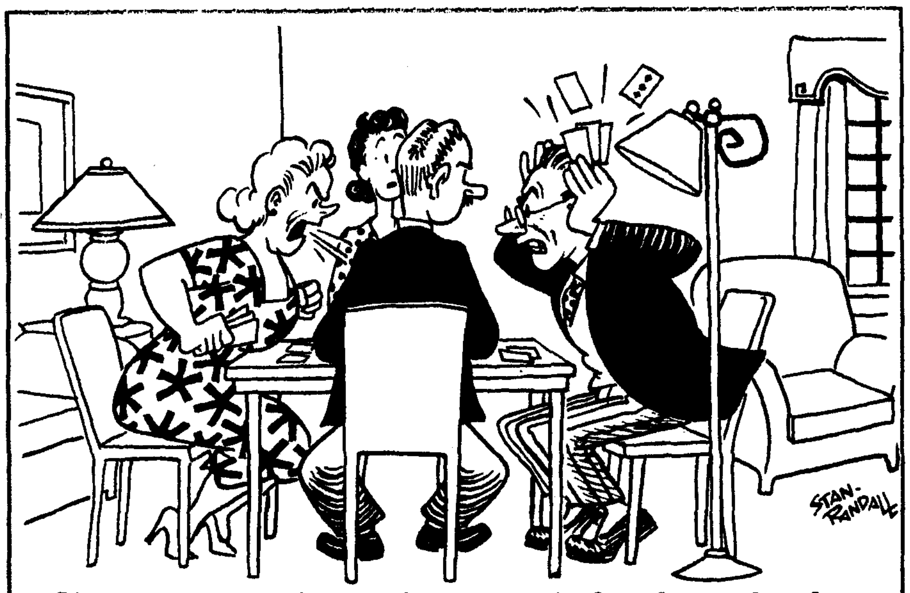
Beverly shuddered slightly. "Back there—in the apartment," she said. "In the bedroom. I had it in the drawer, wrapped in paper. I asked Tom to take it away."

Paul frowned. "I don't understand," he said. "Did he bring it up, or did you ask him as a favor, or what?"

"He didn't know about it. I asked him as a favor. You didn't like it. I was sorry I had it around."

"I still don't understand how you

Don't let it get you down—



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could ask him to do anything for you. You said he was hostile, that he didn't pay any attention to you, that he tried to trick you with questions."

"He did. It was awful . . ."

"Then why did you ask him to do something silly like that? There were a lot of other things you could have asked him to do."

"No. He was too mean about everything." Beverly started to cry. Her body shook. "I thought you'd be glad," she said. "I wanted you to know that I try to do things for you too. You didn't like the devil, and I was sorry I kept it, because you didn't like it. So I got rid of it, because of you."

Paul drew her tighter into the curve of his arm. "All right, darling," he said. "I guess I'm not thinking very clearly. I never did like the image. I'm glad that it's gone."

He closed his eyes in the darkness, trying to imagine the moment when Beverly had asked Tom to take the image and get rid of it. One did not break in on a series of curt questions and say, "By the way, will you do me a favor?" He couldn't picture the scene in his mind. Tom had called the police and had left when they arrived. The way he understood it, Beverly was crying on the bed, and the Champ was in there on the floor. There was no natural sequence of events into which this image business would fall.

"I liked that devil, I guess, because we bought him together . . ." Beverly said. Her voice was muffled against his shoulder. He remembered his first moment of shock at seeing the statue in the old antique shop, his anger at Beverly for having bought it. The image had appalled him, and yet there had been something compelling about it; there was fascination in it and something of terror. He was glad the image was out of their lives. He had never felt right about it.

> ***"Judge not, and you shall not be judged. Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned. Forgive, and you shall be forgiven."***
>
> LUKE 6:37

THE room was very still; no sounds came from the street below. Beverly slumped slightly against his shoulder, and he had an idea that she was dozing. She needed rest, and she would rest only where she felt secure. She had sought his arms as simply and as trustingly as a child. As a child! The corners of his mouth felt stiff.

Beverly's body twitched and stiffened. She sat upright with a jerk, a muffled scream on her lips. "Paul!"

"Yes, Bev. You're all right."

"I'm not. I'm frightened. What are they going to do to me, Paul?"

"Nothing. They won't do anything to you, Bev."

"I'm afraid they will. They'll put me in prison or hurt me or something."

"They won't, darling. Nobody will hurt you. It was an accident, and everyone knows it was. You don't have a thing to fear."

"I *am* afraid. I couldn't help it, Paul. He slipped out of my hands. I wouldn't hurt the Champ, Paul. I wouldn't hurt him."

"I know. Of course you wouldn't."

He soothed her, cradling her in both arms. He knew how she felt, and it was too soon—she had been through too much—for her real grief to come through yet. He would have to watch Beverly when she became fully aware of their loss, when she was haunted by the memory that it was she who had been holding the baby when it happened.

He looked down at her and saw her watching him. "Paul," she said, "you don't have to be mixed up in all this. You could divorce me."

He smiled. It was an effort, but he made it. "Don't be stupid!" he said. "I don't want to divorce you."

"You should. And you could be a Catholic again. The Catholic Church would let you divorce me because we were married by a justice of the peace. You could marry somebody else."

"I don't want anybody else."

"You should. You won't be happy."

"I'll be happy." He bent over her. "Do you want a divorce, Bev?" he said.

She shook her head, her eyes wide. "No," she said. "I love you."

"That's all there is, then. I love you too. I'd never want anyone else, Bev."

HE HELD her close to him. "If you are worried about the Church angle, let's do it all over again, Bev," he said. "Let's be married in the Church. I'd help you if it was hard . . ."

She did not answer him, and there was no responding pressure of her hand in his. He was being premature, he thought. He looked down at her. "I'm sleepy, Paul," she said. "Are you sure they won't do anything to me?"

"Positive."

She smiled up at him. "I'm glad," she said. "Stay with me, Paul."

She closed her eyes, and he looked at the window. Rain was pattering gently on the sill now, and the air was fresher, cooler. Beverly spoke again, her voice heavy with approaching sleep. "Paul, I want to go away. I never want to see this town again."

He felt an ache in his chest, a harsh, sore dryness in his throat. "I never want to see it again either," he said.

"I hope we go to California. I like it. Let's go there, Paul."

He watched the rain as it fell faster. "That's up to your father," he said. "I can't do anything about it."

Paul thought that a lot would be up to Beverly's father from now on. He and Theodore Colter had had a good working relationship once, and Paul knew he had earned the man's respect and confidence. But already it was obvious that Theodore Colter had reached a decision: that Beverly's husband, for Beverly's sake, would have to be subsidized, perhaps have well-paying jobs in desirable locations created for him. Paul would no longer be a deserving young man working up in the organization. His father-in-law would write him off, reluctantly, as a young man who had interested him—and then do what he had to do for his daughter.

Beverly was asleep now, her body heavy in his arms. His right leg felt numb, but he couldn't move it without waking her. He was tired of thinking; he didn't want to think any more. The rain was coming down hard now, beating against the window. It had rained a lot in California, he remembered, when they were there before. . . .

Tom and Vicky walked the long, dark blocks to the park, and then turned back. When they had started out, the sky had hung low, as the western sky does on a May night, crowded with stars; but now the stars were blotted out by fast-moving clouds. There was a moist breeze blowing out of the northwest.

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THE WORLD OVER AT DRUGGISTS

"I'd like to do a lot of things over," Tom said suddenly.

"We all would," Vicky said.

"I've done a lot of unnecessary things," he said. "I tore around town tonight, telling my troubles to anybody who'd listen, and talking about my conscience. I didn't know quite what I was trying to do, unless it was to remake the world in a day."

Vicky looked at him sharply. "You didn't act like that," she said. "You had to do what you did."

"I don't know," he said.

They walked several blocks without talking, and then Tom said, "I'll always be a cop, Vicky."

"And there's no reason why you shouldn't be. You're proud of being a cop; I'm proud of you." She paused and looked at him. "Why did you say that?" she said.

"I was just thinking. Another cop—Captain Serani—protected me today. He tied my hands so I couldn't hurt myself or anyone else. He probably even defended me to Kemp. He didn't take any bows; he just did it, figuring I'd dislike him for it."

The rain started falling gently in big drops. They walked faster, and when the deluge started they sprinted for the porch of Vicky's house. They sat together on the swing, and Vicky relaxed against Tom's shoulder.

"It will be all right between you and Paul, Tom," she said. "I've been trying all night to think of a way of saying it. I just know it will be. Not right away, perhaps, but eventually."

Tom held her against him, talking to her with her hair against his cheek. "I hurt him," he said. "There was no getting around that. It could have been a little different, I guess."

Vicky kicked her foot, rocking the swing gently. "It will work out," she said. "Nothing will happen to Beverly. I feel sure of that too. It will be an accident."

"Yes," Tom said. "They'll get an accident verdict. It's become pretty clear there's no legal case. Paul and Beverly will go away somewhere. Beverly's father will do everything he can for them." Tom spoke slowly, thoughtfully. He was watching the rain wash Winchester Street from curb to curb.

"But what will they have, Vicky?" he said. "What can they ever have?"

Vicky shook her head. "I just don't know, Tom," she said. "It'll be awful for Paul, but it will be even worse for Beverly. I've never liked her, and I couldn't quite imagine her as a mother, but she'll miss that baby terribly. She won't have anyone to talk to or to help her when the full sense of what's happened hits her."

"Yes," Tom said. "She loved the baby—you could see that. Even if it was an accident, she'll have an awful sense of guilt. And if it wasn't—well, she won't even have the comfort of having paid legal penance. She'll be all alone with a tortured soul, for the rest of her life. Father Brennan was right—there isn't anything anybody can do for her now except pray. She's in God's hands, and we can only pray that she'll have the courage to meet that judgment."

They sat in silence watching the rain. Tom wondered whether Beverly and Paul were also watching the rain somewhere, if their grief permitted them a time for wondering what they would have in the future. Paul and Beverly were joined in disaster. It was a time for family solidarity, and he should have been with them—lending support and sympathy, everything a brother could give at a time like this. Whatever had really happened to cause the baby's death, Beverly's sense of loss was real; and her grief would be real. But he couldn't help thinking that in a sense Paul was alone.

VICKY'S voice broke in on his thoughts. "I prayed today too, Tom," she said. "But it wasn't until now that I thought of that prayer of St. Francis of Assisi. Remember?"

Her voice was low, and Tom found himself bowing his head as she spoke: "'O Divine Master, grant that I may seek not so much to be consoled, as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.'"

When she finished, he didn't move or look at her. Vicky's remembrance of the prayer had given him peace and a humble serenity.

A light burned across the street in the upstairs window of the rectory. They were not particularly aware of it, either of them, but they looked up when it went out. The street seemed darker and, somehow, the hour even later than it was.

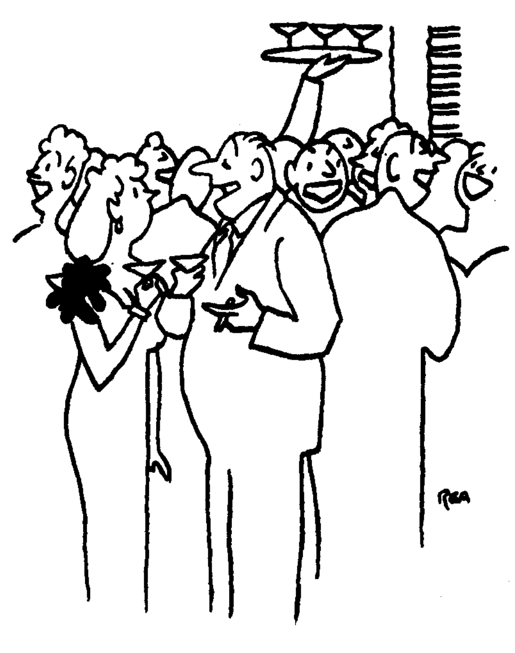
"I want things to be different for our children, Tom," Vicky said.

He lifted her face to his, one broad finger beneath her chin. Her eyes were wet and there was a tear on her cheek. "How different?" he asked.

Vicky turned her head away from him to hide the tears. "Very different," she told him, "so very different."

It was a feminine answer, and he didn't understand it. But in a dim, wordless way, he did understand the tears. They were another reason for loving her.

—WILLIAM E. BARRETT



"Well, you wanted to go someplace where we could talk without being heard. I just said *you wanted to*—"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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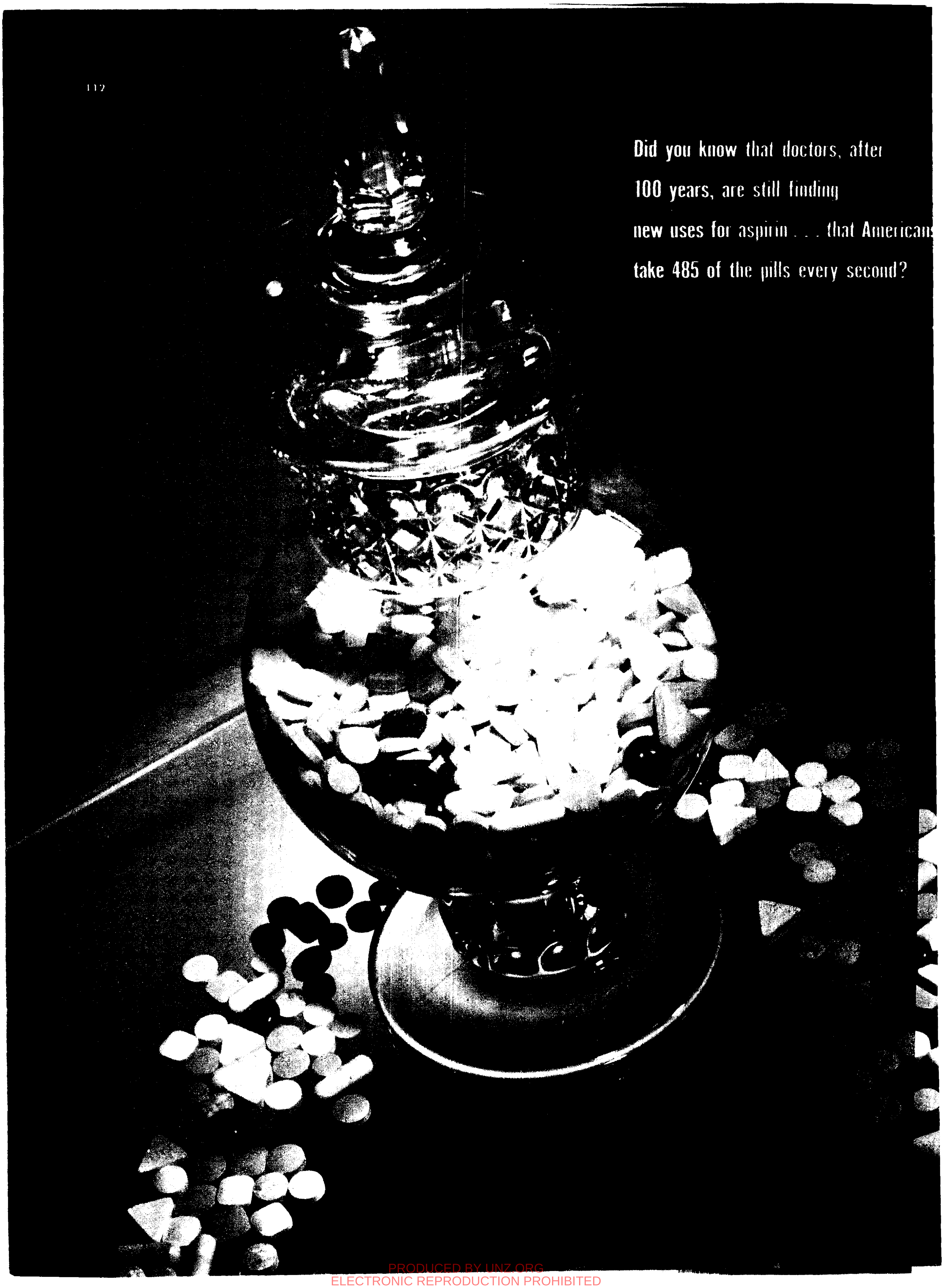


Did you know that doctors, after
100 years, are still finding
new uses for aspirin . . . that Americans
take 485 of the pills every second?

The Original MIRACLE DRUG

By HARRY HENDERSON

THE absent-minded professor asked the druggist, "Do you have any monacidic ester of salicylic acid?"

"Do you mean aspirin?" replied the druggist.

"Oh, yes," said the professor. "I never can think of the name of that stuff."

Unlike the professor in this favorite joke of freshmen chemists, most Americans have no trouble remembering the name aspirin. They take some 42,000,000 aspirin tablets every 24 hours—the equivalent of 485 tablets every second, or about 100 tablets a year for every man, woman and child. As aspirin eaters, in fact, we Americans are the all-time champs. Only Great Britain's 50,000,000 people, who take 10,000,000 aspirin a day, come close.

Aspirin costs us an astounding $48,000,000 a year. In addition, we plank down another $96,000,000 a year for various pain-killing and headache preparations with an aspirin base, such as Anacin, Midol, Bufferin and Empirin.

For the last three years, the consumption of aspirin in the United States has been rising at a rate of $3,000,000 a year. Some doctors blame it on the increased tempo of life. But Dr. Leon A. Greenberg, Yale physiologist and coauthor of the leading scientific work on the salicylates, the chemical family to which aspirin belongs, says: "It is due, in my opinion, to our increasing population and the wiping out of widespread misconceptions about what aspirin will and will not do."

Acetylsalicylic acid—the more common chemical name for aspirin—was discovered exactly 100 years ago by Charles Frederic Gerhardt, an Alsatian who was one of the grandfathers of organic chemistry. But for the next 50 years, it sat on the laboratory shelf, a kind of chemical curio, because no one knew what to do with it.

Then a German chemist found aspirin to be a safe, effective painkiller, fever reducer and headache reliever. Sales have been soaring ever since. Today aspirin is the world's most widely used drug. Doctors call it "the most useful drug ever found." Druggists mix it into more prescriptions than any other drug. Just to list all its medical uses would fill columns of this magazine. It relieves pain caused by ailments ranging from a simple headache to cancer. Arthritics call it "the greatest blessing we have." One doctor told me: "If it weren't for aspirin, the medical profession would be swamped with calls."

Yet the average person who swallows an aspirin tablet knows little about the fabulous little white pill. It packs some major medical mysteries—and miracles—in its bitter crystals. After tens of thousands of experiments, doctors still do not know just how it works. But they have discovered that it can be swallowed and used as a gargle; that it can be used effectively in pill, paste, powder and liquid form. They have also found it one of the safest drugs known to man.

One of aspirin's major mystery-miracles lies in its ability to reduce fever while not affecting normal temperature. Taken by a feverish person, aspirin quickly reduces the temperature. Taken by a headache sufferer with a normal temperature, it relieves the headache but doesn't affect the temperature!

Aspirin also may prove a potent weapon in treating rheumatic fever. At a recent meeting of the American Heart Association in Atlantic City, New Jersey, researchers reported that preliminary studies indicate, by and large, aspirin is as effective as the much-publicized "miracle drugs," ACTH and cortisone, in treating the disease. Thirteen research centers in the United States, Canada and Britain are making a co-operative study of the

All these are aspirin? Yes. Pills come in all sizes, shapes and colors. Main customers for wide assortment are hypochondriacs who can't believe plain white tablet could do any good

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

Tests may prove aspirin combats rheumatic fever

comparative results of treatments with the three drugs.

The study will be followed closely by doctors because aspirin is cheaper to produce than either ACTH or cortisone and has none of the dangerous side effects characteristic of the two "miracle drugs."

The three-nation study also may provide a clue to the mystery of aspirin's healing powers—a mystery which might be said to date back to about 400 B.C. Aspirin is a salicylate, and Hippocrates, the father of medicine, used salicylate-bearing bark from a willow tree to ease the pain of childbirth more than 2,350 years ago.

Precisely because so little is known about how aspirin works, it has become a fertile source of myths and fears. Perhaps the most widespread surviving myth is that a person can become addicted to its use. A typical aspirin user, a schoolteacher, told me, "I find that I have to take aspirin at three o'clock every day to get through the afternoon without a blazing headache."

Many other persons who called themselves aspirin addicts told me, "I take two every evening to sleep better."

However, numerous studies have shown that a person cannot become addicted to aspirin in the sense that his health would suffer if the drug were withdrawn.

Dr. Greenberg and another Yale physiologist, Dr. Martin Gross, who have reviewed some 4,000 medical experiments and studies of salicylic acid, aspirin's active ingredient, say very few cases have been found in which an actual craving for aspirin has developed. Even in these cases, they suspect that a psychological dependence developed which made the users believe they had to take aspirin; the doctors think the patients would develop the same habit if they took wholly innocuous bread pills.

Denial Need Not Impair Health

"An unstable person may have a tantrum if denied something to which he is habituated, and an individual may suffer from anxiety or distress if his favorite analgesic (painkiller) is withdrawn," they reported. "But such habits can always be interrupted without danger to health."

I found that thousands of people carry aspirin, anticipating headaches while at work, while driving, or while watching a movie. More thousands of tablets are consumed nightly as sedatives—which they are not—and in the hope of preventing hang-overs. It's true that, taken beforehand, aspirin will reduce the severity of a hang-over. Taken after a hang-over has developed, aspirin may relieve the headache—but its acid content probably will irritate the already upset stomach.

According to doctors, additional thousands of people believe they "just can't take aspirin." Actually those whose stomachs are particularly sensitive or who have ulcers shouldn't take aspirin, because it is an acid. There is also a small minority who have a definite allergy to aspirin. But doctors say the vast majority of people who refuse to take the drug are hypochondriacs who can't believe that a plain white pill will do them any good.

To help doctors with such patients, aspirin makers sell specially colored aspirin through doctors' supply houses. The favorite colors are light green and pink; but black, orange, red, blue, purple and even a rainbow mixture are also available. Occasionally severe hypochondriacs are given a different color for each day of the week. One doctor told me, "Interestingly, this type of patient sometimes decides that only the green tablets, or some other color, do any good. Then you cut out the others—and the patient feels wonderful."

For treating hypochondriacs who balk at taking aspirin, some suppliers also furnish the drug disguised in oval, triangular and square tablets.

One of the most widely accepted myths about aspirin is that, taken with a cola drink, it will make you drunk. That's nonsense of course. But the combination can give you a feeling of well-being, and millions of Americans in the Southern states alone order the drink at their neighborhood drugstores daily. "It works this way," a physiologist told me. "Aspirin is an analgesic, a painkiller. It swiftly relieves any ache or pain. Cola contains caffeine, a mild stimulant. The combination is enough to make you feel much better. Coffee and aspirin would have about the same result."

Most of America's aspirin is made by the Dow Chemical Company at Midland, Michigan, and the Monsanto Chemical Company at St. Louis, Missouri. They sell the aspirin in bulk powder form to drug companies that use it in compounds or press it into tablets for sale under various brand names. There are more than 60 different brands of aspirin on the market.

However, many of the larger drug companies do make their own aspirin. I watched it being made at the Bayer plant in Trenton, New Jersey, and the Norwich Pharmacal Company plant in Norwich, New York. Both plants use basically the same process, although the Norwich company, whose plant is newer, has simplified the procedure. Despite the billions of aspirin tablets that are consumed annually, relatively few people are needed to make them. At the Bayer plant, production is handled by 20 men—but nearly 200 women are required to package what the 20 produce.

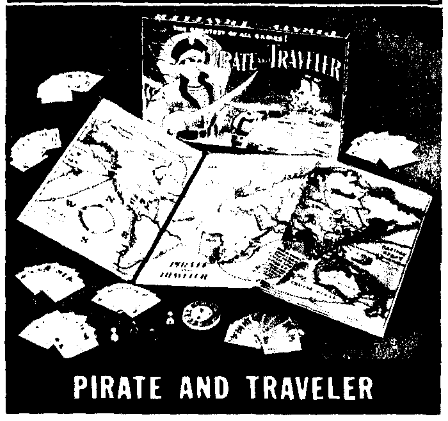
They Take Their Own Medicine

I talked to two men at the Bayer plant who have probably produced more aspirin than any other two men in the world: tall, spectacled Harold Hillman, who has been in charge of the chemical compounding of the drug at Bayer for 30 years, and George L. Finkle, who began pressing tablets at the plant nearly 30 years ago and is now foreman of his department. Both of them get headaches—"like anybody else," they say. They take aspirin for them.

I found that aspirin is made by a relatively simple chemical process. White crystals of salicylic acid are dumped into huge acetylation kettles. These kettles are placed in larger kettles, known as jackets. Next acetic anhydride, a pungent compound which smells like vinegar, and naphtha, which

CEREAL
STAN FINE

COLLIER'S "I don't like to complain, Mom, but lately my lunches haven't had very much trade-in value" STAN FINE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serves as a solvent, are added to the salicylic acid. Each company also adds its own secret catalyst to speed up the reaction of the crystals to the anhydride. Steam is then introduced into the jackets and the temperature raised until it approaches the boiling point of water. During the next 24 hours, the temperature is gradually reduced by injecting water into the jackets. Finally the liquid acid in the kettles is drawn off. What remains is aspirin—crystals of acetylsalicylic acid.

The "Horse Headaches" Gag

A series of washes with benzol removes free acid from the crystals, after which they are oven-dried and a small quantity of fine white cornstarch is added to act as a binder. The resulting mixture is fed into a tablet-making machine, which presses out tablets about the circumference of a quarter and a half inch thick. Aspirin makers like to tell visitors that these slugs, as they are known, are "horse aspirin . . . you know, for horse headaches." But the real reason for making slugs is that regular-sized aspirin tablets have been found to hold together better if they have first been compressed into a larger tablet and then ground up.

The crystals of the ground-up slugs are fed into small tablet-pressing machines by gravity. The punches apply three tons of pressure and turn out tablets at an incredible rate of speed. The Norwich company has just installed the pilot model of a new tablet presser which produces nearly 1,500,000 tablets a day.

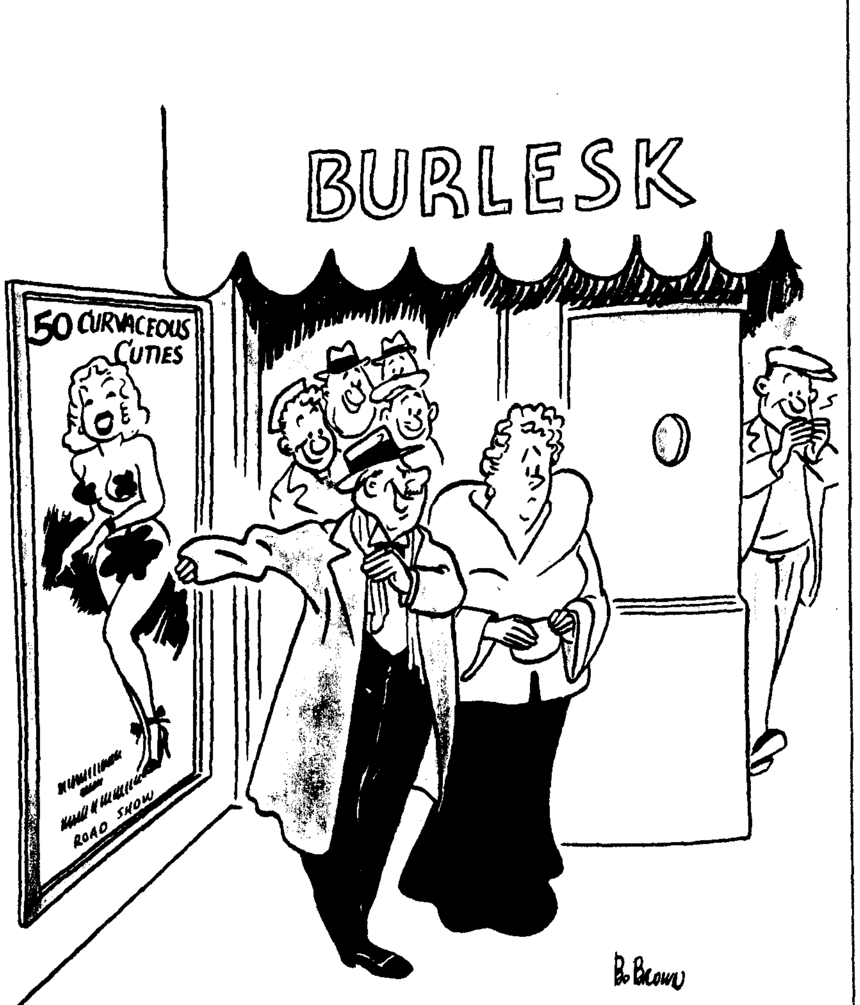
All aspirin is made according to a formula published in the U.S. Pharmacopeia. The formula permits a 5 per cent variance in the active ingredient, salicylic acid. Thus the usual five-grain tablet may contain as little as 4.75 or as much as 5.25 grains of acetylsalicylic acid. Food and Drug Administration representatives regularly inspect the output of all aspirin makers. To achieve quality, some companies also maintain a rigid control-rejection system. At one plant a tablet is taken from each machine every 15 minutes to be checked for weight; every hour a tablet is put through a complete chemical test.

The formula and the name aspirin originally were the sole property of the Bayer company. Bayer put out aspirin then in powder form in sealed one-ounce boxes obtainable only on a doctor's prescription. But in 1917, Bayer's patent monopoly ran out, and the U.S. courts ruled that aspirin had become a household word. Bayer began making aspirin in tablets for sale through drugstores to all comers, and soon other drug companies entered the field. Bayer still makes 60 per cent of the aspirin sold in retail stores today.

Among the more than 60 competing brands, the major contenders are Squibb, Rexall, Norwich and St. Joseph's.

St. Joseph's aspirin is made by the Plough company in Memphis, Tennessee, and for many years dominated the Southern market. The company also pioneered aspirin for children and it became such a big seller that many other companies began making it. Children's tablets are only half the size of regular tablets and contain only two and a half grains of acetylsalicylic acid. Orange, incidentally, is the favorite flavor of small fry, and orange-flavored aspirin is also being put out for adults by Norwich.

Although doctors still haven't found out how aspirin works, they have



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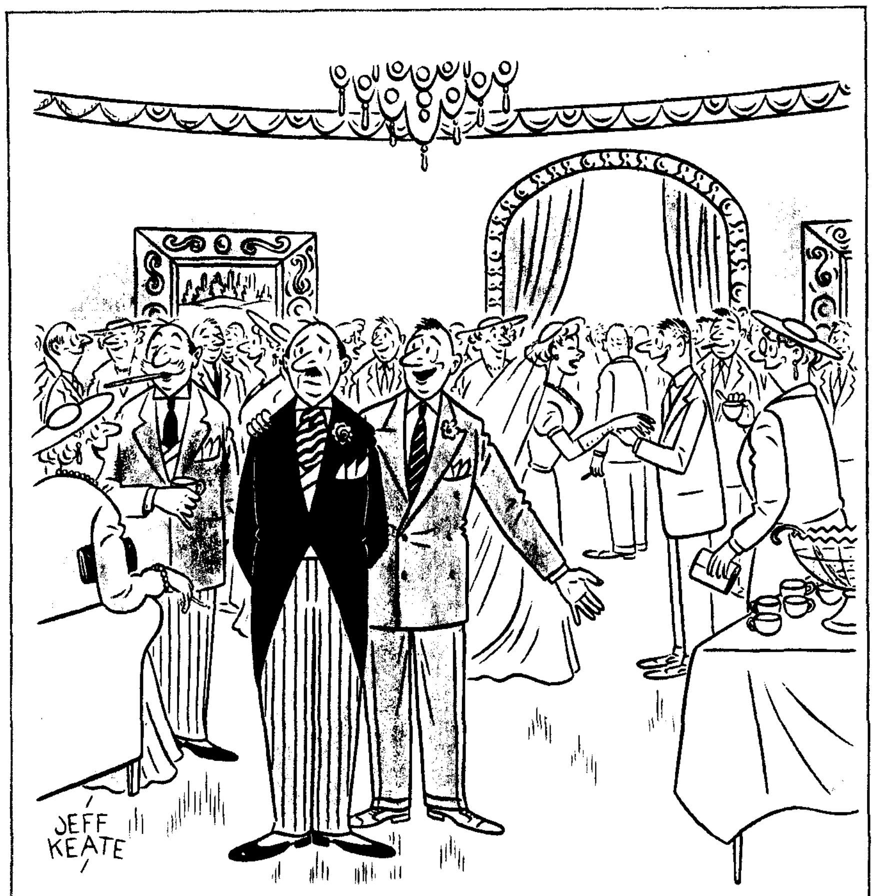


COLLIER'S "Look at it this way. You're not losing a daughter . . . you're gaining a telephone" JEFF KEATE

turned up some fascinating information about what happens to a tablet after you swallow it. The aspirin crystals generally pass intact through the stomach and are absorbed into the body in the small intestine. Within 10 minutes after aspirin has been taken, the acetylsalicylic acid has been chemically absorbed in the blood stream. The absorption rate can be further stepped up by taking bicarbonate of soda with the aspirin; the soda also helps protect the stomach against irritation by the acid. The acetylsalicylic acid is retained in the body for approximately 24 hours.

Aspirin's effectiveness as a painkiller depends on the concentration of acetylsalicylate in the blood stream. A single tablet provides the necessary concentration for about an hour—long enough to cure most headaches. Rheumatism and arthritis sufferers need almost continuous doses—usually one to three tablets every two hours—to ease the persistent pain.

Why Suicide Attempts Fail

Some people try to kill themselves by taking an overdose of aspirin. In fact, a wave of aspirin suicides developed in Budapest, Hungary, in the late 1920s; nearly 600 were reported in a two-year period. However, a great many tablets must be taken to cause death, and the bitter salicylic acid usually produces such nausea and vomiting that the body gets rid of the aspirin before it proves fatal.

Most aspirin deaths in the U.S. are those of children between one and four years of age who get hold of a large bottle of aspirin and literally stuff themselves with the contents. The standard antidote is to pump out the stomach, but frequently the child's plight is not discovered until too late.

Excessive aspirin will cause nausea, dizziness, ringing in the ears, deafness and unconsciousness. For many years the dosage level in rheumatic patients was determined by the amount required to produce ringing in the ears. The symptoms disappear when the dosage is reduced or stopped.

Perhaps the most fantastic aspect of aspirin is that we might not have this great painkiller today had not Arthur Eichengrun, Bayer's chief chemist in Germany 50 years ago, engaged in some skulduggery behind his scientific director's back with the already half-century-old but still undeveloped drug.

A Doctor With an Obsession

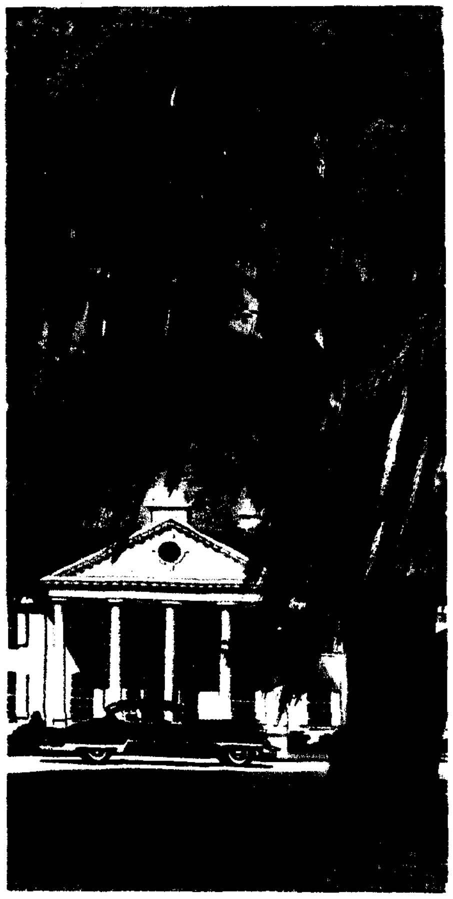
The scientific director was Dr. Heinrich Dreser, a mathematician obsessed with a theory that the effectiveness of any drug depended on how well it conducted electricity. Because aspirin seemed to be a poor conductor of electricity, Dreser rejected it and refused to allow it to be tested clinically. It would be, he insisted, "poison to the heart."

Eichengrun began secretly to test aspirin, first on himself and then passing it along privately to Berlin doctors to try on their patients. He found the drug to be a powerful pain reliever and fever reducer—and harmless to the heart. With this evidence, Eichengrun forced a showdown with Dr. Dreser before the Bayer directors, and Dreser was forced to accept aspirin. Ironically, he later was credited with introducing aspirin into medical use and became wealthy from its discovery!

Eichengrun, who created the word aspirin from the salicylate-bearing spiraea plant, did not reveal the true story of aspirin's birth pangs until he wrote his memoirs in a Nazi concentration camp. These were published in 1950 in *Die Pharmazie*, a leading German pharmacological journal.

"I believe," wrote this unusual chemist, "that by the creation of aspirin I have done a great favor for humanity without any personal profit."

Few would quarrel with Eichengrun's modest assessment of his contribution to medical history. ▲▲▲



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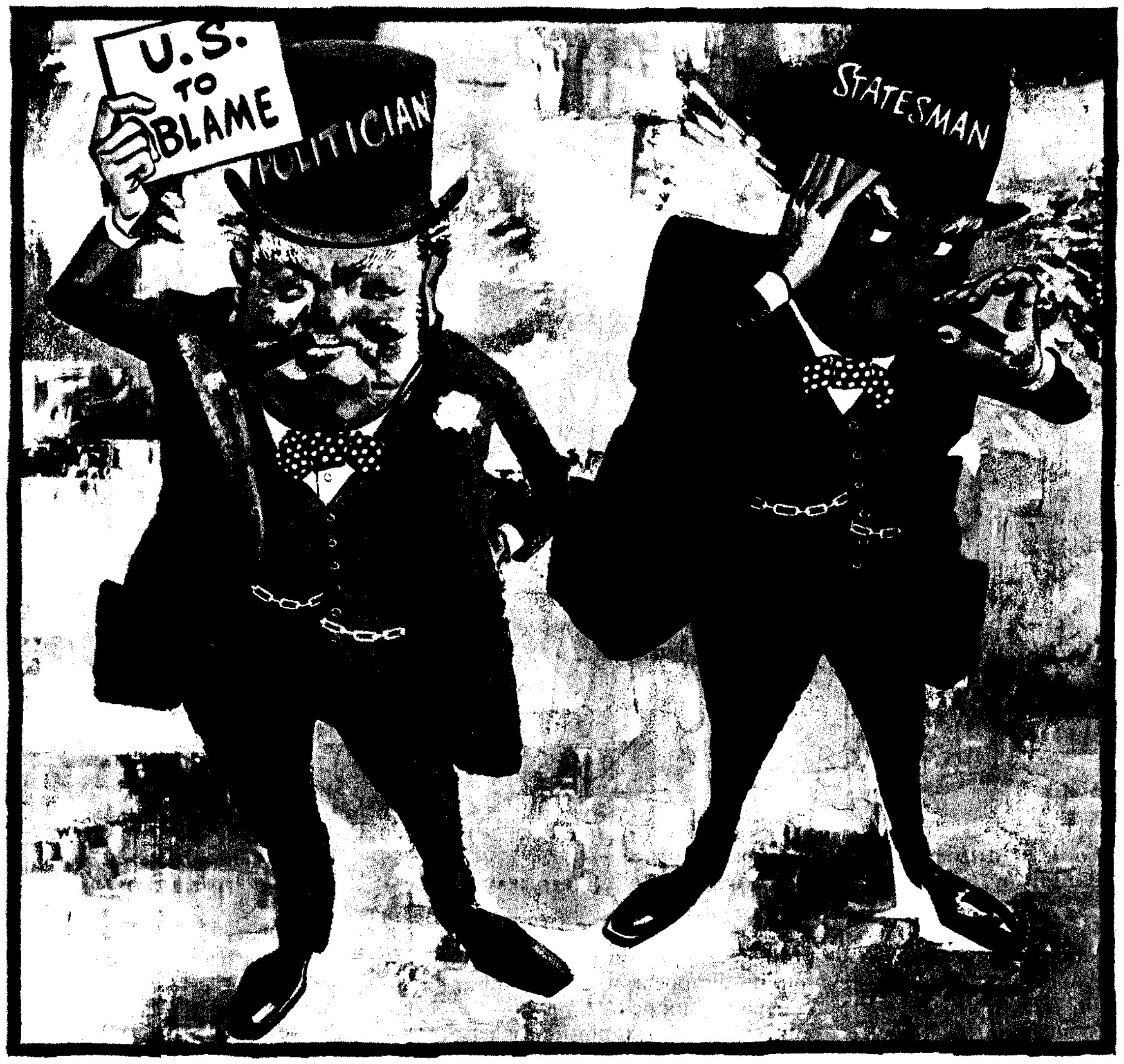


HARRY DEVLIN

Which Side Are You On, Sir?

IN THE SPEECH that marked Sir Winston Churchill's welcome return to active duty, he made several references to Anglo-American relations. This was to be expected, since it is a topic that a British Prime Minister can scarcely ignore. And we gather, from reading reports of the address, that most of the references were greeted with a silence as stony as if he had been addressing an audience of left-wing Laborites instead of a conference of the Conservative party. But there was one passage which, according to on-the-spot observers, drew cheers.

The ovation came when Sir Winston stated that "had the United States taken before the first World War, or between the wars, the same interest and made the same exertions and sacrifices and run the same risks to preserve peace and uphold freedom which, thank God, she is doing now, there might never have been a first war and there would certainly never have been a second."

Now, that seems to us an extraordinary statement from a great man who has not only made history but has also written it. One may admit that the foreign policy of the United States, like that of most other countries, has not been consistently exemplary. But, really, it seems that inferentially hanging the rap on us for both world wars is carrying things a bit too far. Perhaps Sir Winston, as politician rather than statesman, was throwing a sop to the anti-Americanism that lurks in many British minds. Yet if that is the reason for his remarks, it does a man of Sir Winston's stature scant credit.

To go back shortly before the turn of the century, the liberation of now-independent Cuba and the Philippines testifies to America's desire to uphold freedom—whatever the initial motives of the Spanish-American War. And President Theodore Roosevelt's mediation of the Russo-Japanese War was some indication of America's desire to preserve peace even 10 years before 1914.

As for between-wars attitudes, we feel that the onus should be borne as much by the nations that were in the League of Nations as by those that were out of it. Was it America's fault that the so-called "Manchurian incident" involving Japan in 1931 produced no concerted league action? Was America responsible for England's refusal to impose sanctions against Italy in the Ethiopian war? Was America to blame because Europe sat idly by while Hitler reoccupied the Rhineland, or because Britain's Chamberlain sold out for "peace in our time" at Munich in 1938?

We are neither bitter nor angry at Sir Winston's remarks, and we can quote chapter and verse from this magazine to show that Collier's is as anxious as the distinguished Prime Minister for friendly relations between our two countries. But we do think that, in charging a "remiss" United States with the responsibility for two wars, he has unworthily shifted emphasis to a degree that requires an answer.

A nation can be its brother's keeper only to a limited extent. The American nation in the last eight years has done a pretty good job of keeping its British and French and Italian and Japanese and German brothers, among others. It has helped save Greece and strengthened Turkey and fought in Korea. We feel certain that Sir Winston is sincere when he acknowledges our recent contributions. And so it comes as something of a shock to hear the British Prime Minister, against the background of our expenditure of thousands of lives and billions of dollars, harking back to past history and accusing this country of indirectly causing the twentieth-century woes of culture-proud and diplomacy-proud Europe.

We hope that the convalescent Sir Winston gets speedily back on the beam as regards Anglo-American relations. We also wish him many more years of good health and continuing valued service to his nation and the world.

Happy 50,000,000th, Ike

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER is getting a new telephone in his office on November 18th. That's news only because the instrument will be the 50,000,000th phone in use in the United States. Otherwise, it is just one more link in a chain of communication which has become almost indispensable to our daily living. But the occasion seems an appropriate time to say a word or two of thanks to the telephone industry for a service which grows better as it grows bigger.

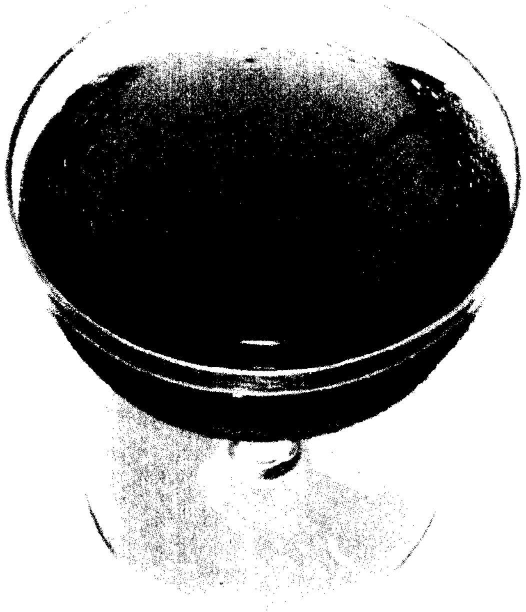
When most of us think of telephone service we probably think of the huge Bell System. But, besides Bell, there are over 5,200 independent phone companies in this country. The setup is largely co-operative rather than competitive. The telephone industry is primarily a network of community enterprises, home-town operated and, to a great extent, home-town owned. The telephone system is typically, perhaps uniquely, American—a private enterprise which can remain intimate, friendly and local in spite of vast and continuing expansion.

First We Must Know

THERE ARE TWO reactions to fear. One is abject and apathetic. The other is active and urgent. It is the second—the instinctive or reasoned decision to flee, to fight or to seek other means of protection in response to threatened danger—which is indispensable to the continued existence of all living creatures. Such is the reaction we seek to inspire by publishing the admittedly fear-provoking article on GB gas which appears in this issue.

Cornelius Ryan has written with official sanction—not to say encouragement—the first complete public report on a terrible and terrifying weapon which the United States possesses. (Russia, too, has a similar and probably no less terrible weapon.) The story does not make pleasant reading, but it has to be told. These weapons exist, as surely as nuclear weapons exist. Ignoring them will not make them disappear. It is time that the public was informed of them, and the government prodded into some positive action against them. Until danger is admitted, identified and recognized, there is no hope of averting it.

Which Manhattan has the Calvert?



YOUR EYES TELL YOU BOTH drinks look delicious — but your taste would never be fooled!

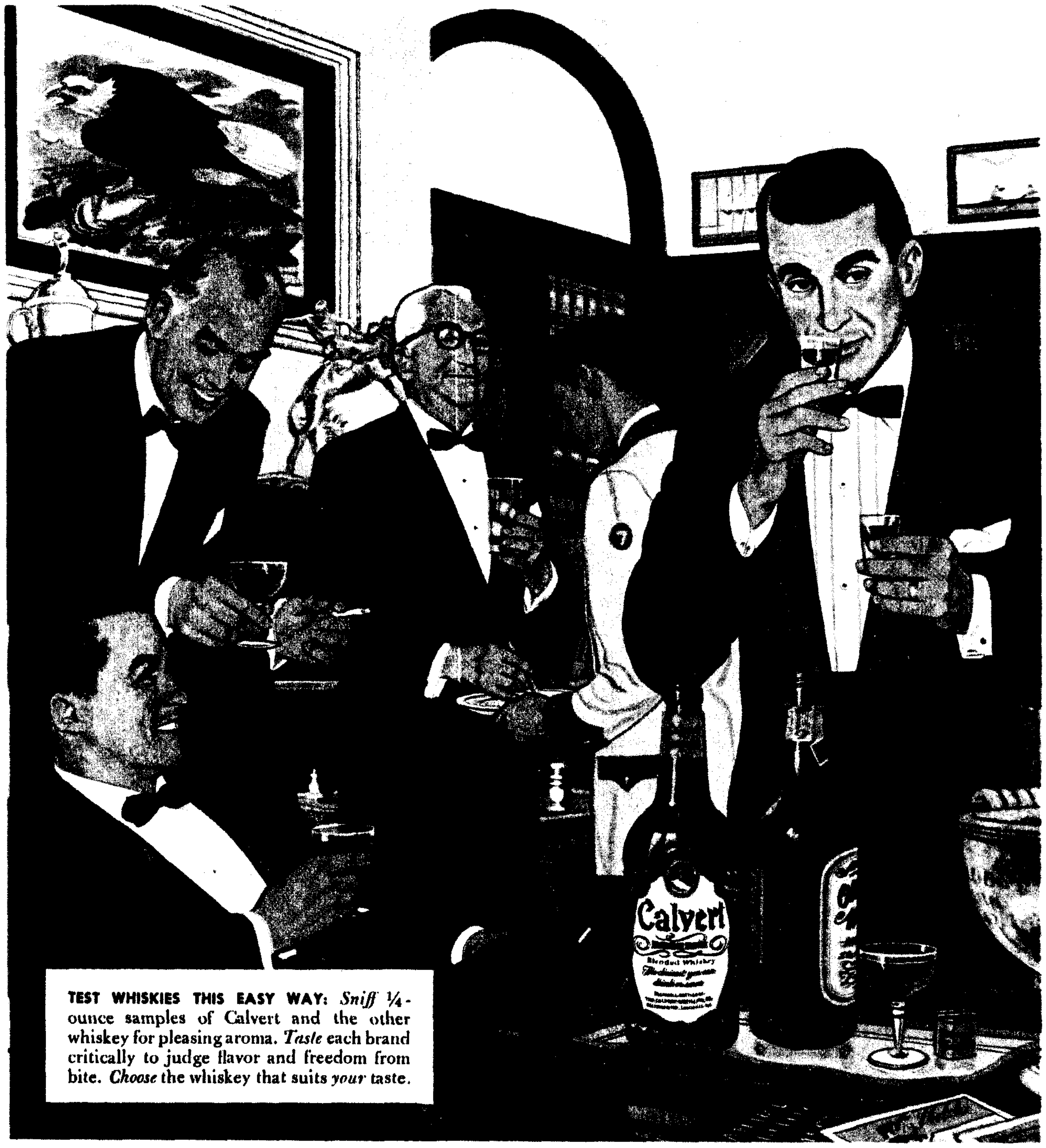
For if you could sip each of these Manhattans you could tell quickly which one was made with better tasting Calvert Reserve.

No drink can be smooth and good tasting unless the *whiskey* you use is *smooth* and *good tasting* like Calvert! That's why we say you may find you will enjoy drinks more if you test your present whiskey against Calvert.

Once you compare, we feel sure that your next Manhattan, or any whiskey drink, will be the one that's made with superbly smooth and mellow Calvert.

• • •

TEST BEFORE—AND ENJOY THIS MANHATTAN MORE. Into a mixing glass filled with ice, pour 1 part sweet vermouth and 3 parts smooth, flavorful Calvert. Stir until cold, strain into cocktail glasses and decorate with cherry.



TEST WHISKIES THIS EASY WAY: *Sniff* ¼-ounce samples of Calvert and the other whiskey for pleasing aroma. *Taste* each brand critically to judge flavor and freedom from bite. *Choose* the whiskey that suits *your* taste.

Compare... *and you'll switch to* Calvert

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. B. Collins Edgar, *Lookout Mt., Tenn.* "I've preferred Camels since 1918—when I was a Red Cross nurse in France."

F. A. Norman, *Bethel, Conn.* "Talk about tests! For 37 years I've been proving Camels are the finest smoke there is!"

Mrs. Rhea Scott, *Waukesha, Wis.* "No other cigarette has ever been able to win me away from Camels – in 30 years!"

Frank G. Clarke, *Danbury, Conn.* "For 40 years I've smoked Camels, two packs a day, with nothing but pleasure as the result!"

Lewis A. Wetherby, *Athol, Mass.* "Camels give me more pleasure than any other brand, and have for 33 years past!"

Fred Fordham, *New York City.* "In 35 years I've found you can't get Camel mildness and richness in any other brand."

Harry M. Cook, *Dallas, Tex.* "My Camel days go back to 1917 and for me no other brand comes up to Camels."

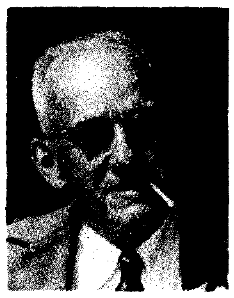
A. Campbell, *Norfolk, Va.* "No other cigarette suits me like Camels! And I've been smoking them steadily since 1914!"

Why don't you make Camel's 30-Day mildness test?

These smokers gave CAMELS 30-YEAR Mildness Tests

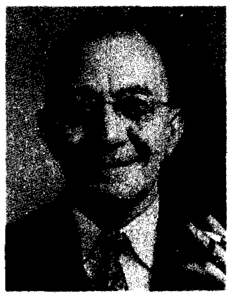
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Chauncey E. Decker, *Naugatuck, Conn.* "For 37 years I've been a Camel smoker because to me Camels taste best!"



G. B. Carpenter, *Cutchogue, N. Y.* "31 years I've smoked Camels and I still enjoy them just as much as ever."

Mrs. Carrié Leopold, *Neponsit, N. Y.* "I first found out in 1923 how rich and mild Camels are. They're still my cigarette."

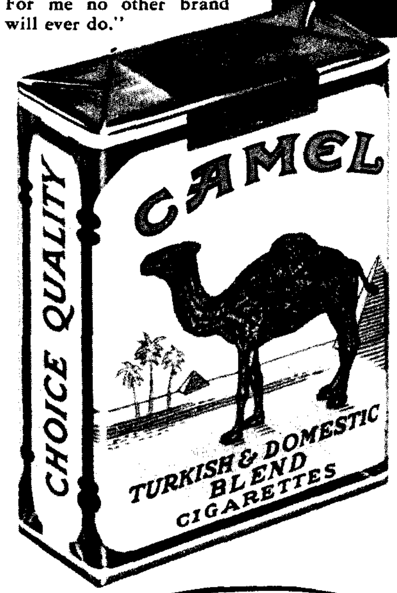


A. Stealey, *Pittsburgh, Pa.* "I've smoked Camels for 40 years of enjoyment. For me no other brand will ever do."

Douglas Gregory, *New York City.* "It's been 30 years since I started liking Camels best. And I still like them best!"

A. H. Stow, *Woodside, N. Y.* "In 33 years I've found no other brand has that mild, rich Camel smoothness!"

Larry Clark, *Ft. Wayne, Ind.* "For over 30 years Camels have been my brand; so good and mild I'd never change!"



The more people test Camels, the more people choose Camels—for good!

● Once a Camel smoker, *always* a Camel smoker! Think of the continuous testing *these* veteran smokers have given Camels—for genuine mildness and taste-pleasing flavor! What it means to you is just this: you can count on Camels' costly tobaccos for more pleasure . . . richness, mildness . . . pack after pack, *year after year!* More smokers – of all ages, women as well as men – get more enjoyment from Camels than any other brand. This is what Camels offer *you*, too!

John C. Slowey, *Neptune, N. J.* "I've smoked plenty of Camels since 1919 and enjoyed them all. Camels are for me!"

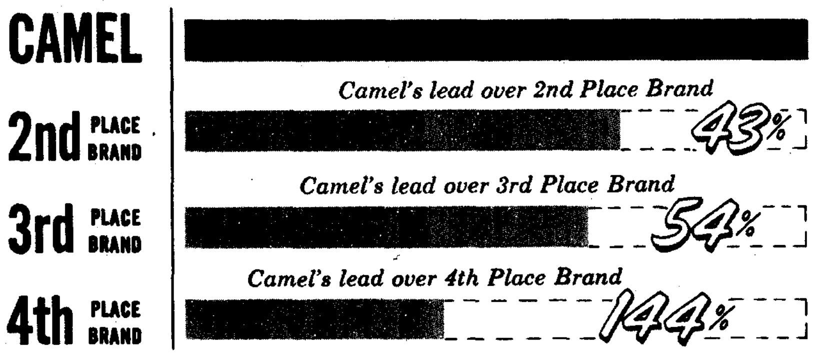
H. F. Durkee, *Akron, Ohio.* "Since May, 1917, I've smoked Camels. For mildness and taste they're the finest brand made!"

For Mildness...for Flavor

Camels agree with more people than any other cigarette!

LOOK AT THE FACTS!

LATEST PUBLISHED FIGURES* SHOW CAMELS FAR AHEAD OF EVERY OTHER BRAND!



*From Printers' Ink, 1953

SMOKE ONLY CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS and see why Camels are America's most popular brand!